

LIFE



JIMMY BYRNES

A CLOSE-UP ON THE
"ASSISTANT PRESIDENT"
IN THIS ISSUE

JANUARY 4, 1943

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



Born Again!

What a wonderful feeling to shed the day's old weary self and step out of your shower or tub soothed and refreshed for your happiest home hours. Each of us is giving more these days in strength and time and sacrifices. Yet one of the simple pleasures we still can enjoy is this bracing ritual of the bath. And perhaps the best part of it is the glorious, tingling rubdown. Cannon towels have been America's favorite "companion of the bath" for years. They're beautiful, with thirsty long loops for quick absorbency, sturdy weaves for long wear — your whole family will agree Cannon towels are grand to have. And, when you need them, the smart brand to buy. Penny for penny always outstanding values.

HOW TO GET EXTRA WEAR FROM YOUR TOWELS

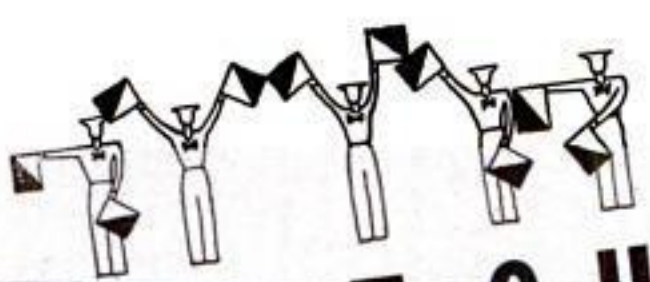

1. Do not allow to become too soiled before laundering. 2. Fluff-dry terry towels — never iron. 3. If loops become snagged — cut off, never pull. 4. Mend selva and other breaks immediately. 5. Buy good-quality towels — always the best economy.






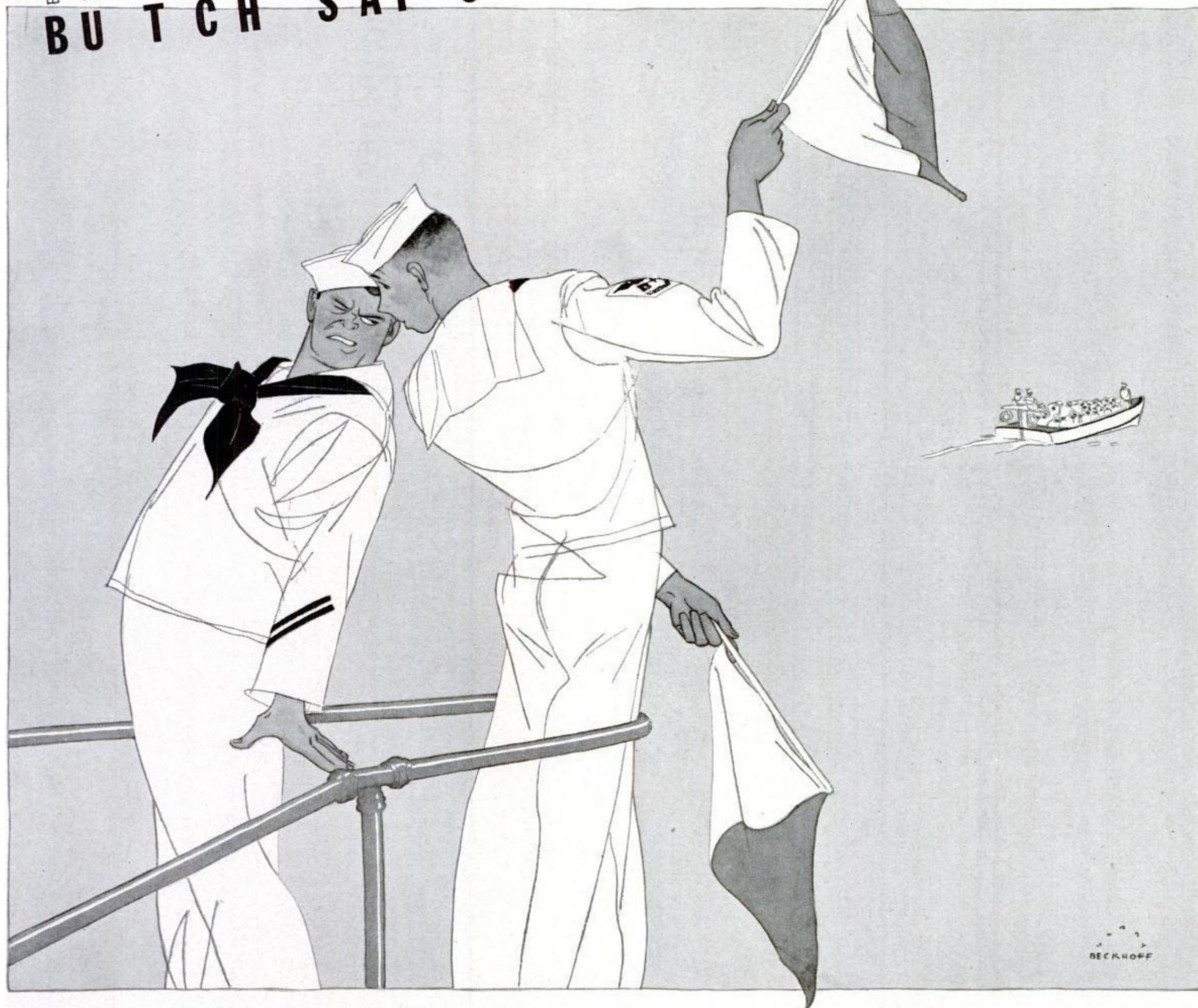
RUB UP YOUR MORALE

Cannon Towels
CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY





IT'S the little things that disturb courageous men. Butch came through a couple of bombings and never batted an eye. But when it came to a second date with Lulu "he wanted out."

It was "Sailor, Beware!"

Sure, Lulu was a good-looker. Good gams, and plenty of "oomph". But when shore leave is short, a man doesn't want to spend it with a girl with halitosis (bad breath).

If men and women would only realize how offensive bad breath can be, they wouldn't risk offending this way. There's no doubt of it, off-color breath is two strikes against you from the start.

Why take a chance when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful and quick precaution? Simply rinse your mouth with it before any date. Note how Listerine Antiseptic freshens and invigorates your mouth. And how much sweeter and more agreeable your breath becomes.

How it Acts

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth, then overcomes the odors it causes. Fermentation, you know, is held by some authorities to be the major source of off-color breath, although some cases may be of systemic origin.

Before Every Date

Don't take your breath for granted. Put your best foot forward so that others will like you. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

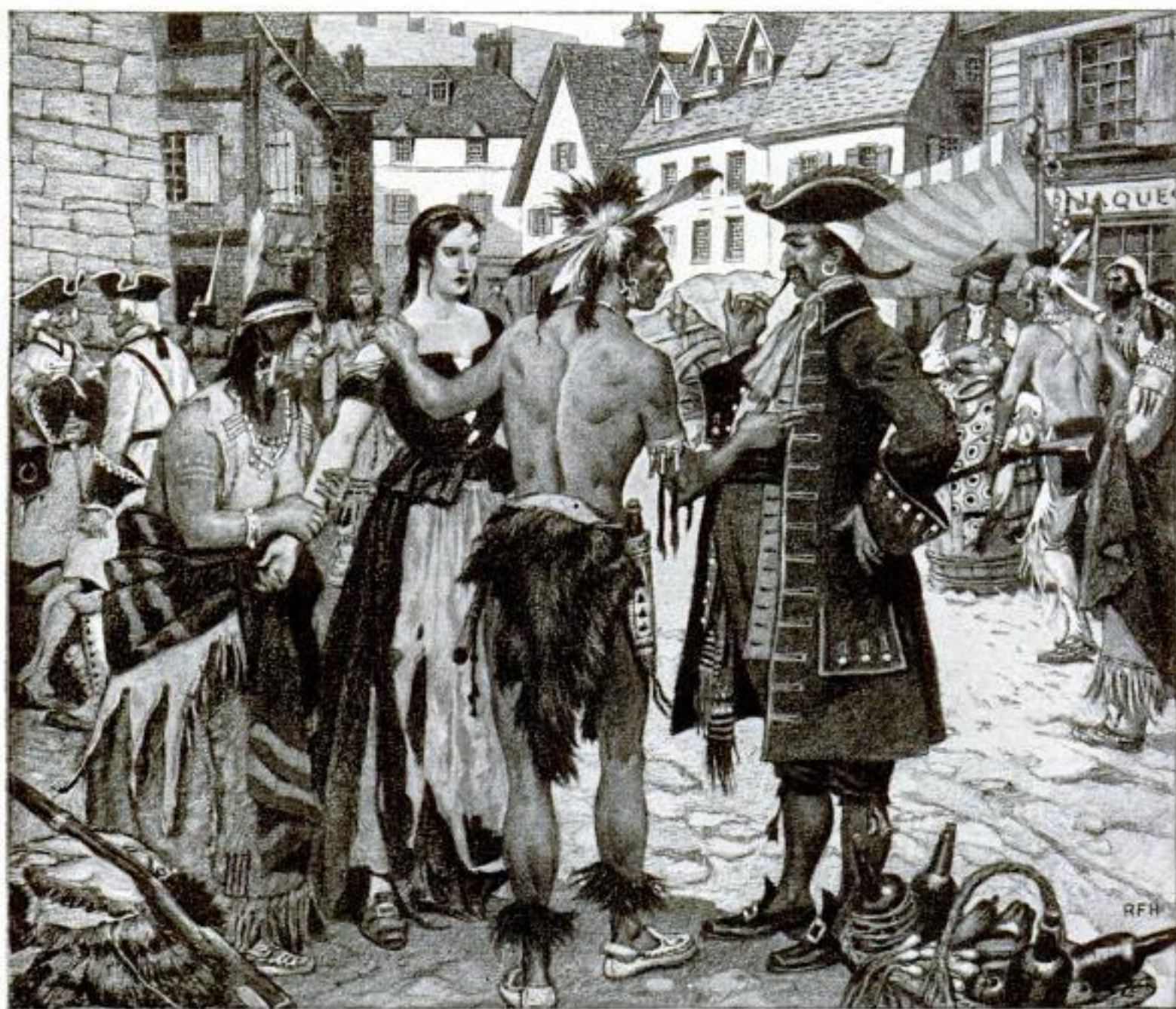
ATTENTION PLEASE! There's another member of the Listerine family that you ought to try. It is Listerine Tooth Paste. From the standpoint of gentle and thorough cleansing it yields to none, and the big 40¢ tube lasts many as long as 90 days.

This One



Y7H1-N5A-QR5D

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



Jemima Sartwell, taken captive in an Indian raid and separated from her two young daughters whom the Indians had taken to Montreal, persuaded her captors to sell her in the city, hoping that she might find and rescue her children. After many hardships as a drudging servant, she located her children and fled with them to Vermont.—From "Not Without Peril" by Marguerite Allis.

"Men Must Work, and Women Must Weep"

The words of that old song hardly fit these days when more and more women are going into offices and factories and war-help agencies to do their part in an all-out war.

"Men Must Work and Women Must Sweep"—and sweep clean out the door many of the old traditions which once hampered woman's independence.

Take life insurance, for example. Not many years ago it was uncommon for a woman to own life insurance. Today, one out of every five policies which National Life writes is bought by a woman!

What Insurance Is Best for Women?

While the answer must vary with each case, many women prefer Endowment Insurance. This kind of insurance protects a woman's dependents from the moment the first

premium is paid, and it guarantees to her a lump sum or monthly income at the end of 20, 25 or 30 years, when she may be ready to retire from active work.

Is Straight Life Insurance Advisable?

Straight life insurance (sometimes called "ordinary") costs less than Endowment Insurance. It has special advantages for those women whose chief concern is the greatest possible protection for dependent children, parents or other relatives. Through its protection, every mother can make sure that her children will receive adequate education and that her home will be kept intact for them regardless of what may happen to her or her husband.

Why not find out what life insurance can do for YOU? Use the coupon below. Fill in and mail it now.

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HOME OFFICE—VERMONT
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

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NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, please send more complete information as to what life insurance can do for me.

☐ I am a housewife.
☐ I have dependents.

☐ I am working.
☐ I have no dependents.

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ROOSTER'S ORDEAL

Sirs:

Today I turned to Pictures to the Editors (LIFE, Dec. 14) expecting to enjoy more interesting pictures from the public. But the first picture my eyes fell on was that HORRIBLE picture of a chicken in a bottle. It just about spoiled my supper.

BILL JAMES

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

May the ancient curse of Shaitan be called down upon the head of O. E. Webster for his asinine feat. . .

GERRY TURNER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

It is beyond me to see any humor in such a "bottling up" of a living creature. Certainly it contributes nothing to science. Neither can I see that it would be of interest or amusement to freedom-loving people.

MRS. W. F. BARHAM

Florence, S. C.

Sirs:

Chicken in a bottle indeed! How incredibly stupid. I suggest that the busy and ingenious perpetrator of this little device put his head in a bottle and send it to whatever institution is interested in that sort of thing.

JANE SLOCUM

Milwaukee, Wis.

● The rooster was released after ten weeks and four days in the bottle, still in perfect health.—ED.

AIRPOWER

Sirs:

Taking at its value the statement in "Airpower" (LIFE, Dec. 14): "... the military leaders of this nation . . . must decide what role airpower is to play in America's war," one gets the implication that the U. S. High Command has scads of aircraft at its disposal and can't decide whether it should use them. We know the opposite to be true. This nation is bending every industrial sinew to produce fighting planes as fast as possible. Does that sound like our leaders have underestimated the role of airpower in 1943 style warfare?

Airpower, its proponents glibly assert, eventually will replace our ground and sea forces and will by its overwhelming numbers bring about the enemy's annihilation. That's fine. We're all for it. But I doubt if Messrs. Ziff, Seversky, or Williams are so optimistic as to believe this can be brought about within the next two years—when we hope this war is over.

Do they find fault with the manner in which U. S. aircraft, in view of its limited numbers, has been employed thus far in this global war? And aren't we justified in assuming that the Allied air leaders in Britain, who apparently have all the freedom of action they need, believe the assault on German factories to be of the utmost importance? Aren't they doing this to the best of their ability? Also, since both air and ground advocates confess both elements to be necessary in the final defeat of Germany, must we quibble as to whose role is the more important as long as both do their appointed tasks?

What is the authority for believing that the Navy's admirals still hold to the island-by-island fight toward Japan as the only plan against Nippon? (The author not only disregards the Combined Chiefs of Staff who direct Allied operations but he should be chided for his failure to point out that air pressure can be brought to bear against Tokyo from four directions: Australia, Hawaii, China, Alaska.)

I believe the big mistake the airpower crowd makes is in giving the impression that their type of warfare is so easy—no expense, no casualties, no nothing. Many of their dreams will be realized because the trend of the world's armament race will lead that way. But as

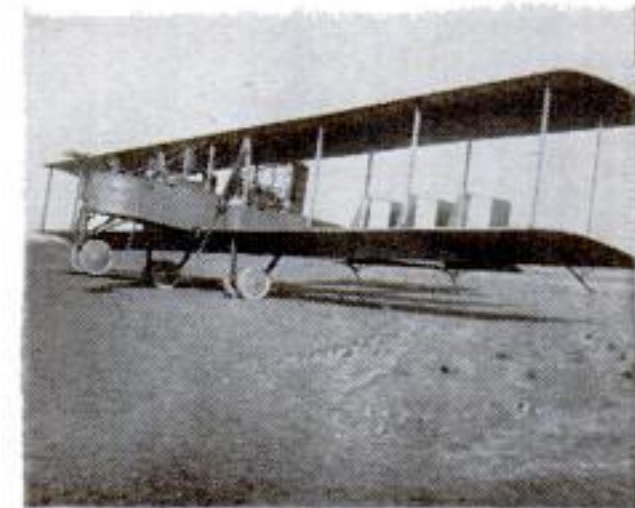
long as we have to fight against nations that have access to the same weapons we do, no matter how revolutionary, war will be what it always has been—tough, gruesome and probably indecisive.

LIEUT. F. W. KIRSTOWSKY

Signal Corps, U. S. Army
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

To illustrate how slowly new ideas penetrate the collective military mind, unless driven in, the enclosed photograph shows a Caproni bomber retired from active service in 1918 because of



CANNON-FIRING BOMBER

obsolescence. The genius of Mr. Caproni armed this airplane with a rapid-fire cannon shooting explosive shells.

Although the execution of the explosive shells of the nose cannon was frightful against camion transport, our own Army had not generally adopted airplanes mounting cannon, even at the beginning of this war.

ARTHUR HALSTED

Arlington, Va.

COAST GUARD

Sirs:

It was indeed a pleasant surprise seeing Lieut. Maurice Jester's picture on LIFE's Dec. 14 cover. Knowing Lieut. Jester personally, I am only sorry that you didn't write a story on him and his three sons who were all in the service before Pearl Harbor.

The lieutenant himself worked up to his present rank the hard way. Knowing how seriously he takes his work, I'd hate to be in the U-boat that gets in his way.

PVT. KARL B. ROSS

Lowry Field, Colo.

RUSSIA

Sirs:

In your Dec. 14 LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World page, you raise the most important question of the near future. "When we come to sit down at a peace table with Russia, whose peace table will it be?" You assure us that we know what we want in these words: "We want the future world to be the kind of world in which our democratic institutions can flourish and grow." And, you assert, most Americans are somewhat skeptical and suspicious of communism.

But are we so sure as to what we want? Democracy? Sure. But what does it mean today? In the past democracy has meant the establishment of the dignity of man. But there was not much dignity left to a man when he found himself, through no fault of his own, leaning hopelessly on a shovel and living on a miserable dole. We certainly don't want any more of that type of democracy. Today democracy can safeguard the dignity of man only by assuring the economic security of man.

When we Americans can agree on this new conception of democracy, when we Americans can view democracy, not only as a guarantee of free enterprise and economic liberty but also as a guarantee of economic security, then we may sit down at the peace table with our Russian ally without raising the question of "whose peace table will it be," for our aims may not be as far apart as we have imagined.

JOSEPH EFRIES

Chicago, Ill.

(continued on p. 4)

"AN URGENT CALL FOR YOU"

*"Please do not make Long Distance
telephone calls to war-busy centers
unless it is really necessary."*

That helps keep the lines open for war messages
and war's on the wires these days. When we can
get telephone materials again we'll give you all
the wires you desire. Many thanks.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

CASANOVA'S END

Sirs:

A person is always interested in his friends. Your Dec. 14 story, "LIFE Goes to an Army Wedding," answered many questions about the welfare of Don Brattain, who was my roommate at Riverside Military Academy several years ago. Don was quite the "Casanova" then.

That article will tell his many classmates stationed all over the world that "Pop" Brattain has finally settled down, and I imagine that it took a war to do it.

LIEUT. WARREN M. EVANS
Fort Lewis, Wash.

PROP MAIL

Sirs:

Your Dec. 14 story on V-mail brought to mind the private mail system which Army Air Corps ground crews frequently use: "prop mail." Messages are written in chalk on the propeller blades of planes flying a regular run. Prop mail



is used for brief greetings, pertinent telephone numbers, best hotel in a given city and wedding announcements.

In the enclosed picture Master Sergeant George S. Houser is sending prop mail on a plane about to leave Tinker Field, Okla.

LIEUT. RICHARD L. MARTIN
Tinker Field, Okla.

TANK DRAWINGS

Sirs:

Your article in the Dec. 14 issue, "Enemy Tanks Are Vulnerable," was excellent insofar as the explanation of passive antitank tactics was concerned. Mr. Sickles' drawings were accurate and he proved that enemy armored vehicles can be stopped by using good sense and courage.

However, it seems you have completely ignored our basic offensive antitank weapons: the 37-mm. antitank gun and the self-propelled 75-mm. howitzer.

JULIAN BRUSSACK
New York, N. Y.

● LIFE dealt with offensive tank weapons in its story on tank destroyers, Oct. 26.—ED.

Sirs:

I read with great interest your pictorial article, "Enemy Tanks Are Vulnerable."

I was deeply shocked, however, upon seeing the mention of the "German artist, Matejko." As a true Pole, who from childhood learned to admire and revere the greatest Polish painter of all time, Jan Matejko, I hasten to correct your error.

Jan Matejko was born in Cracow, Poland, on July 30, 1838 and died in Cracow in November 1893. He was director of the Cracow Academy of Fine Arts and in 1870 was decorated with the French Legion of Honor.

Jan Matejko and his works, depicting incidents of Polish history, are as well known to the Polish nation as Benjamin Franklin to the American. The Art Gallery of Warsaw contains, among many of his paintings, one de-

picting the battle of Grunwald which took place in 1410 when the united Polish and Lithuanian armies under the Polish King, Jagiello, annihilated the army of the Teutonic Knights.

JAN W. PFEIFFER

Plainfield, N. J.

● LIFE spoke of Theo Matejko, who has glorified the Nazi Wehrmacht in pictures, and not Poland's Jan Matejko.—ED.

KILT

Sirs:

Please be referred to page 61 of LIFE, Dec. 14. It hurts this Scotsman to have you use the word "kilts" in that line directly under the illustration. It should be the KILT. It is just one garment, like an overcoat, for instance.

I cannot understand why intelligent men, even born outside of old Scotland, will misuse this word.

Hereafter, the KILT.

DAVID MacTAGGART

Port Huron, Mich.

CAIRO STREET.

Sirs:

The pictures of Sheppard's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt (LIFE, Dec. 14), are most attractive and vivid. Let me, however, call your attention to an error in the caption beneath the picture of the street on which the hotel is situated. You say, "Sharia Kamel (Camel Street)." Of course not. Kamel is an Arabic word meaning "perfect." Kamel is one of the 99 attributes of God and therefore a favorite proper name in Arabic-speaking countries. Under no circumstances should it be confused with the word "camel." Sharia Kamel is named after one of the royal princes, Prince Kamel, a relative of Mohammed Ali, who had a palace in that street.

MARIE M. BERLINGHOFF

Bellerose, N. Y.

AIRPLANE ART

Sirs:

Long famed and sometimes maligned, the spirit of the old Army mule lives on! As evidence, the Quartermaster School, now training thousands of fighting quartermaster officers, offers the enclosed insignia.

Recently, through the efforts of Brigadier General H. L. Whittaker, school commandant, and Colonel George A. Horkan, school executive officer, who kept punching to pioneer air-cargo loading methods, a full-scale model transport plane was completed. Naturally, the plane had to have its insignia and



the technical services department of the school brain-childed this one, which is strictly in the modernized Army tradition. The Army mule, although taken to the air, still has tremendous kick.

If you didn't include this in your coverage of aircraft insignia (LIFE, Dec. 14), the boys at the school would feel a bit let-down. After all, they are the gang that Keeps Things Moving—whether in the air, on land, overseas, or where have you.

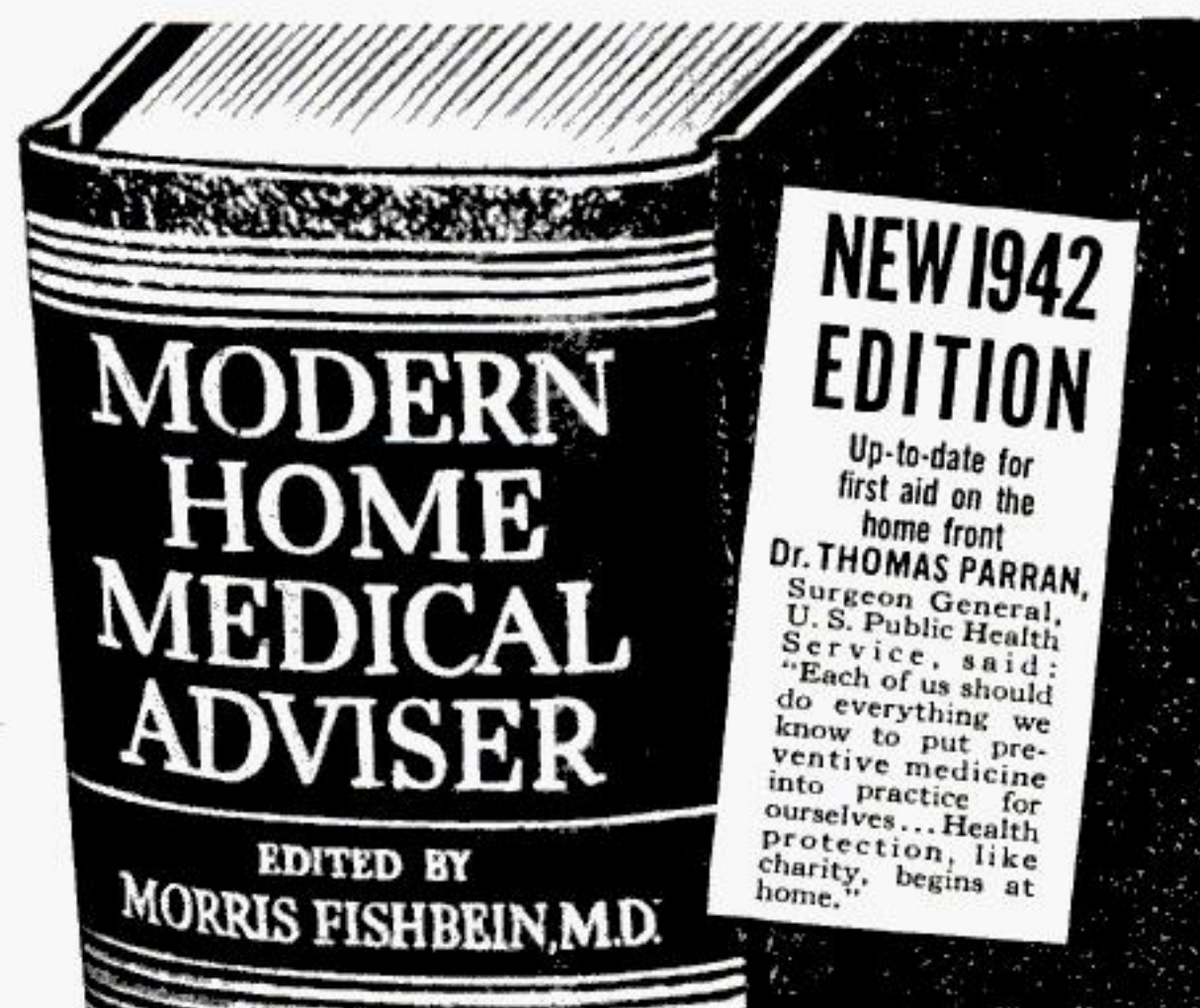
LIEUT. A. J. GRAY

The Quartermaster School
Camp Lee, Va.



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DEEP CUT

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And that is why every home should have this great book's wealth of quickly available information ready for all emergencies. The MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER is totally unlike the ordinary guide that gives just a few first aid measures. It tells you what each condition is; why it exists; how to help it.

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Hygiene of Women Rhythm, Safe Period, Female disorders, hygiene of conception.	Transmissible Diseases Typhoid, lockjaw, rabies, malaria, parrot disease, etc.	Diabetes Treatment, diets, Insulin.
Sex Hygiene Anatomy and Physiology of reproductive systems. Teaching of sex to young children. Adolescence. The honeymoon. Sex in middle age and advanced life.	Respiratory Diseases Common Colds. How causes, prevention, aid in treatment, Pneumonia, Tuberculosis.	Blood Pressure Symptom or disease? High and low blood pressure, cause, aid in treatment.
Care of Mother Before and After Childbirth Signs and Symptoms. Care of organs, hair, teeth, Diet, clothing, exercise, during pregnancy. Estimating day of birth.	Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout Diseases of the Heart Rheumatic fever, angina, endocarditis.	Cancer Breast, womb, stomach, intestine, kidney, prostate.
Care and Feeding of The Child Crying, exercises, training, bathing, feeding, clothing, etc.	Digestion and Digestive Diseases Stomach ulcer, Constipation, Diarrhea, Appendicitis, Colitis, Dysentery.	The Skin Rash, corns, wrinkles, acne.
Prevention and Treatment of Infectious Diseases How germs invade the body; how to fight them. Prevention of infection. Personal Hygiene. How to identify diseases of childhood.	Kidney Diseases, Disturbances Bright's disease, nephritis, uremia, etc.	Eye, Ear, Tongue, Nose, Throat Earache, sinus, sore throat, etc.
	The Blood Wassermann and Kahn Tests, Anemia.	The Venereal Diseases Symptoms of syphilis, gonorrhea.
	Allergies Hay fever, asthma, etc.	Care of the Teeth Pyorrhea, Halitosis. False Teeth.
		Advice on the Diet Calories, vitamins, acids. Alcohol.
		Old Age "Changes of life" in men and women.

This is the book that is helping to replace the 45,000 doctors gone to war!

WHEN you phone your family doctor to come in a hurry—you may find that he is in the army! Every week more and more are going into uniform; the serious shortage of physicians is felt in every community. What are you going to DO—if an emergency occurs? You owe it to yourself and your family to be prepared!

YOU never know when sudden sickness or injury may strike one of your family, or a guest in your home. What would you do right now if a frantic child stood before you with a badly scalded arm—a burn that might mean *disfigurement for life* unless treated immediately and correctly? How would you care for a person shocked and stunned by a bad fall?

Leaking gas might overcome some one; would you know what to do? Fainting spells, wounds, accidental poisoning, broken bones—all such emergencies are terrifying, if you don't know what to do, *at once!* And, even if you can get your doctor, he cannot always get there in the few precious minutes that may mean so much. It is up to you to have in the house the instant medical facts that everyone should possess!

Here, in one completely and clearly-indexed volume, is a true GOLD MINE of medical knowledge—and it contains splendid and practical FIRST AID DIRECTIONS!

You can never tell when it may help you to save a life!

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Written by 24 of America's leading specialists; supervised by Dr. Morris Fishbein, famed editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . .

. . . THESE ARE WOMEN WARRIORS THROUGH HISTORY



PALLAS ATHENE OR MINERVA WAS GODDESS OF DEFENSIVE WAR



QUEEN PENTHESILEIA LED OTHER AMAZONS IN LEGENDARY BATTLES



VALKYRIES WERE FABLED SUPERWOMEN



BOADICEA RULED OVER WHAT IS NOW NORFOLK, ENGLAND, DEFENDED HER DOMINION AGAINST EMPEROR NERO IN 61 A.D.



ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA, LOST WAR WITH ROMANS



MOTHER ROSS FOUGHT WITH ENGLISH AGAINST FRENCH



DOUGHTY HANNAH SNELL ENLISTED IN ENGLISH ARMY IN 1745



MAID OF SARAGOSSA OPERATED CANNON DURING SIEGE

When the WAACs, first enrolled women soldiers serving with the U. S. Army, adopted a brass head of Athene as corps insignia, they acknowledged historical precedent for their military mien. Mythological Athene was the original woman warrior. But

ever since man began to clutter up the earth with his needs and greeds, woman has been at his side, enthusiastically assisting in the ensuing battles.

Below are some fighting women of earlier times when wars were unscientific, informal affairs often

without benefit of uniform. Though prejudice sometimes impelled these ladies to dress in trousers and false beards, their efficiency was remarkable. Indeed, some appear ferocious enough to justify Kipling's contention that the female is more deadly than the male.



ANNE MILLS, ENGLISH SEAMAN, FOUGHT HARSHLY



RUSSIA'S CATHERINE THE GREAT RULED WITH HER SWORD



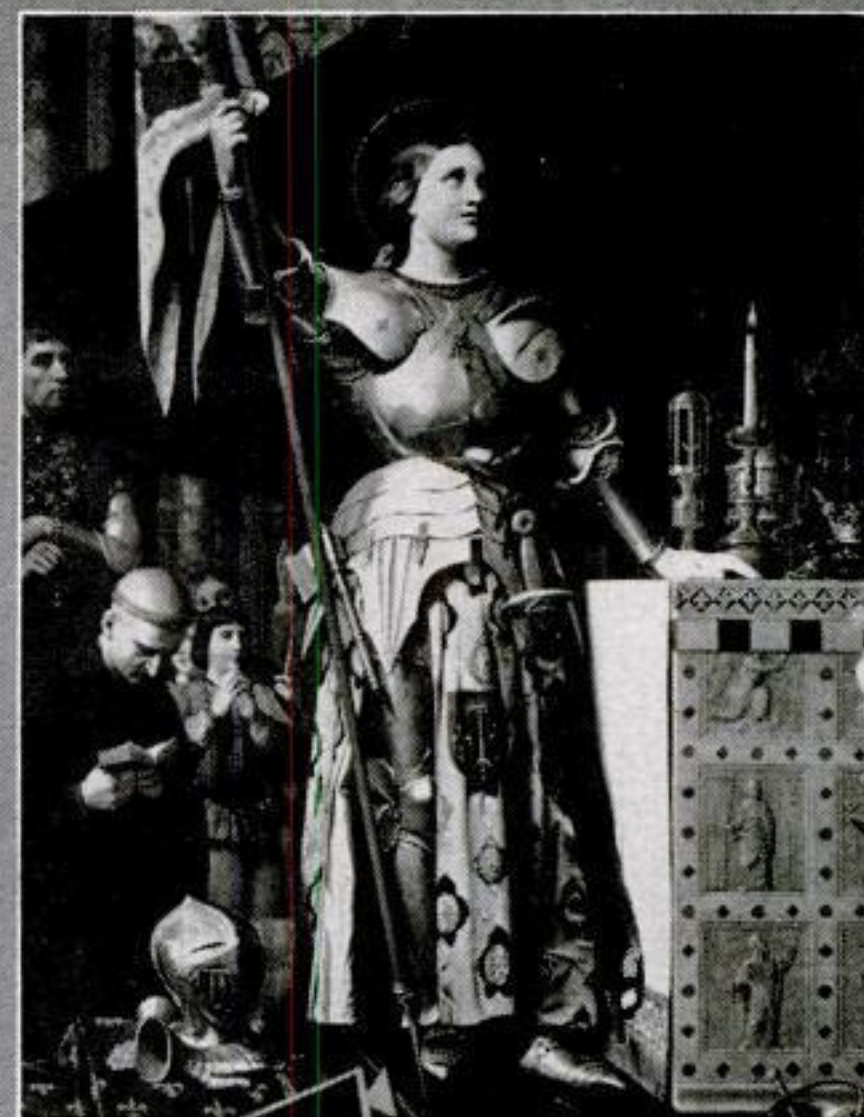
MADAME SANS-GENE ATTACKED AUSTRIANS DURING TOULON SIEGE



MOLLY PITCHER TOOK HUSBAND'S PLACE AT CANNON AT BATTLE OF MONMOUTH



MARY ANN TALBOT SERVED IN ENGLISH ARMY



JOAN OF ARC IS MOST FAMOUS WOMAN WARRIOR



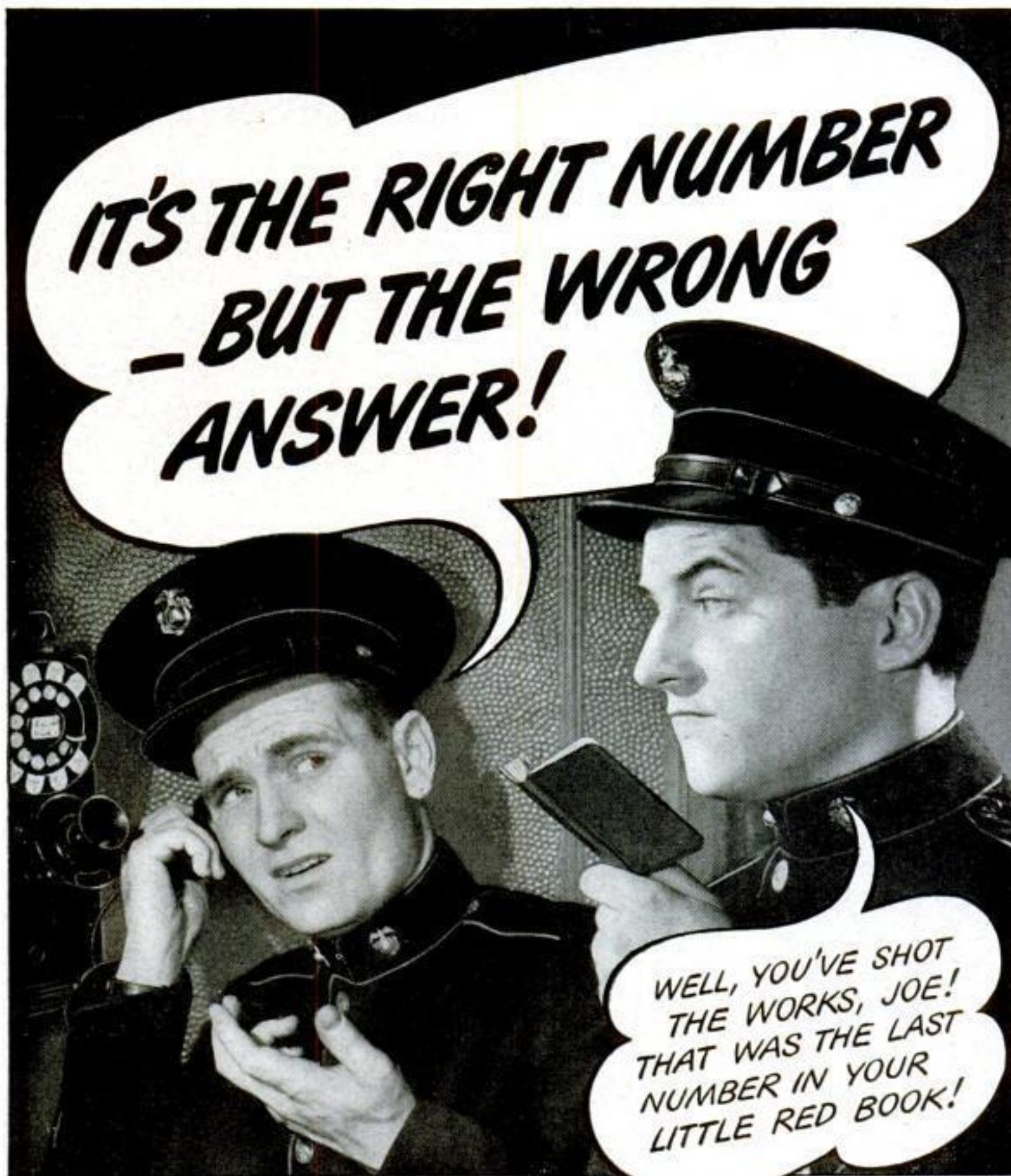
MARY READ WAS PIRATEER UNDER CALICO JACK IN 1719



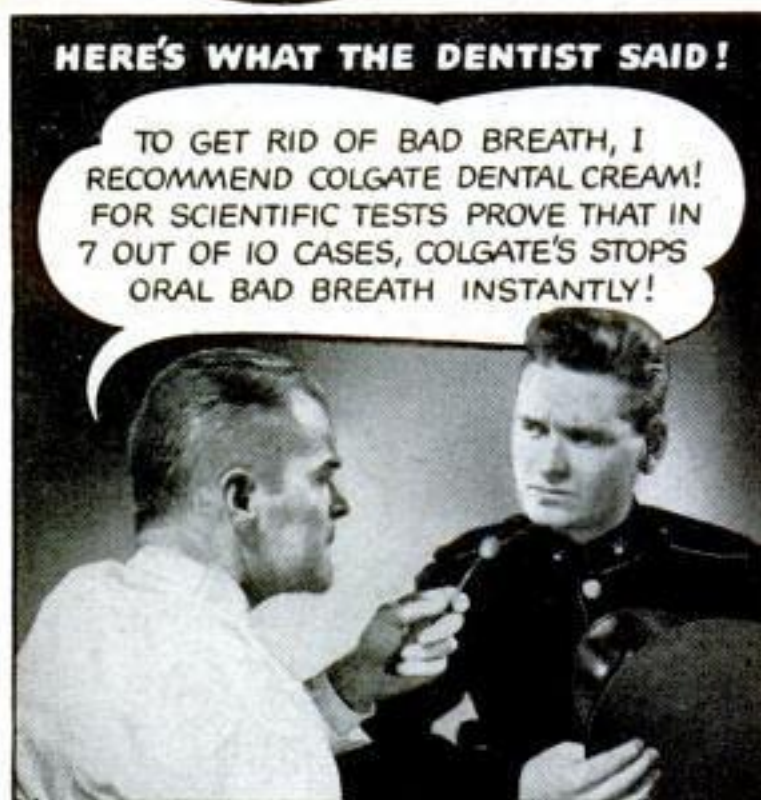
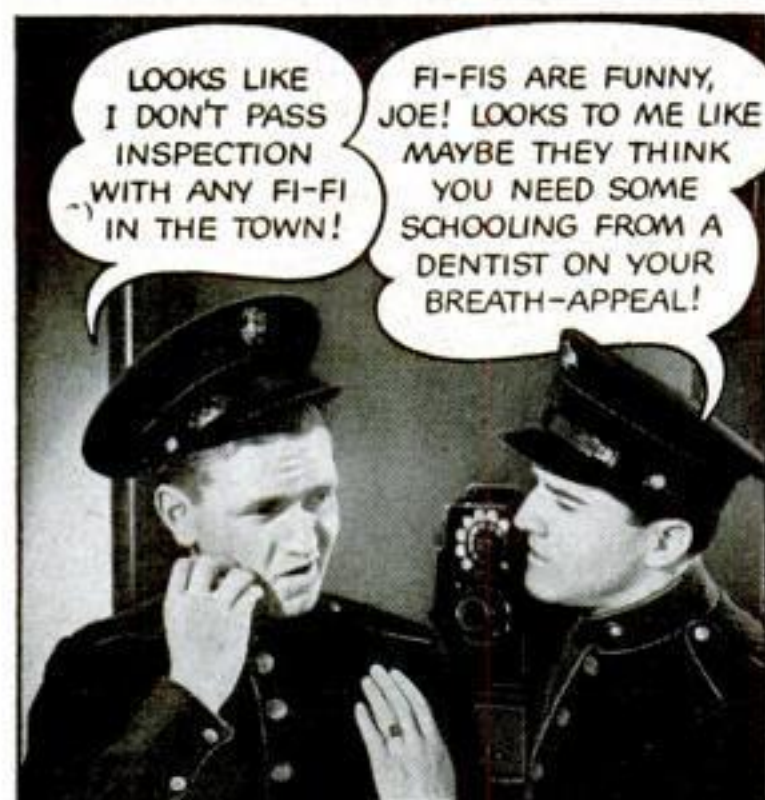
DEBORAH SAMPSON (RIGHT) WAS WITH CONTINENTAL ARMY



CLARA BARTON WAS FIGHTER, FOUNDER OF RED CROSS



WELL, YOU'VE SHOT THE WORKS, JOE! THAT WAS THE LAST NUMBER IN YOUR LITTLE RED BOOK!



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Loretta Velasquez, Cuban-born, joined the Confederate forces in order to be with husband. She wore false mustache and beard, took a man's name.

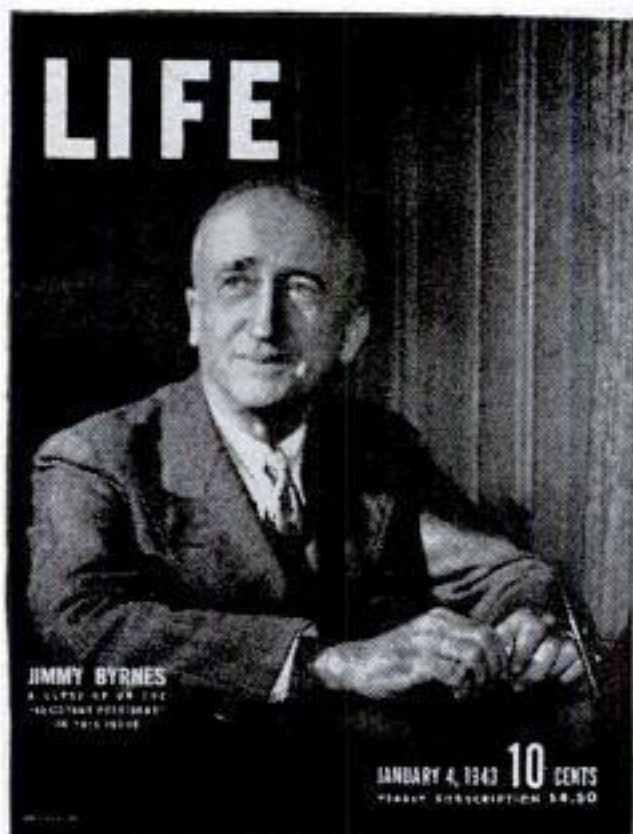


Madeline Moore, the "Lady Lieutenant," followed lover into Civil War. She fought in western Virginia under General McClellan and at Bull Run.



Kady Brownell served in the Union Army beside her husband, fought with the Rhode Island Volunteers. She did not bother pretending to be a man.

LIFE'S COVER



James Francis Byrnes (shown at his desk in Washington) is Director of the Board of Economic Stabilization. From 1910-24 he was Representative in Congress; from 1930-41, U. S. Senator; and from July 1941 to Oct. 3, 1942, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. For a close-up of Jimmy Byrnes, turn to page 62.

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*With the armed forces

†Prisoner of war

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January 4, 1943

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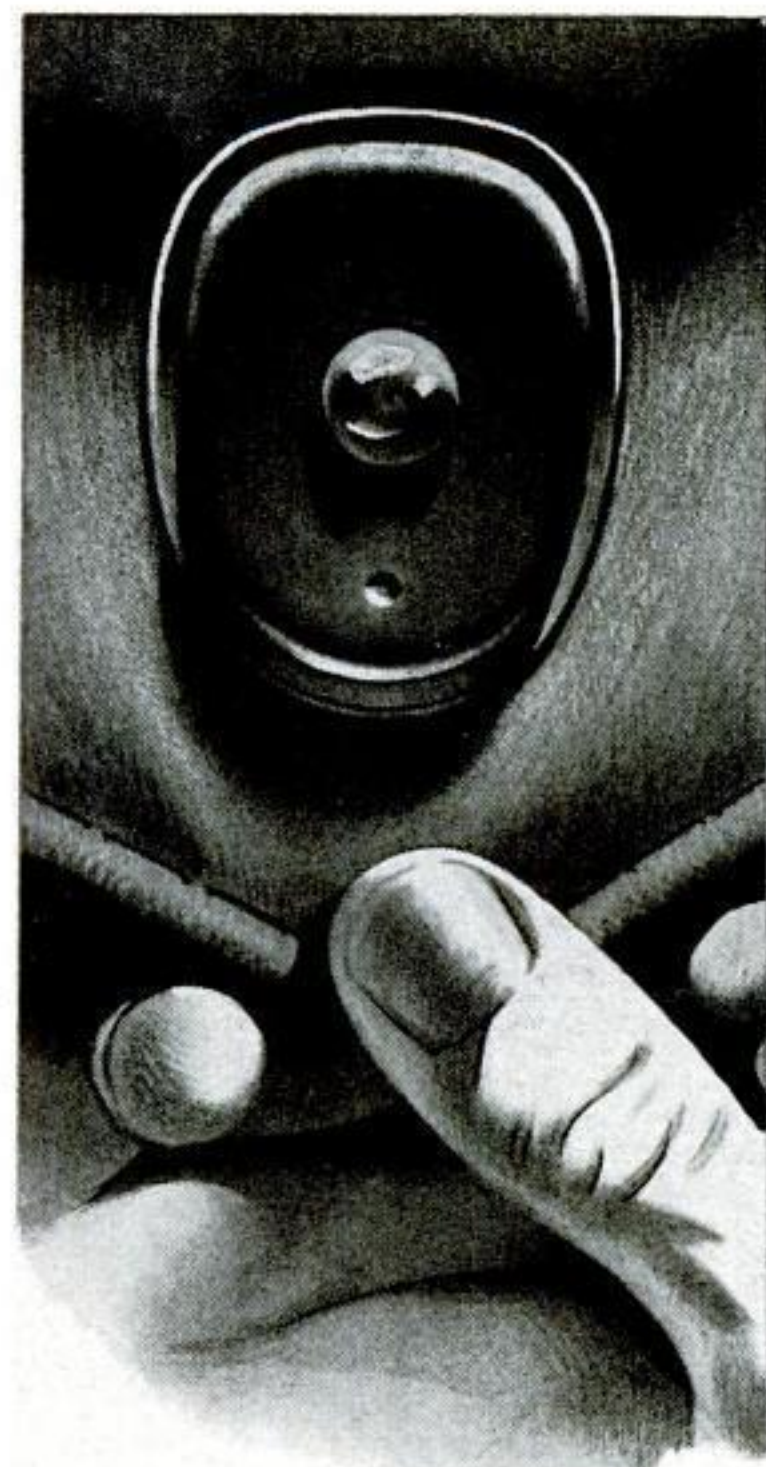
LIFE'S PICTURES

George Strock, who is covering the war in New Guinea for LIFE, is having an exciting time. Last week, though sick with malaria, he was taking pictures in the jungles near Buna—narrowly escaped death when a possum-playing Jap "corpse" was killed just before it shot Strock. This picture of him disporting with the friendly natives who helped rescue the B-17 "Frank Buck" (pp. 27-30) was taken before hazards of war had caught up with him.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; EXC., EXCEPT; RT., RIGHT; B. S., BLACK STAR; H. & E., HARRIS & EWING; INT., INTERNATIONAL



THE FASTENER

THAT

WENT TO WAR

twice



● In this war, as in the last one, it's "LIFT THE DOT... AND THERE'S THE AMMUNITION."

Lift-the-Dots fasten the pockets on the Yank's ammunition belt, keeping his cartridge clips always safe and instantly ready. They are on his first-aid kit and the covers of his canteen and his gas mask. And in this war they have many a new job, too.

The Lift-the-Dot fastener locks securely on three sides... snaps open when you lift the fourth side, the side with the Dot. You will be seeing Lift-the-Dots, and many another United-Carr engineered fastener, in more civilian uses than ever after the war.

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Cambridge, Mass.

DOT

SNAP FASTENERS

Some good news about Tin we think you should know

IT'S NO SECRET that the Japs are camped on 80% of the world's tin supply and that America is facing a critical tin shortage.

You have been asked to salvage every single tin can you use—to save every possible ounce of this vital war material. But, today, there is *good* news about the tin you salvage—and we believe you should know that news.

This is it: A new electrical process makes the tin used in tin cans go 3 times farther now than it did before.

Tin plate was formerly made by dipping thin steel sheets in molten tin. It produced a satisfactory coating, but used more tin than was really necessary.

American engineers devised a new method—*electroplating* the steel with pure tin—and the result was a coating that required only *one third as much tin*.

But the new tin plate had disadvantages. It was porous and did not provide complete protection against the acids in certain kinds of food.

Then Westinghouse stepped in.

Our research men and engineers, in co-operation with engineers of the steel industry, found a way of using *radio* waves to *heat* the dull, imperfect surface so that the tin fused almost instantly into a smooth protective coating.

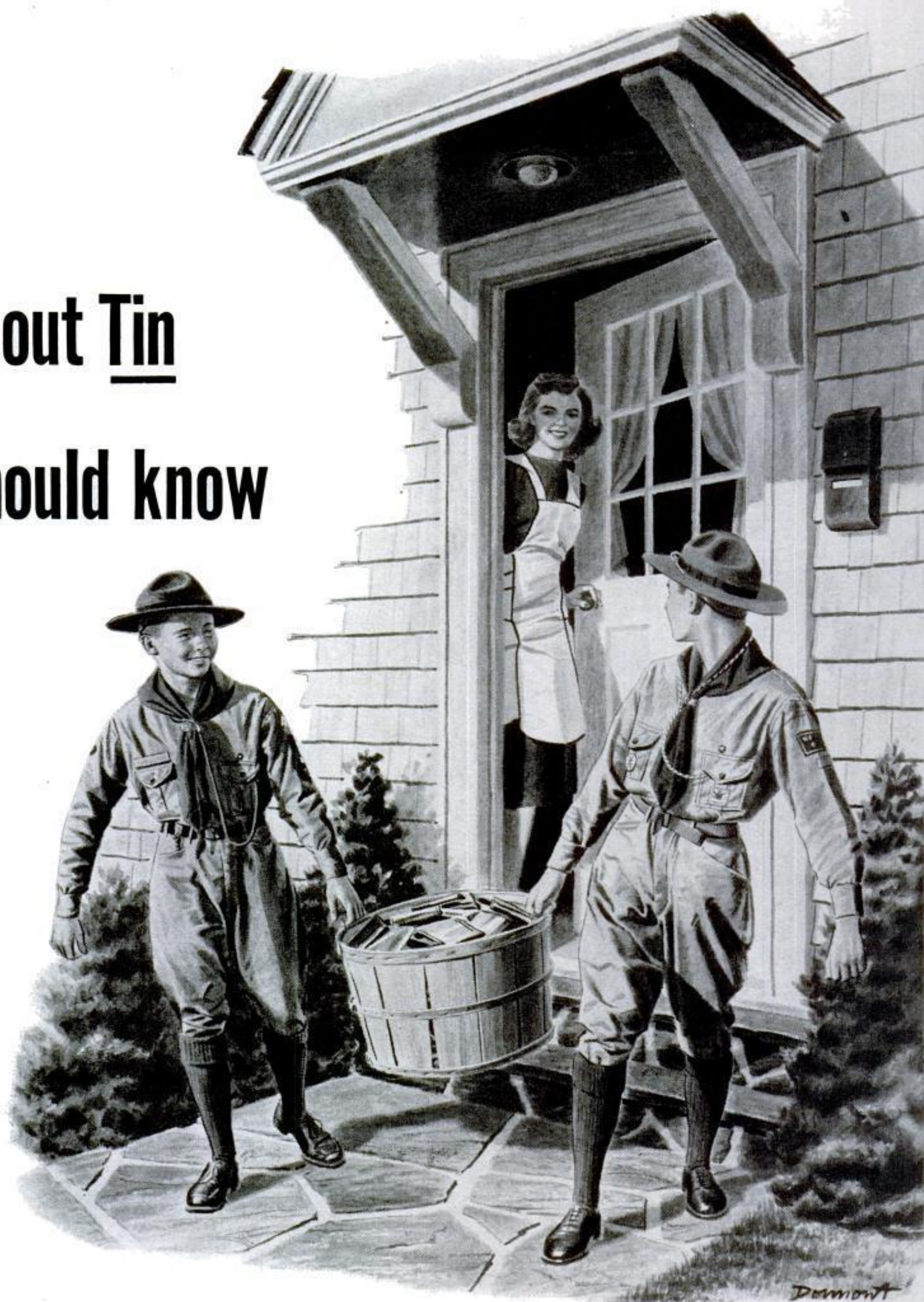
And the process is fast. A single machine can turn out enough tin plate in 18 minutes to cover an area the size of a football field!

This new device is a typical example of

electronics at work—a result of Westinghouse electrical research and “know-how”. Already it is being installed in mills that turn out tin plate for a third of all the nation's food cans.

Naturally, this does not mean that there is less need for you to salvage your old tin cans. On the contrary—*more than ever*, tin is needed to protect the food supplied to our fighting men all over the world.

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Westinghouse



PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE



SUREST SIGN OF WINTER AND NEW RUSSIAN ADVANCES IS THE APPEARANCE OF RUSSIAN MINE DETECTORS. THE RING'S ELECTRICAL FIELD IS DISTURBED IF METAL IS NEARBY

THE RED ARMY STRIKES BACK

It deserved to be called the Battle of Stalingrad, but it spread for 1,500 miles across wintry Russia, where the snow sifted down in gusty sheets and the dark fell quickly in the early afternoon. At last the German Army was paying the penalty for the summer's unsound, lopsided advance into the south of Russia conceived personally by Adolf Hitler. The Russians had put on an offensive to lop it off in November, only to be stalled by German reserves just as they had been the year before.

But then in mid-December the Russian armies got rolling again, in the north as well as in the south in a way they never had before. The fantastic hope grew bright that they might cut off and destroy most of the 60 German divisions wallowing around in the Caucasus and the basins of the Don and Volga. The Russians had re-penetrated the geographical boundary of the Ukraine, had surrounded the German ar-

mies pinned in Stalingrad and had recaptured most of the great bend of the Don.

These great victories were being turned in by divisional generals in their 30's. In the Don battle, the Russian commanders were Generals Vatutin, Golikov, Kuznetsov, Leliushenko, Kharitonov; in the Stalingrad battle, they were Christiankov, Chuikov, Rodimtsev, Gorishni, Smekhtorov, Gurev, Zhulodov. They all fought just a little harder on Dec. 21, the 63rd birthday of Josef Stalin, whose real name is Dzhugashvili.

It was the long heroic defense of Stalingrad that had made all this possible and last week United Press Correspondent Henry Shapiro from that area reported General Chuikov's description of that unforgettable siege. "The main characteristic of the battle of Stalingrad," said the general, "is close-in fighting and I don't mean the kind of fight we study

at the military academies where enemies meet, engage and then separate. Here we hold each other in deadly grip. The distance between trenches is from 20 to 100 meters. The Germans usually attacked by day. We counterattacked usually at night. Reconnaissance reports were always the same: 'Impossible to count corpses.'

"The most awful battle occurred Oct. 14 after Hitler's speech commanding the occupation of Stalingrad regardless of cost. I honestly have never seen anything comparable to that. I would not have believed such an inferno could open up on earth. Men died but they did not retreat. All our weapons would have been of no value if they had not been in the hands of men willing to die for freedom. All our men used to say: 'There is no land beyond the Volga.' That was the end of their world. The miracle of Stalingrad was achieved by guts and readiness to die."



The skyline of Stalingrad on the western shore of the Volga shows the battering of three months of siege, but it is still the steel and concrete skyline of a great modern city. A few boats are tied

up to the floating docks at the bottom of the cliffs. Some freight cars stand on the dockside tracks. The Germans had fought their way to the shore to the right of the picture and hold



Across a patch of park among Stalingrad's factories Red Guardsmen advance in short rushes, giving one another covering fire. Pictures are from latest Soviet newsreel, released last week.



A man is hit and falls heavily forward on his shoulder as a German shell blast mushrooms in the left background. A moment later he tried to rise and go on, but could not make it.

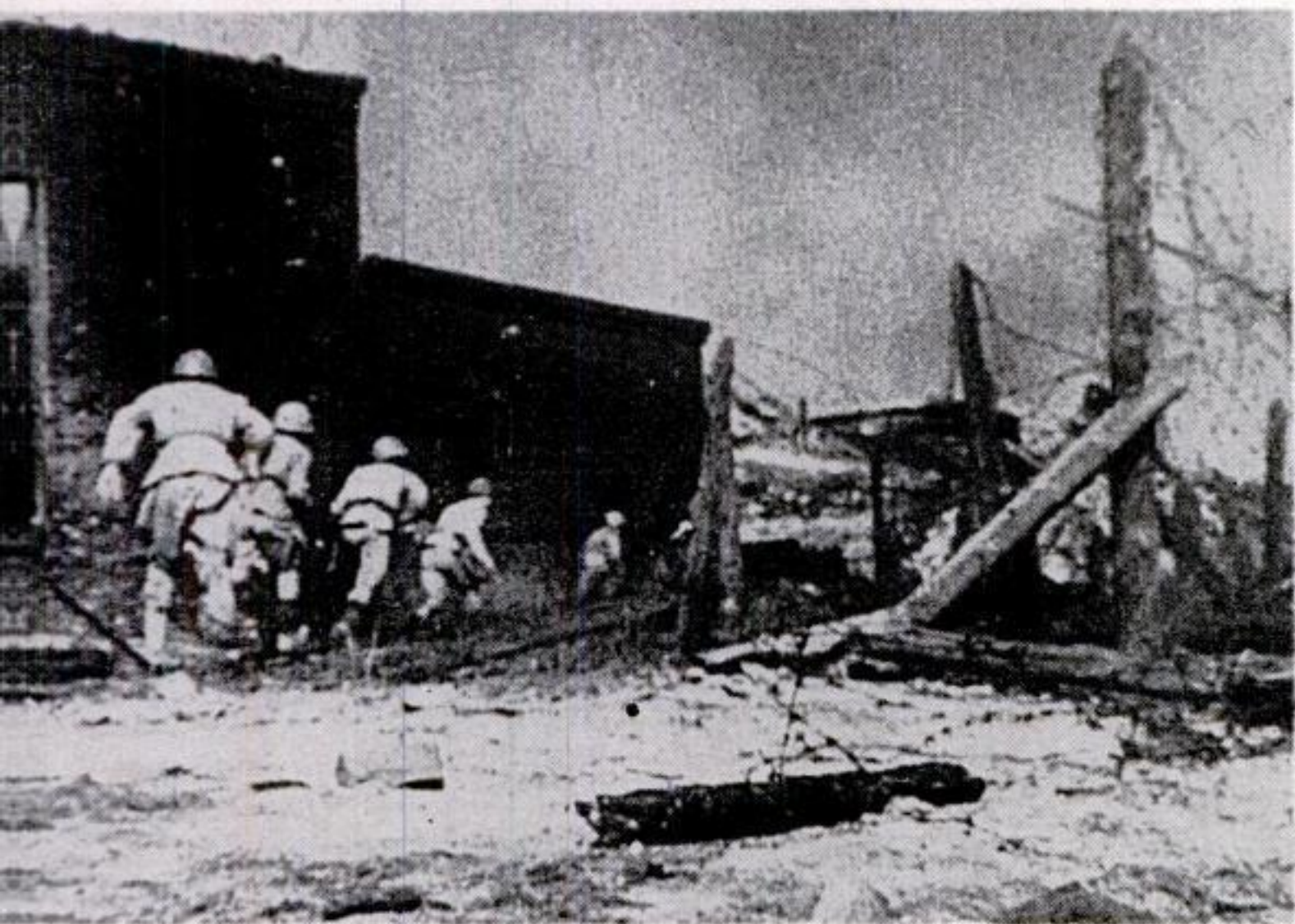
ITALIAN PRISONERS STRING OUT IN AN ENDLESS LINE ACROSS THE RUSSIAN LANDSCAPE AFTER AN OCTOBER BATTLE. MUCH AS THEY HAVE DONE ON THE LIBYAN DESERT. PERHAPS





the remains of the great tractor and metallurgical factories, where the Russians had continued to repair tanks until the German machine-gunners came in by the windows. Most of

the buildings are still fought as forts by General Rodimtsev's Russian Guards division which was last week on the offensive. The black smoke is probably from a bomb hit on an oil tank.



A Russian squad runs forward, around a ragged corner of barbed-wire fence in demolished outskirts of Stalingrad. For just such a piece of broken wall as this, 10,000 men may die.



Machine-gunner in foreground, who has just thrown himself headlong into a shallow shell hole, opens fire to cover further advance into the open of the apprehensive soldier in the background.

TEN ITALIAN DIVISIONS ARE NOW FIGHTING BESIDE THE GERMANS ON THE SOUTHERN HALF OF THE LONG RUSSIAN FRONT ALONG WITH RUMANIANS, HUNGARIANS, CROATS, SLOVAKS





THE RED ARMY PRODUCES THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT DEFEAT FOR THE WEHRMACHT

The shape of the Allies' greatest victory yet is mapped above on the Russian front. The solid arrows show the general direction of the Russian penetrations so far on three main fronts: north of Rzhev, in the bend of the Don and back of Stalingrad. The final outline arrow marks out the remaining 132 miles to Rostov, whose capture would box 60 German divisions except for an exit across the Kerch straits to the Crimea. A

Russian Black Sea fleet would try to interfere with that. The flower-like symbol of a fort surrounded by strong points gives the known German fortified points that anchor their long lines. They have not yet lost one. Notice how the salient facing Moscow is abutted by the strong points of Rzhev, Vyazma, Smolensk and Velikie-Luki. If Russian successes here can be exploited, the Reds can swing either north or south.

All advances here are penetrations in which both antagonists may be simultaneously "surrounded." The armies are supplied by transport planes, lately favored by low clouds and snowstorms, though the Russians have been shooting down 35 transports a day. The Russians claimed already to have captured and killed 300,000 Axis troops, mainly German. They are counting on the weather and themselves to kill many more.

A RUSSIAN ARMY GIRL TALKS ON HER "WALKY-TALKY"
STANDING KNEE-DEEP IN THE HEAVY SNOW OF DECEMBER



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The "Me First" Americans Fight The War In The Grocery Stores

United Nations forces pushed across the snows of Russia and through the steaming jungles of New Guinea. The British lion mauled Rommel's rear guard. And British and American forces, checked at Tunis, were massing for an attack. The news was good. The boys were doing their stuff.

But from the home front there came other news, not so good. The American people, their leaders, their political representatives, their editors, their war workers and housewives were beginning to learn the price of military victory. They got their first taste of real war scarcity. In New York a Czechoslovak housemaid, watching her mistress mix precious butter with gelatine and milk, to make it go further, shook her head sadly. "It begins to be like the old country," she said.

Everywhere there were problems in rationing, problems in scarcity, empty butcher shelves, crowds of women around grocery counters buying as much as they could get. In Los Angeles 900 restaurants closed in two weeks. Frantic rationing boards, understaffed because Congress had refused to grant Leon Henderson sufficient appropriations, failed to keep up with their gigantic task, made mistakes, caused resentment. In St. Louis the board thought it had caught up with the flood of fuel oil applications when someone discovered 5,000 more under a counter. To cap it all, Mr. Henderson, bruised and battered by his war with Congress and pressure groups, handed in his resignation.

Me First

It cannot be said that Americans met this first shock of real war on the home front with heroic fortitude. As a whole (and of course there were exceptions everywhere) they did not show themselves worthy of the boys at the front. A "me first" attitude swept the country which, if it were adopted by the men in the armed forces, would entail their certain defeat. Americans are doing most of the things Hitler claimed they would do when, some years ago, he sneered at their ability to make war. The Administration is now in a quandary. When it rations a scarce commodity, people complain. When it fails to ration, they complain. If it rations without enough warning, they are indignant. But if it gives any warning whatever they rush to the stores to "stock up"—i.e. hoard—and thereby convert a mere shortage into a crisis.

Most cities have been swept clean of butter by "me first" housewives buying up to ten times what they normally need. In San Francisco a man bought 2 lb. of butter he didn't need. It began to get rancid so his wife used it for baking cakes—so many that the

cakes are now spoiling. In the same town a small run on vinegar developed when a man in a restaurant was overheard saying that he had heard there would be a vinegar shortage. Denver had its first fire last week from an explosion caused by hoarded gasoline. Just before coffee rationing began, some people in Atlanta, Ga. discovered that there was a lot of coffee on the shelves of Monroe, Walton County, 40 miles away. They descended on the little town (burning up precious rubber to get there), swept it clean, left the local people coffeeless for days. In Seattle there has been a run on canned milk. In the south side of Chicago a man walked into a grocery store and took down seven cans of meat, which he was permitted to buy. When a LIFE representative asked the counter girl why she let the tough customer have so much, she said that she was so exhausted from fighting hoarders that she couldn't bear the thought of another argument.

"There Is Plenty of Gas"

Just as widespread as the "me first" attitude was ignorance of what the war entails and what the shortages really are. Anyone who knows the American people knows that if their war tasks and duties are clearly defined the overwhelming majority will rise up and accomplish them. The current situation constitutes, therefore, a sharp indictment against the war information services. These have flopped, not only in the tough job of inspiration, but in the far easier one of explanation. The OWI, for example, has (or could have) at its disposal the greatest information machinery in the world—American newspapers, magazines, and radio—and the people might expect it to use this machinery at least as intelligently as, say, a toothpaste manufacturer. That it has failed to do so was shown last week by the Gallup Poll, which discovered that a third of the nation (41% in Midwest States) still think gasoline rationing is unnecessary. The overwhelming reason given by these dissenters was that "there is plenty of gas." At the simple task of explaining to a fundamentally intelligent people that gasoline rationing is necessary *because of a shortage of rubber* (and in the East a shortage of transportation) the OWI has fallen on its intellectual nose.

A Real Crisis

However, many other people are to blame for the public attitude besides the OWI. For example, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, has for months been undermining public confidence toward anything the Government does or says. When Government warnings were issued early last autumn that there would be a fuel oil shortage, the Tribune scoffed. Result was that throughout cool November Chicagoans made no effort to conserve fuel. Now,

in the midst of the coldest December in 65 years, the shortage has actually hit them. But instead of trying to repair his error, Colonel McCormick has exploited the cold spell to make an all-out attack against rationing. "How does it aid the war effort to make people uncomfortable . . . ?" he screamed. "The rationers have made it clear that they will continue their invasions and impositions until they are stopped. It is time to stop them."

Of course the Chicago fuel-oil problem is not a shortage of oil but a shortage of transportation facilities. However unpleasant the thought may be to Colonel McCormick, a sizeable percentage of the American people live east of the Alleghenies, who need their fair share of facilities which cannot be everywhere at once. But underlying this fact there lurks a real crisis. The effect of Colonel McCormick's constant pounding against anything and everything that comes out of Washington has been to create a mistrust of the Government so profound that it is becoming almost impossible for the Administration to govern in that area. After all, Harold Ickes warned us about oil many, many months ago.

It Just Isn't Right

Not that the Administration can be exonerated. On the contrary, bureaucratic bedlam has done even more than obstructionists like Colonel McCormick to undermine the faith of the people and make them selfish instead of generous and brave. The Administration has been on the freight in proposing and executing almost every major move on the home front. The result has been confusion. An example that could be multiplied by a thousand recently occurred in Los Angeles where Lornes Market on Ventura Boulevard has been confined by the gas rationers to one delivery a day, and forced to cancel all deliveries to outlying customers; whereas the Encino Market, four miles down the same boulevard, is permitted two deliveries daily to customers anywhere.

There is in fact only one way out of this mess. It lies with the people themselves. The people must decide whether they really want to fight this war and win it. And if they decide—as they surely will—in the affirmative, then they must take it on themselves, mentally and morally. They must try to accomplish as much as they can despite the bungling bureaucrats and self-seeking Congressmen. It just isn't right to hoard. Under the present circumstances it is wrong, it is evil—the same as stealing. Neither the inefficiency of the Government nor the greed of neighbors can alter this fundamental fact: that our duty to our country is to buy, and use, as little as possible of the commodities we know to be scarce. If we fail to recognize this duty we can wreck our country. But if we do recognize it, as a moral obligation, we shall win, and we shall win something worthwhile.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The war rolled one hundred society debuts into one party at New York's Ritz-Carlton on Dec. 21. Money which the deb's parents would have spent

on private affairs they invested in war bonds totaling \$86,000. Cost of the party (\$3,000) was paid by Coty (perfume) and the New York Infirmary ben-

efited by \$10,000 from sale of tickets. Most of the young men in white ties and tails (*opposite*) were dancing their last cotillion before their draft call.

100 New York girls bow to wartime society in
mass debut at the Ritz and dance cotillion to
"Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition"

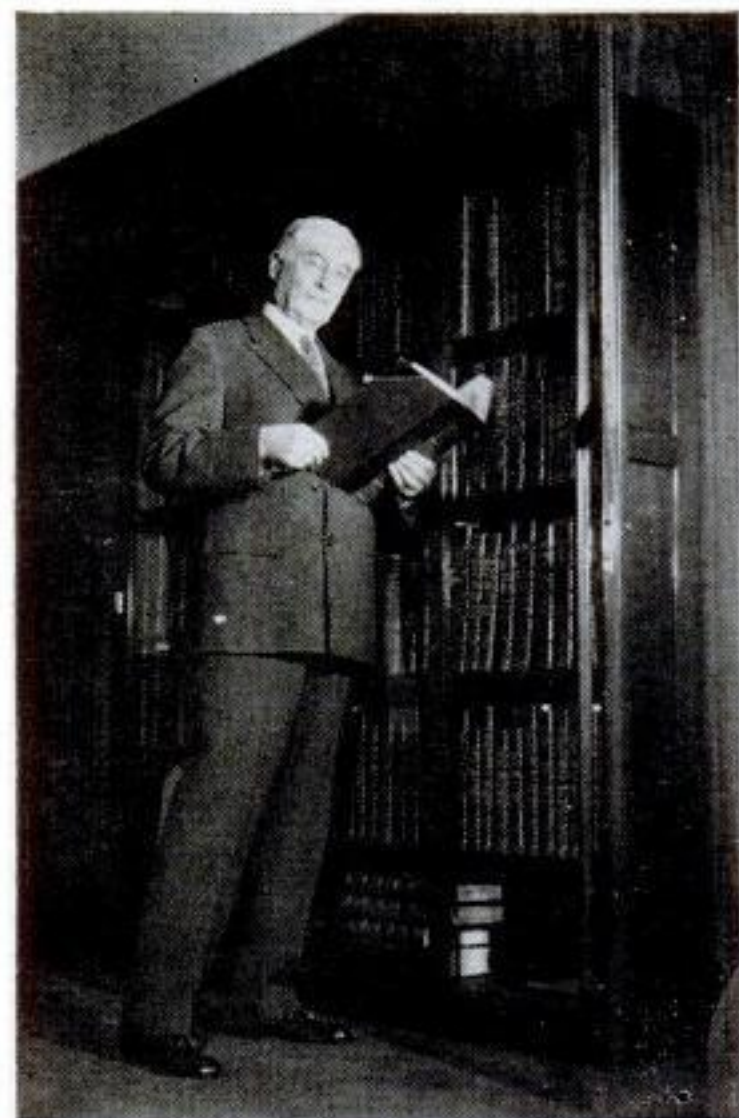


BARUCH'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Financier, 72, donates
\$1,000,000 to war relief

To the war-weary peoples of many nationalities and religions, Bernard M. Baruch gave a surprise Christmas present of \$1,000,000 in U. S. war bonds last week. The distinguished 72-year-old financier announced this gift, benefiting 15 war-relief organizations, on the day before Christmas. Mr. Baruch disclosed that the Army and Navy Relief societies received \$200,000 each, with the stipulation that both contribute \$25,000 of their share to the USO. The United Seamen's Service, the Red Cross, as well as Russian, Chinese and British war-relief agencies were presented with \$100,000 apiece. Other gifts were to the American Friends Service Committee (\$20,000), the Joint Distribution Committee (\$20,000), Greek War Relief (\$10,000), Norwegian Relief (\$10,000), the American Friends of Czechoslovakia (\$10,000), the American Committee for Christian Refugees, Inc. (\$10,000), and \$5,000 apiece to the Catholic Committee for Refugees from Germany and the Unitarian Service Committee. Remaining \$10,000 has not yet been earmarked for distribution. These war bonds, which cost the donor \$750,000, mature in ten years.

Mr. Baruch, a native of Camden, S. C., began his fabulous career as a Wall Street runner, earning \$5 a week. Before he was 30 he had made and lost his first million. During the most trying days of 1918 he was made Chairman of the War Industries Board to take charge of the nation's production. Last summer he was appointed by President Roosevelt to head a fact-finding committee on the rubber situation. Mr. Baruch commutes between his New York office, a luxurious suite on Madison Avenue (*below, left*), and his "air-conditioned" Washington office, a hard bench in Lafayette Square (*below right*).



BARUCH IS TALL—SIX FEET, FOUR INCHES



Baruch in his New York office, a spacious and richly carpeted suite high in a skyscraper at 57th Street and Madison Avenue, attends to his Wall Street holdings and philanthropies.



Baruch in his Washington office, a hard pine bench in Lafayette Square, likes to sit and bask on sunny mornings, giving advice to many Government leaders who seek his counsel.



Bernard Mannes Baruch is one of the few civilian leaders of World War I who have grown in stature during World War II. Long before the Government belatedly took action Baruch

campaigns for plant conversion, patent pooling, wage, rent and commodity ceilings. This photograph of the white-haired financier was taken recently in his Washington hotel room.



LENA HORNE SINGS OLD FAVORITES IN THE SAVOY-PLAZA'S CAFE LOUNGE

LENA HORNE

Young Negro with haunting voice
charms New York with old songs

Each year in New York's after-dark world of supper clubs there appears a girl singer who becomes a sensation overnight. She stands in the middle of a dance floor in a white dress and a soft light, and begins to sing. The room is hushed and her voice is warm and haunting. Her white teeth gleam, her eyes move back and forth, and her softly sung words seem to linger like cigaret smoke.

This year that girl is Lena Horne, young Negro who has been appearing at the Savoy-Plaza's Cafe Lounge

(see left). Born in Brooklyn, she started her career at 16 by dancing in the chorus of Harlem's Cotton Club Review. Since then she has been heard in night clubs, traveled across the country as vocalist with orchestras, and appeared briefly in the recent screen version of *Panama Hattie*. Soon she will be featured in the all-Negro musical *Cabin In The Sky*. Singing without a microphone, Lena Horne makes old song favorites sound new and exciting. Below, with words and gestures, is her treatment of Cole Porter's *Let's Do It*.



COLD CAPE COD CLAMS 'GAINST THEIR WISH DO IT



EVEN LAZY JELLYFISH DO IT



ELECTRIC EELS, I MIGHT ADD, DO IT



GOLDFISH, IN THE PRIVACY OF BOWLS, DO IT



PEOPLE SAY, IN BOSTON, EVEN BEANS DO IT



LET'S DO IT—LET'S FALL IN LOVE

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Moving up to Buna battlefield, the American and Australian troops file through the jungles with heavy packs. These men

were flown to advance combat areas from the south, cover the last miles on foot. This particular piece of terrain is much

easier to march through than the usual narrow, twisting trail, its surface a quagmire filled with hidden roots and branches.

"OUT THERE"

"Damn war's gone old-fashioned"
in steamy jungles of New Guinea

by GEORGE JOHNSTON

When Captain Eddie Rickenbacker came home from his Pacific ordeal he brought a message. It was from "out there" in the jungles of Guadalcanal and New Guinea, where he had seen U. S. soldiers fighting Japs: "If only our people back home could know what those boys are doing for us and for future generations, I think we would take this war much more seriously."

In this dispatch from the New Guinea front, LIFE Correspondent George Johnston gives a vivid picture of the fighting "out there."

The fighting around Buna, which started out as a local action, has turned into a bloody battle for control of New Guinea.

Today's sky is filled with the throb of many aircraft. The air is shuddering with the ceaseless pounding of artillery, the endless rumbling echoes of bombs. A cloud of brown dust and grey smoke hangs almost constantly over the battleground, but the enemy positions, though battered, are still holding out. Lulls in the rattle of machine guns and the *crump-crump-crump* of mortars tell of watchful breathing spaces, not positional victories. Artillery, bombers, fighters and warships have been brought into this fierce battle by the Japs or the Allies or by both, but it's still a war of the infantry soldier pitting his wits or staking his life against another infantry soldier.

For the first time in this highly mobile World War II, the tactics of swift movement have given way to the age-old tactics of attrition. I have been watching men fighting in trenches, making "hop-overs" across no man's land with fixed bayonets, behind smoke screens laid down by artillery and mortars. This vividly daubed jungle battlefield in the steamy tropic heat, 9° below the equator, is scenically the antithesis of the frozen,

tortured mud of Flanders in 1918, but from a military point of view that's the only suitable comparison. The jungle, scene of ambush, infiltration, new methods of penetration and swift secret movement, has forced the two armies, equipped for mobility, back to the old static trench warfare of 1914-18.

Trench war in the tropics

At the front I've spoken with senior American and Australian officers who have served in both wars, and they themselves are mildly astonished at the sudden change that has come over this battle for a tropical beachhead. The last war proved that trench warfare could be fought only at the cost of heavy casualties. That still holds true today, a quarter of a century later, on the bloody Papuan beachhead. Allied casualties, mostly wounded, are mounting steadily as piles of Jap corpses rot in the jungles and swamps and on the beaches.

On the left flank of our line the Australians, almost overcome by the stench of rotting bodies, have just buried close to 700 Jap corpses killed in the trench *vs.* pillbox fighting which preceded the



Men in deeply dug emplacement lob a mortar shell over to the desperately resisting Japanese lines. Two Australians man the

mortar, while an American behind them keeps a sharp watch for snipers. Soldiers in Buna sector are a mixture of both na-

tions, disposed to fight a bloody, old-style brand of trench warfare. They have been beating the Japanese with these tactics.

final conquest of tiny Gona village. Stories of the fighting in this jungle—which looks like a Gauguin painting, sounds like a good-sized earthquake and smells like a charnel house—sound like the battles of the Somme or Passchendaele or Vimy Ridge. All is the same—artillery barrages, sniping, night patrols across no man's land, bayonet charges, enfilading, machine-gun fire.

Here, in what these soldiers once thought were the glamorous tropics, are the same old stories of bayonet charges, blinding rushes against Jap pillboxes with walls of timber 7 ft. thick, desperate hurling of grenades. Here are men with stomachs twisted in anxiety crouching around trench parapets, waiting for the zero hour; men on their bellies squirming across the stinking black swamp mud of no man's land, with eerie red and white flares painting their muddied faces in weird contortions; men involuntarily flinching at the roaring crash of artillery shells that follows the sheet of lightning and the flicker of guns encircling the black belt of the jungle; men hacking and fighting their way through to establish tiny, desperately-held salients.

As a general, who himself was using a tommy gun to pick off snipers from the treetops, said to

me: "Damn war's gone old-fashioned on us up here."

The Jap is a heartless, stubborn fighter and you've got to be heartless and stubborn to beat him. Physical courage isn't enough. You need mental courage too to seek out an enemy you can't even see, to go into action along a track down which are moving bloody, bandaged soldiers, to know as you see this long column of men temporarily shattered in everything but spirit that luck goes three ways. If you're lucky you too will be coming back this way with a grimy dressing slapped over a bloody wound. If you're extra lucky you won't be hit at all. If you're unlucky you won't come back at all.

There's never any flinching

That's a grim test for these young doughboys fighting to kill for the first time in their lives, but there's never any flinching as columns of green-clad troops march steadily northward toward the road and the clangor of battle.

They know that the Japs are well supplied and dug in so strongly that they must be dug out almost man by man. They know that they must

kill or be killed. They know too that if the Japs beat them their only line of retreat is across 150 miles of the most terrible mountain jungle country in the world. So they don't intend to be beaten.

In this sort of warfare individual example means everything. That's why American generals are exposing themselves night and day, with bullets flying all around them, why full colonels are crouched in muddy front-line trenches alongside buck privates. Morale is upped 100% whenever a story of a feat of individual gallantry travels from man to man by "grapevine telegraph."

When news came that the Australians on the left flank at Gona had bloodily slaughtered more than 600 Japs, the Americans cheered and attacked with a ferocity that swept Jap resistance aside and overwhelmed the strong Jap pillboxes at Buna Creek, which had held up the Americans for days. In fierce hand-to-hand battle the pillboxes were stormed, Jap gun crews slaughtered. One Jap was strangled to death by the bare hands of a big corporal from Chicago.

There have been many examples of individual heroism.

"OUT THERE" (continued)

The men couldn't help following Captain Harold Hantleman of Iowa, though they knew the job of tackling Jap machine-gun posts chattering from a belt of trees across a wide grass clearing was the toughest yet. Hantleman crawled across no man's land with a pocketful of grenades, got underneath the timber barricades fronting the Jap guns and tossed over grenade after grenade, all the time shouting "Come out and fight, you little bastards! Come out and fight or we'll come in and make you!"

The Japs replied by tossing over grenades themselves, but somehow Hantleman escaped, crawled back to his unit, directed a mortar barrage onto the enemy pillboxes, then led the final assault that took the post at bayonet point. "I told you we'd come in and make you fight," he cried as he emptied a pistol into the last group of Japs still fighting.

The story of Sergeant Herman Bottcher, so far Papua's Sergeant York, has already been told. This 33-year-old, German-born soldier of fortune, a late captain of Spain's International Brigade, established a tiny salient with twelve men right in the Jap positions at Buna, fought off two full-scale counterattacks, killed more than 60 Japs for certain, and probably killed and wounded nearly a hundred more. In the face of terrible fire from the Japs he held his salient for seven days and nights and paved the way for the capture of Buna Village.

The quick or the dead

On a jungled track near Sanananda, where a gallant American patrol held a road block against two ferocious Jap counterattacks for many days, it had been quiet for more than an hour. A twig cracked somewhere. A sudden gunflash stabbed the tropic blackness and a bullet whistled and rattled through the thick foliage overhead. The tall green-clad man on guard, his face merely a grey blur against the tree trunk, moved almost with the speed of light. He sprang a few yards to the other side of the track, fired a burst from his tommy gun at the place where the Jap rifle had flashed, then with equal speed slipped back to his original position. As he did so a bullet thwacked into the tree from which he'd fired a second before. Private Carl Kelson of New York grinned and whispered, "The quick or the dead."

Which is a pretty good slogan for this battle of Buna. Within a few weeks the Americans have gained years of battle experience. They are now grim, hardened, skillful jungle fighters. They need to be. This battle is nowhere near over. There might be weeks, perhaps months, of bitter bloody fighting ahead.

Destroy your opinions of this as a little sideshow. Numbers of men involved and the strategic importance of the objectives are relative things anyhow. The basic fact that counts so far as these youngsters, fighting 10,000 miles from home, are concerned is that nowhere in the world today are the American soldiers engaged in fighting so desperate, so merciless, so bitter, so bloody. I repeat that word "Nowhere." It's kill or be killed. The quick or the dead.



Jap graves mark the trail of conquest and defeat at Kokoda. In the background is the Owen Stanley Range, in the foreground a child's toy car abandoned by fleeing family.



Exhausted Jap soldier captured near Buna is surrounded by his American captors. The hard and bitter fighting around Buna has been due to Japs' fanatical resolve to die before yielding an inch of ground.



Wounded American is given attention at a small field dressing station. Next he will be flown back to a base hospital behind the lines. Wound fatalities have been held down in the fighting around Buna.



M-M-M HOW
GOOD IT SMELLS!



LOOK HOW SMOOTH
AND RICH!



TASTES EVEN
BETTER!

NOW— MORE FLAVOR, MORE NOURISHMENT in CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP!

... A NEW AND IMPROVED RECIPE!

The soup that for years most families have liked best of all is now better than ever! It's made to a new and improved recipe to conform with the Government's wartime requirements for soups of greater nourishment. The lively flavor you've always liked is deeper and richer now. And with that deep, rich taste you get higher food value, too—the quickly invigorating nourishment you need nowadays.

Naturally, this stepped-up flavor and nourishment meant an increase in the cost of making this year's new, improved Campbell's Tomato Soup.

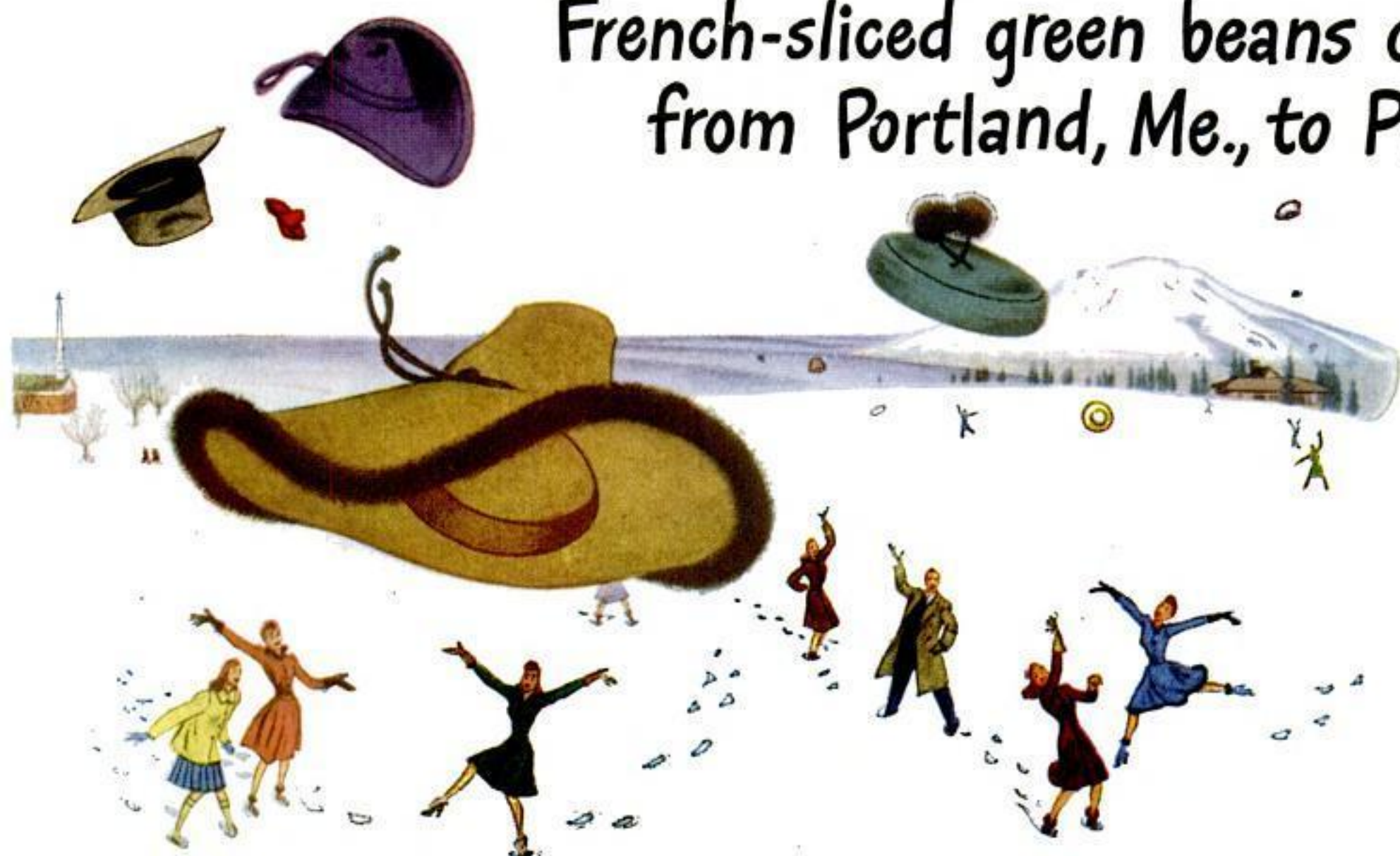
Recognizing this, the Government authorized a higher price to cover the added cost. But this soup is playing a more important part in plans for nutritious family meals today. And when you taste how delicious it is, and consider the added food value, you'll agree this will be a soup your family will want to sit down to often.

Why not serve them the new and improved Campbell's Tomato Soup tomorrow? Set bright-red, brimming platefuls down before them—and watch them go for it. You'll decide to have this soup more often these busy days.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



French-sliced green beans cause hats to soar from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore.!



1. Something new! Both in the way they're sliced (*long and thin*) and the way they taste (*tender, tasty, flavorful*.) Yes, these French-sliced Green Beans are something you'll *rave* about—yet they're economical enough for *everyday* eating! You've just never met *better beans*!

2. Quick-freezing captures their full, *garden-fresh* flavor at the *peak*, holds it for you! *All* the tenderness, deliciousness—*everything*. Today—in *January*!—Birds Eye French-sliced Green Beans are *deuy-fresh*! **MONEY BACK** if they're not the best you ever ate!



NEW! NEW! NEW! TWO GRAND NEW BIRDS EYE FOODS!

→ **MIXED VEGETABLES**—Combination of *top-quality, garden-fresh* Cut Corn, Lima Beans, Green Peas, Carrots, and Green Beans—blended for taste!

→ **MIXED FRUITS**—Combination of *field-fresh, delicious* Apricots, Raspberries, Boysenberries, Green Grapes! Packed in syrup, ready-to-use! Try these delicious, *time-&labor-saving* new Birds Eye Foods.

THEY'RE NATURALLY RICH IN NUTRITION!

VITAMIN	A	B ₁	C	G	CALCIUM	IRON	COPPER
FRENCH SLICED BEANS	2	1	3	1	1	1	1
	1 (FAIR)		2 (GOOD)		3 (EXCELLENT)		

3. Stringless, sliced, and washed, they're ready to pop in the pan! **NO** fuss—**NO** tiring kitchen work. 1 box of these *money-saving* lovelies serves 4—and these beans cook in *half* the time ordinary market beans do—try 'em!

FEATURED THIS WEEK!
(Jan. 4-9)
FRENCH-SLICED GREEN BEANS
CHERRIES
Other
Marvelous Values!
MIXED VEGETABLES
MIXED FRUITS
RHUBARB

4. And here's a new Birds Eye treat—Red Sour Cherries! The *tartest, tastiest, most tree-ripened* that ever made a man exclaim, "MORE, please!" Ready-sweetened, they are *terrific* in a pie, a tart, or on ice cream! They come pitted and stemmed—**WORK-FREE!** Try 'em—*u-umm!*





AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN PLANES DROPPED FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO CREW OF THE "FRANK BUCK." LANDING MAT WAS FERRIED IN BY BOAT AND WAS UNLOADED BY NATIVES

ADVENTURE IN NEW GUINEA

U. S. pilots save Flying Fortress

Early on the morning of Sept. 16, the B-17 "Frank Buck" was heading home for her Australian base after a successful night raid on Rabaul. Somewhere over the southern New Guinea coastline, trouble developed. In the thin, early light, her pilot, Lieut. R. E. Holsey of Altus, Okla., spotted a desolate beach below and, by a miracle of skill and luck, put her down safely. Then his worries really began.

A Flying Fortress is a precious commodity on any fighting front and this one had to be saved. The main problem was to lay a steel mat over the soft, short beach so the heavy bomber could take off. Incidental problems were brackish water, scarcity of food, mala-

ria, pythons, sharks, giant rays, mosquitoes, Jap planes and Jap commandos in the surrounding jungles.

To help Lieut. Holsey and his crew, an Australian officer landed near the downed Fortress in a small plane. With him came LIFE Photographer George Strock who, between picture-taking, helped lay the mat, forage for food and amuse the friendly natives. Finally, on Oct. 2, with the plane repaired, 700 ft. of mat laid (some of it in water) and with everyone's fingers crossed, the "Frank Buck" thundered down the makeshift runway and, after an agonizing moment when its left wing dipped into the sea, rose slowly above the jungle trees and flew proudly back to its base.



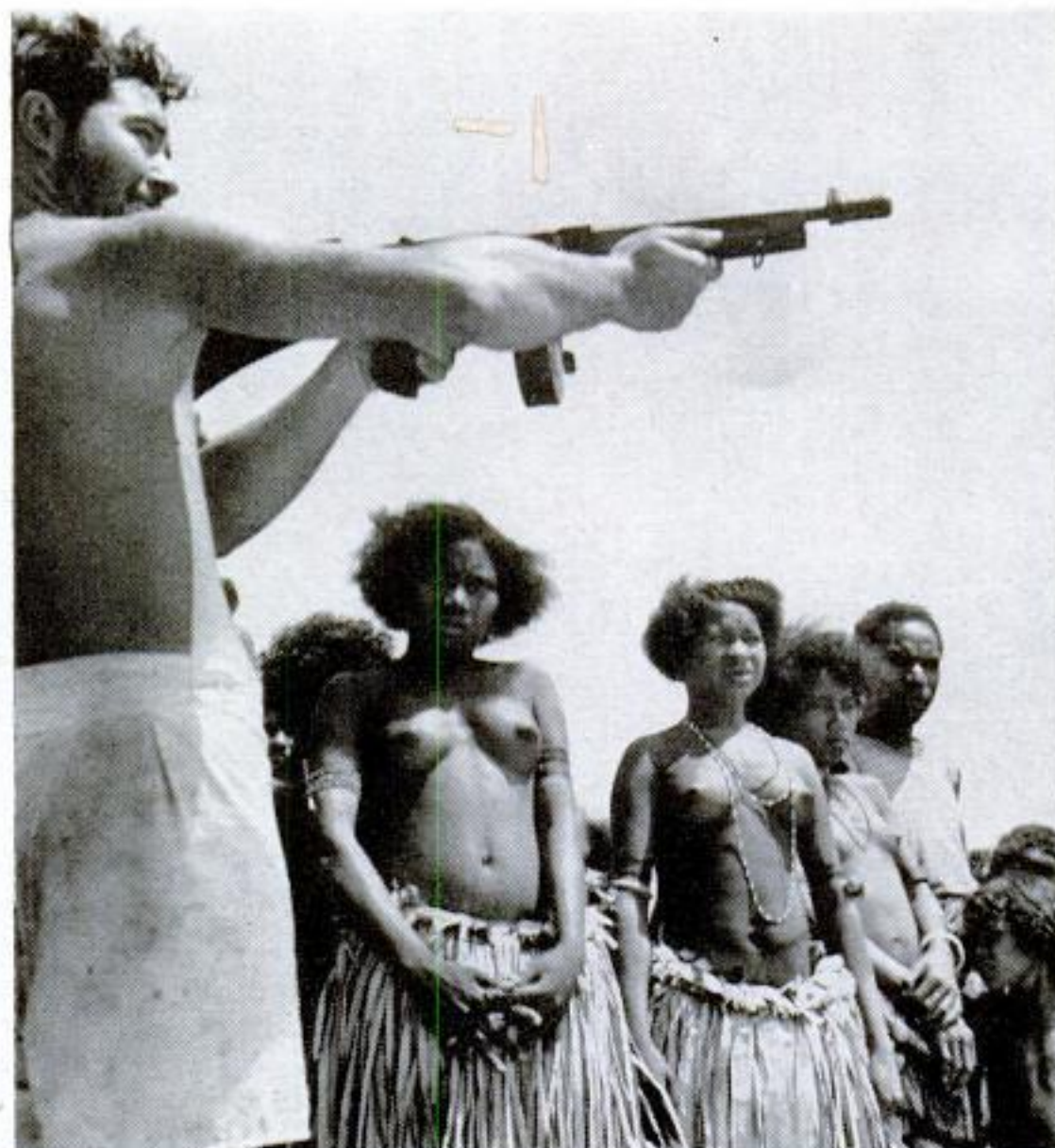
Crew members of "Frank Buck" pose in grass skirts they bought from natives for five shillings apiece. The plane originally carried a crew of nine. Others were sent back to bomber base due to food scarcity.



Natives bring food to barter for tobacco and candy from Army's Ration C. These baskets held bananas, mangoes, tomatoes, pumpkins, sour oranges, yams and fish.



Airmen on boat make friends with buxom natives who came down to admire plane and the strange white men.



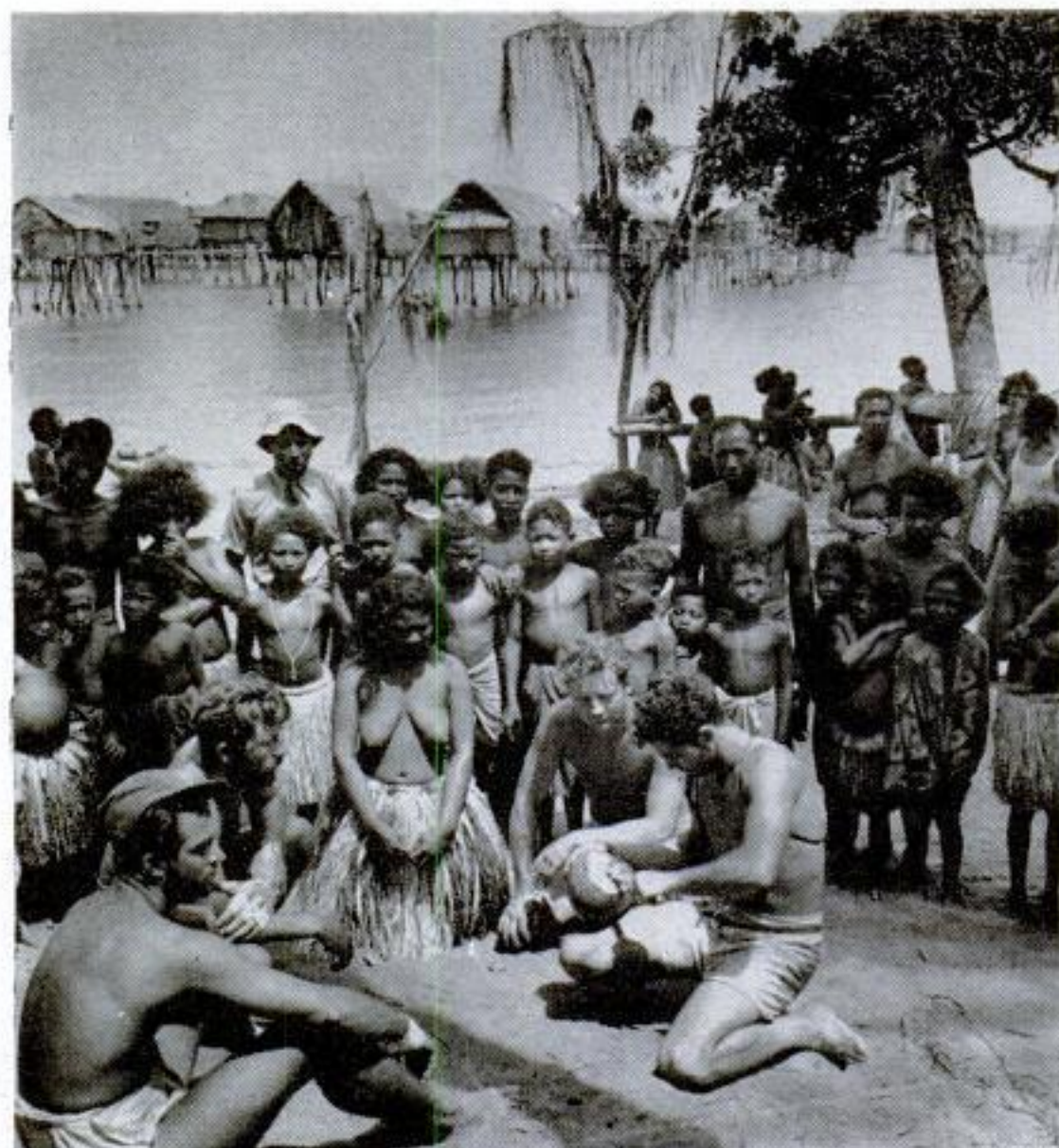
Tommy gun awes natives who were impressed by its chattering noise. Because of excess weight, crew removed all machine guns from plane.



Some girls were shy and ran quickly past plane and its crew. Bribes of tobacco and candy softened up most of the shy ones.



Crew climbed for coconuts whose milk was more palatable than bitter water. "Frank Buck" is in background.



At native village built on stilts in water, crew members were given food. They were also sold souvenir grass skirts by the canny natives.



A native catamaran was used for occasional fishing excursions and trips to native village. It was perfect for lazy sunbathing.



Fishing party returns and moors its boats near "Frank Buck's" wing. Fish tasted good after canned bully beef.



Native children loved to pose together for pictures near plane. They were interested in its speed and where "Boss Man" who made it lived.



Steel runway mat was laid by 400 natives under supervision of bomber crew at a cost of \$200 and 160 lb. of twist tobacco.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



Things aren't as bad as this, but—

Wartime demands for accommodations at the Statlers are making it increasingly difficult for us to take care of all our friends who "just drop in," without having made advance reservations. So . . .

For your own comfort and convenience, won't you help us make the most efficient use of Statler facilities by reserving your rooms as far in advance as possible?

We'll also appreciate the early cancellation of previously made reservations when changes in your plans make it impossible for you to use them.

Any of the Statler hotels will make reservations (or accept cancellations) for the other Statlers. Your co-operation will enable us to provide the greatest number of people with the three wartime necessities for travelers today. (Those things are listed below. Read them.)

THREE WARTIME NECESSITIES FOR TRAVELERS



WONDERFUL MEALS

The kind of delicious, nutritious meals you look for, but can't always find, when you're away from home!



WONDERFUL SLEEP

Now, more than ever, you'll appreciate the kind of energy-restoring nerve-relaxing sleep for which Statler beds have long been famous.



RESTFUL RELAXATION

The kind that helps clear away mental cobwebs. Dine and dance to famous orchestras . . . enjoy a few spare moments in the Cocktail Lounge.

Statler Hotels

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HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA . . \$3.85
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CLEVELAND \$3.00

DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$2.75

WASHINGTON, D.C.

NOTHING OLD-FASHIONED BUT THE HOSPITALITY

Rates begin at Prices shown

★ YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS ★

WHAT IS A POOR GAL TO DO?



HANDS AT WAR... elbow-deep in grease, grime, grit! Helping to keep *American Airlines'* giant war-time *Flagships* flying is tough, punishing work for tender skin. Her hands were getting deplorably rough and red—and charming Sigrid Larson was “frankly worried.” Until she discovered Pacquins Hand Cream. “And was I glad!” she says. “It’s been a regular beauty treatment for my hands. Helped marvelously to make them soft and smooth again.”



HE CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

How could her hands be so wonderfully smooth and soft after what they go through all day? Sigrid likes Pacquins because it's a *cream*. “It can't tip or spill,” she says. She protects her wrists and elbows, knees and ankles with Pacquins, too. “It's never the least bit greasy or messy and doesn't rub off on clothes,” she says.

1st minute, 13 seconds after Pacquins Hand Cream was applied to Sigrid's hands, *this* is how they looked! Flower-soft, lovely!



A SECRET THAT DOCTORS AND NURSES KNOW:
Pacquins Hand Cream gives wonderful protection—even if your hands are in water 30 or 40 times a day. Pacquins was created to meet this problem!

Pacquins
HAND CREAM

FOR WAR WORK OR HOUSEWORK...
take this tip: Pacquins is the hand cream used *most* by women in war-industry jobs.
AT ANY DEPARTMENT, DRUG, OR TEN-CENT STORE

New Guinea Adventure (continued)



Engines are started on the morning of Oct. 2 by crew who have laid down 45 tons of landing mat and have worked for 16 days to get the plane in proper flying condition.



With all engines turning, the “Frank Buck” taxis down the sand and steel runway. Because beach curved and runway had to be straight, part of it was laid in the water.



Off safely, the bomber clears the trees and climbs up into the New Guinea sky. Just before this, a dipping wing threw water on a motor which trailed streak of steam.



Wine ~ friendly as a New Year's call

**Wine is made for the
moderate, relaxing occasions
we all need nowadays**

AS OFTEN as you can these days, drop in on your friends, or ask neighbors over to your house. Share some talk and a bit of food with them. Ease up.

It's one of the better ways, you'll find, to keep up good morale and good cheer.

With many people, wine is a favorite when folks gather together this way. Because over good food and wine everyone

can relax in moderation, and enjoy himself. That's what wine is made for—to help bring out friendship.

And nothing is easier than to serve wine in your home. You set it out as simply as you would tea or coffee. For an interesting free booklet about wine and how to enjoy it, and about wine in cookery, write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

You'll find excellent California wines now at your dealer's. Sound and well developed, these wines are true to type, and inexpensive, too. Consult your dealer—he will be pleased to help you choose among the good wines of our own country.



Next time friends drop in, bring on this fragrant, full-bodied Port wine. It's good with fruitcake, sandwiches or cheese sticks—and equally good served this easy way are Sherry and Muscatel. With dinner or luncheon, of course, you'll prefer a lighter table wine like hearty red Burgundy or golden delicate-flavored Sauterne





THEY'LL GIVE YOU A FRESH START IN LIFE

THIS is a Nazi court. Maybe none of us will ever have to face one...we hope.

They specialize in giving people fresh starts in life. All that you've ever had...your home, your bank account, the very clothes off your back, your family, even your self-respect...they take from you.

They start you off fresh, with nothing. They don't even leave you the opportunity you have now.

Millions of people have gotten fresh starts at their hands...millions of human beings who have worked and scrimped and saved all their lives for a little comfort, a mere modicum of happiness and security. Millions of men and women in Poland and Russia and France. Millions like *us*.

But this will never happen here...we hope. This is only something that happens to other people...we hope.

Yet how effective can mere "hope" be in *keeping* this from happening here?

Hope can't carry a rifle. Hope can't build a tank. Hope can't finance a war.

It takes action and human effort. Action from *all* of us. Human effort from *all* of us.

For this is a people's war. This is a war in which we, the people, win or lose...in which we, the people, earn the right to live our own lives or to lose them. And you—and we who sign this advertisement—are the people.

There is no time to wait to be *told* what to do. *Each* of us must *find out* what to do and *do* it. For with every minute, every precious minute, the decision grows closer. Win or lose. Have or have not. Live or die.

Not just for the other fellow. For *you*...

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. • MANUFACTURERS
OF TANKS • GUN CARRIAGES • ARMY AND NAVY
ORDNANCE • STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES



IN THIS GREAT DRAMA OF FRUSTRATION THE THREE SISTERS ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT): OLGA (JUDITH ANDERSON), MASHA (KATHARINE CORNELL), IRINA (GERTRUDE MUSGROVE)

"THE THREE SISTERS"

Katharine Cornell with all-star cast
brings brilliant theater to Broadway

Last week Broadway saw its first distinguished event of the season as Katharine Cornell, the American theater's sole actress-manager, presented her star-studded production of Anton Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*. With a cast headed by Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, Edmund Gwenn, Dennis King, Gertrude Musgrove and Miss Cornell, this drama of somber moods was rich fulfillment for playgoers tired of cream-puff comedies and loud musicals.

Chekhov's story tells of three sisters who are frustrated in their attempts for happiness. As a play it is a talky vehicle. But as talked by Miss Cornell & company, audiences could agree with the playwright, who said: "The narrative form is a lawful wife, but the dramatic is a showy, noisy, impertinent, and tiresome mistress."

Brilliant and delicate, Miss Cornell's production, staged by her husband-director Guthrie McClintic, is a memorable evening in the theater.

"The Three Sisters" (continued)



On Irina's 20th birthday, goateed Dr. Chebutykin (Edmund Gwenn) presents her with a gleaming silver samovar. The

doctor, given to drinking and reading the papers, lives with the three orphaned sisters in their large provincial house.

Scheming to control the house, Natasha, who has now married Andrey (Eric Dressler), asks if his sister Irina can be made to give up her large warm room to their baby son.



Professing love for Irina, Baron Tuzenbach (Alexander Knox), attached to the local Army post, is interrupted by the sudden

Raving drunk and moaning miserably, Dr. Chebutykin staggers into the girls' upstairs sitting room. The knowledge that a patient has died because of his inadequacies makes him realize he is a failure.





appearance of Natasha (Ruth Gordon), a vulgar town girl who is being courted with much fervor by Andrey, the sisters' brother.

In the garden, the doctor and Irina joke with Masha's husband about shaving his mustache. Andrey, whose wife has killed his dreams of being a great scientist, wheels his small child about the grounds.



At the birthday luncheon, a toast is proposed to Irina by Masha's schoolteacher husband (Tom Powers). Around the

table are various members of the family, the old nurse, Natasha, Dr. Chebutykin, and friends from the Army post.

Saying goodbye are Masha and her lover (Dennis King). With Irina's baron killed and Olga (right) made school headmistress, the sisters are condemned to a life of boredom.





Control tower of East Coast naval air station looks out on broad runways and a section of Grumman fighters lined up

to take off. The chief radioman at the microphone in foreground talks to pilots in planes. It is his business to give per-

mission to take off and land. With hundreds of planes using the field, he has his hands full preventing mid-air collisions.

PAUL SAMPLE'S NAVAL AVIATION

He paints patrol & carrier planes

PBY at night is tended by her ground crew getting her ready for the next morning's patrol flight. The moon slants off the

On these pages are paintings of U. S. Naval Aviation in wartime by Paul Sample, who was commissioned by LIFE to portray the strength and beauty of our naval air arm. For months this able young American artist lived on the job, seeing at first hand how planes operate from shore bases and from the swift carriers of the Fleet.

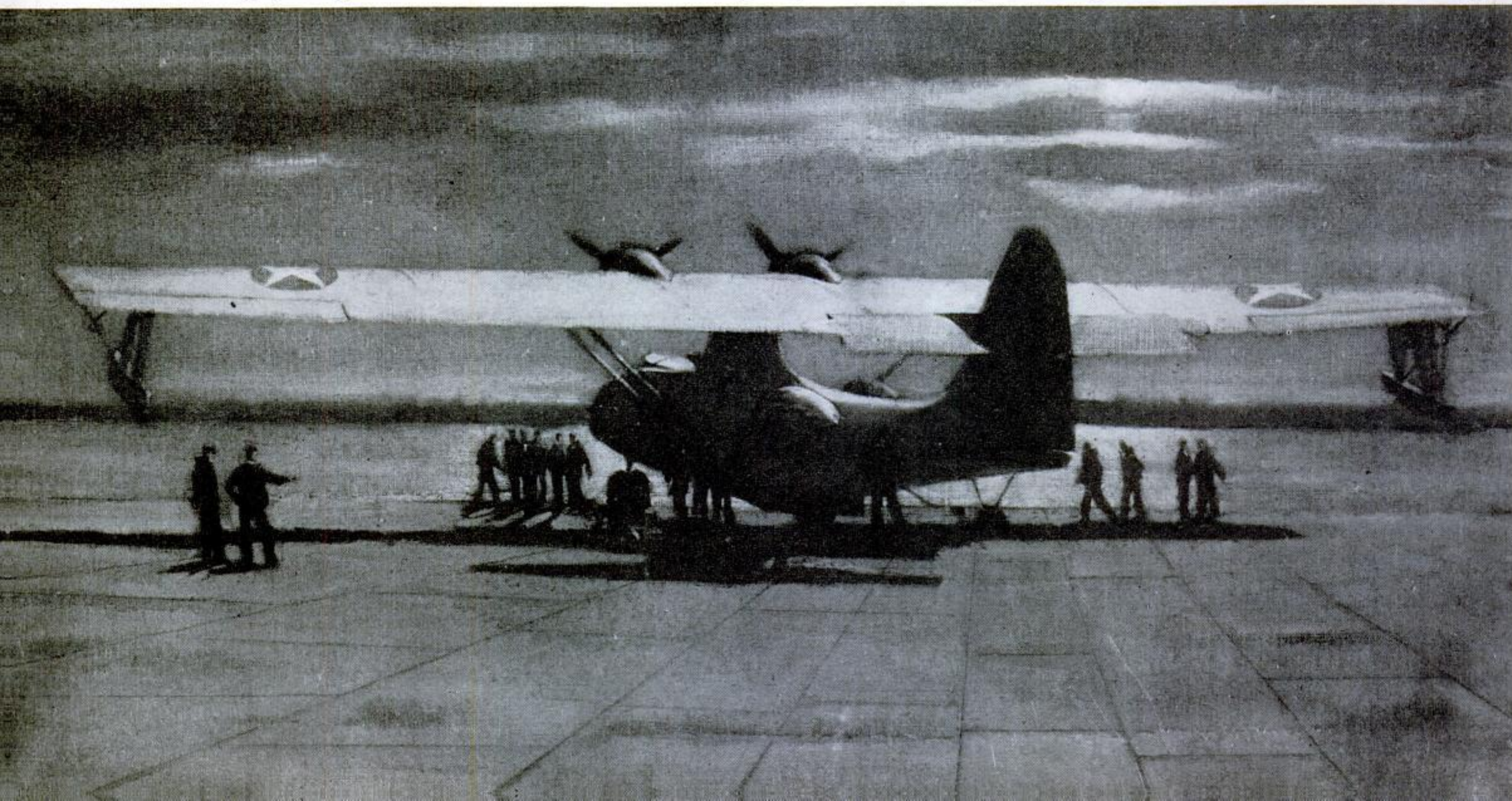
First he went to an air base on the East Coast, from which ponderous PBM's and PBY's fly out over miles of sea in their endless search for submarines or hostile surface vessels. He painted them on concrete runways, surrounded by their swarming crews, and as they slipped into the water to start

their long patrol flights. At the base he also found squadrons of fast fighters, dive bombers and torpedo planes—resting between carrier voyages or preparing to join new carriers to partake in the bitter sea-air war being fought by our Navy today.

But the greater part of Sample's story was done at sea. Aboard a carrier on a wartime cruise, he painted the efficient, exhilarating dispatch and recovery of fighting planes. Sample lived and portrayed the intimacy of carrier life—tense pilots in their ready room before flights, relaxed men in the wardroom at night after the day's flying was done. His paintings are a true record of the planes and men of the U. S. Navy.

long, broad wing and touches the deadly glass gun-blisters on her sides. These planes protect coastwise convoys from

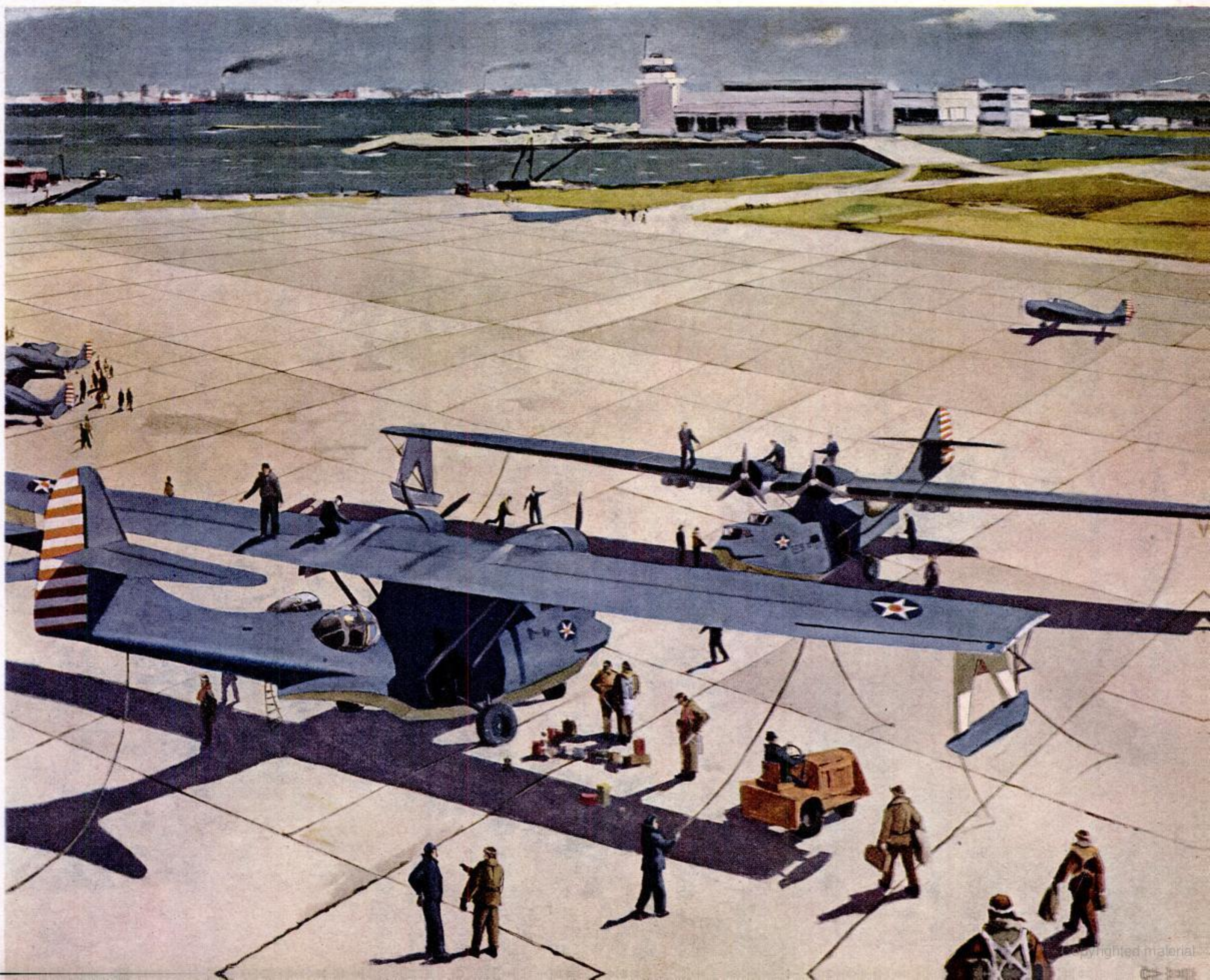
submarine attack and search our sea frontiers for other enemy craft. Her seven-man crew have long and lonely jobs.





In the ashy light of dawn, a PBM is pulled out of the sea after night patrol. Her handlers wear heavy brown rubber suits in the still olive water as they tow plane out onto the ramp.

PBY's on white runway are towed around by busy little yellow tractors. Here two planes get a complete check-over as the pilots and crews, wearing life jackets, stand by their sides.





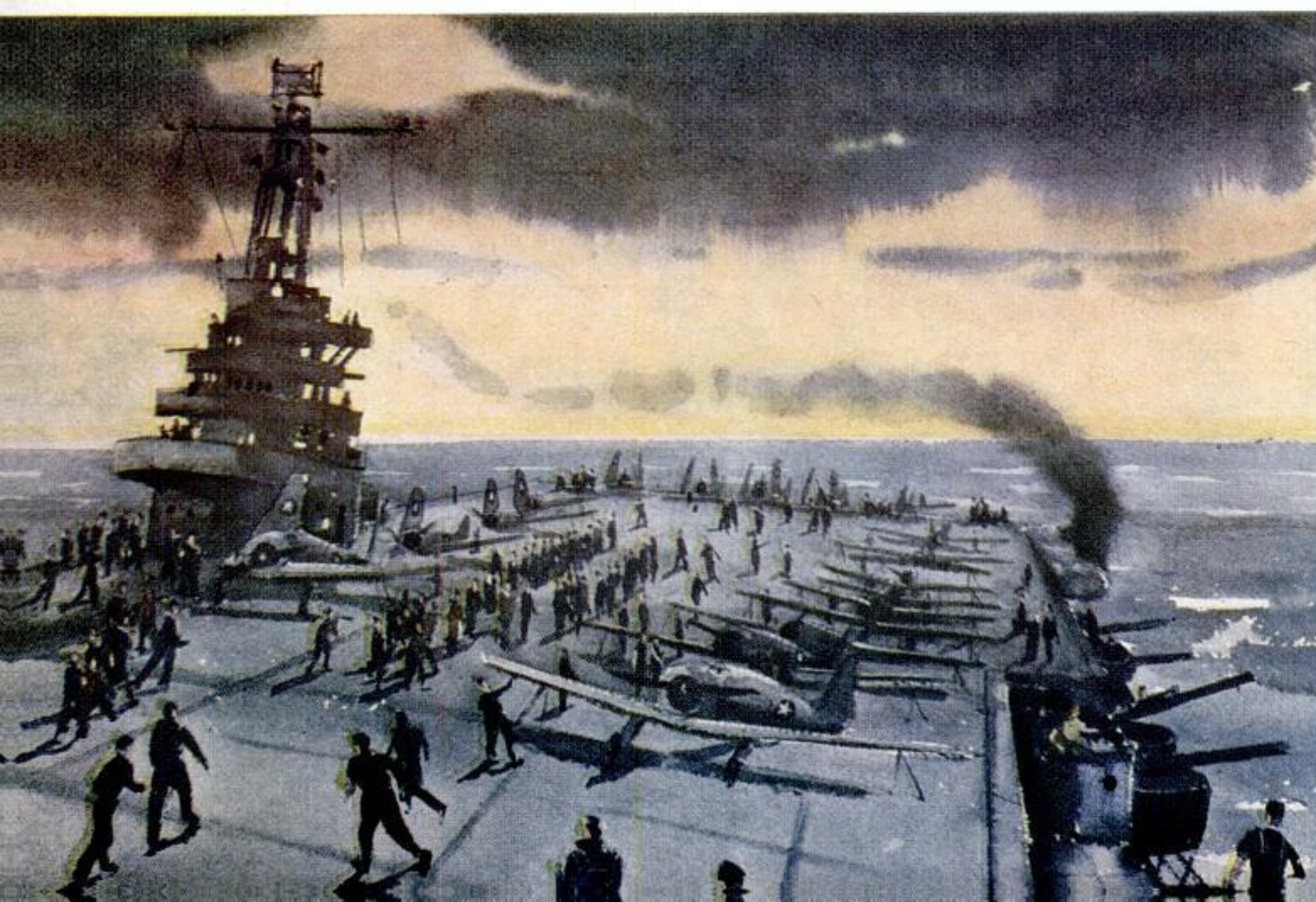
Early morning coffee, before general quarters, is informal, each man helping himself at the buffet. Self-service is necessary because pilots come in at odd hours for coffee before

and after flights. Here pilots wearing inflatable yellow life jackets are about to leave on patrol. Officers in khaki uniforms will sit in wardroom and talk shop for a while.

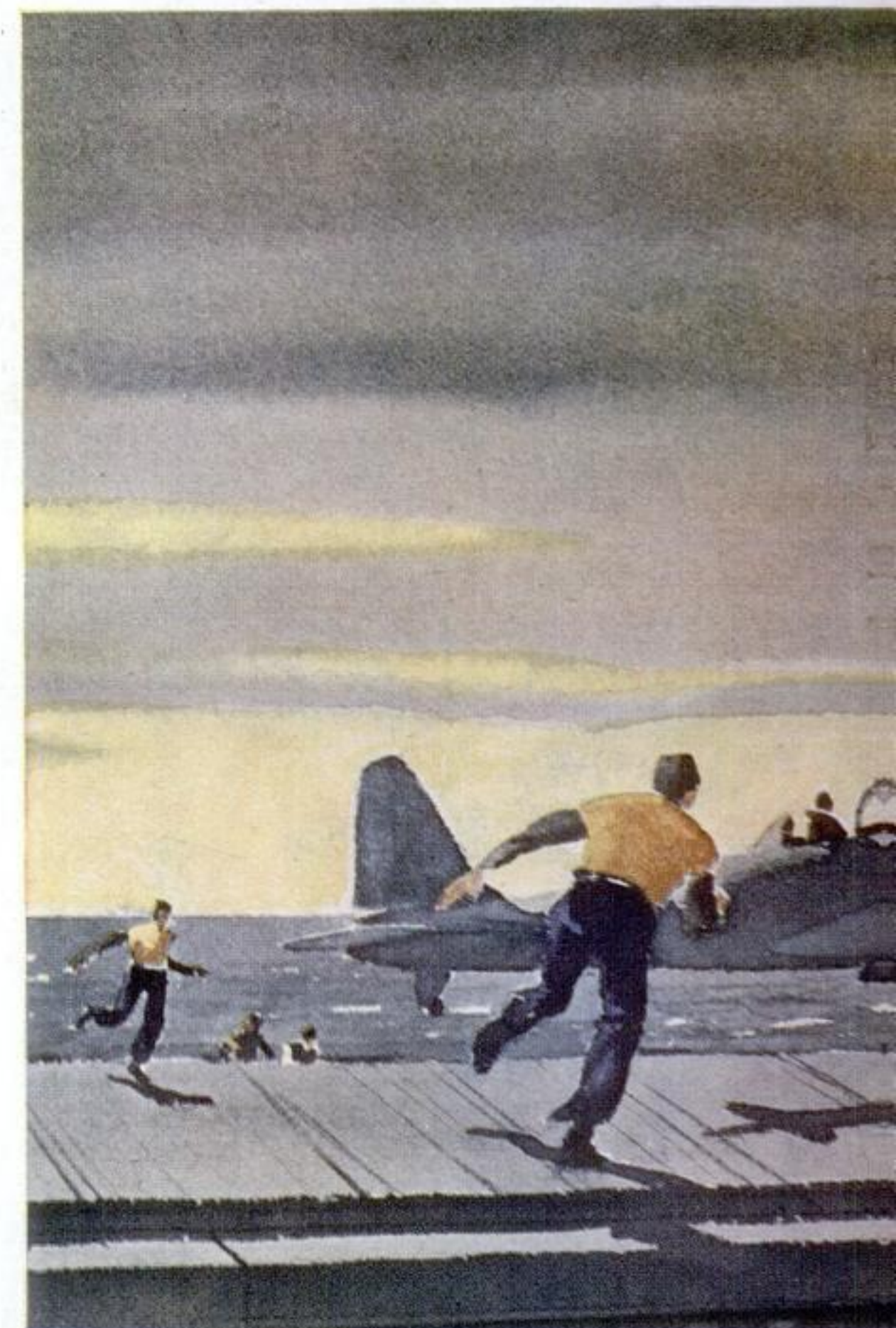


Pilots in ready room stand by for orders to man planes. Some drink coffee, some nap and others play chess while waiting. Though they seem relaxed, all the pilots are taut

with expectancy, waiting for the word that will send them up into the orange-green dawn (*below*). There, from the gray deck, they will launch their planes on dawn patrol.



Planes take off from carrier's flight deck as she makes a long white wake turning into wind. These planes are part of a squadron of Grum-



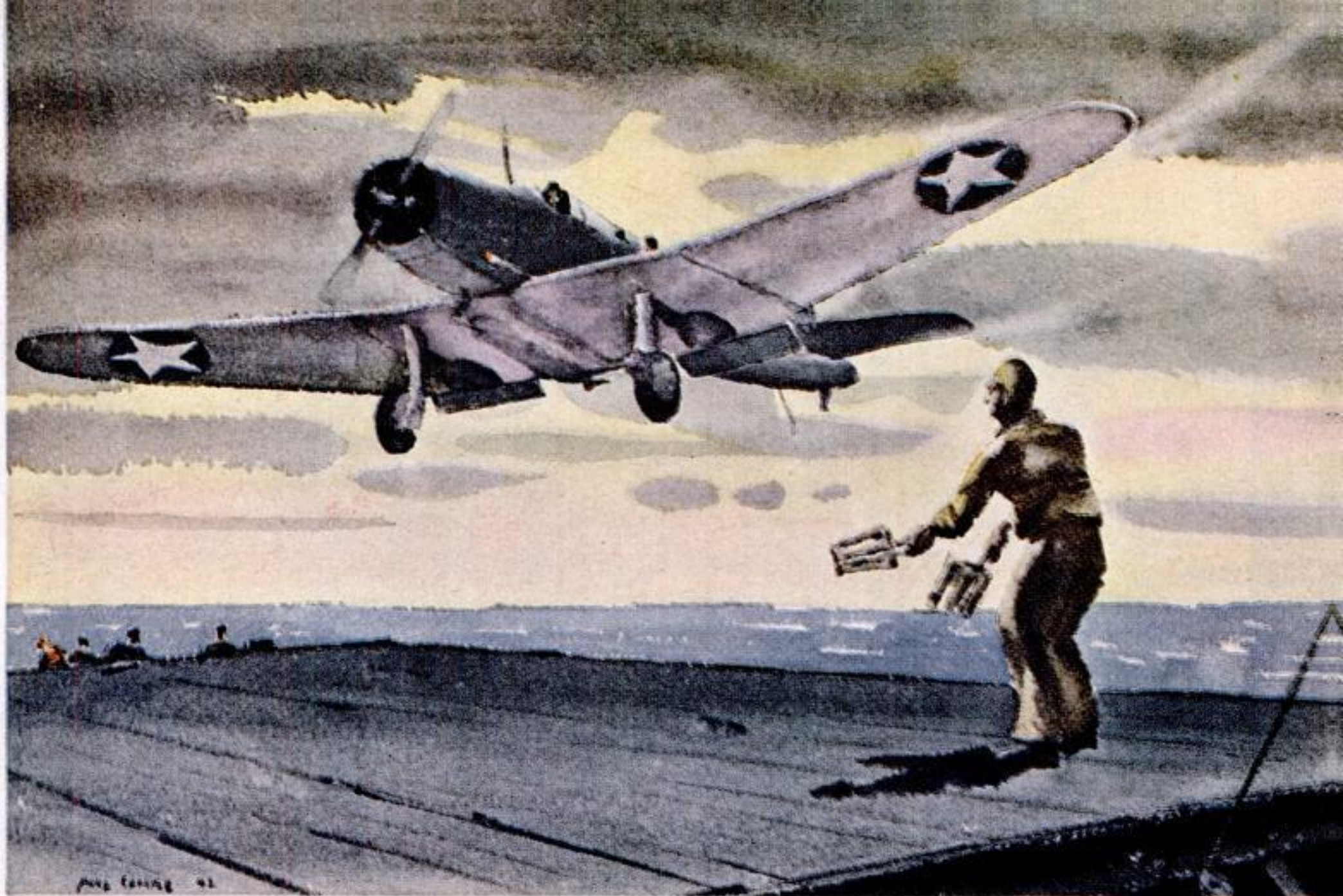
A safe landing is made by a Vought-Sikorsky dive bomber (SB2U) as a handler in his distinctive yellow jacket runs over to help clear it



man fighters which will soon be on patrol over the choppy blue-and-white sea. Ship in background is one of the carrier's escort destroyers.



from the flight deck. The ocean sky is now growing dark and overcast and soon other planes will be heading for the safety of the carrier.



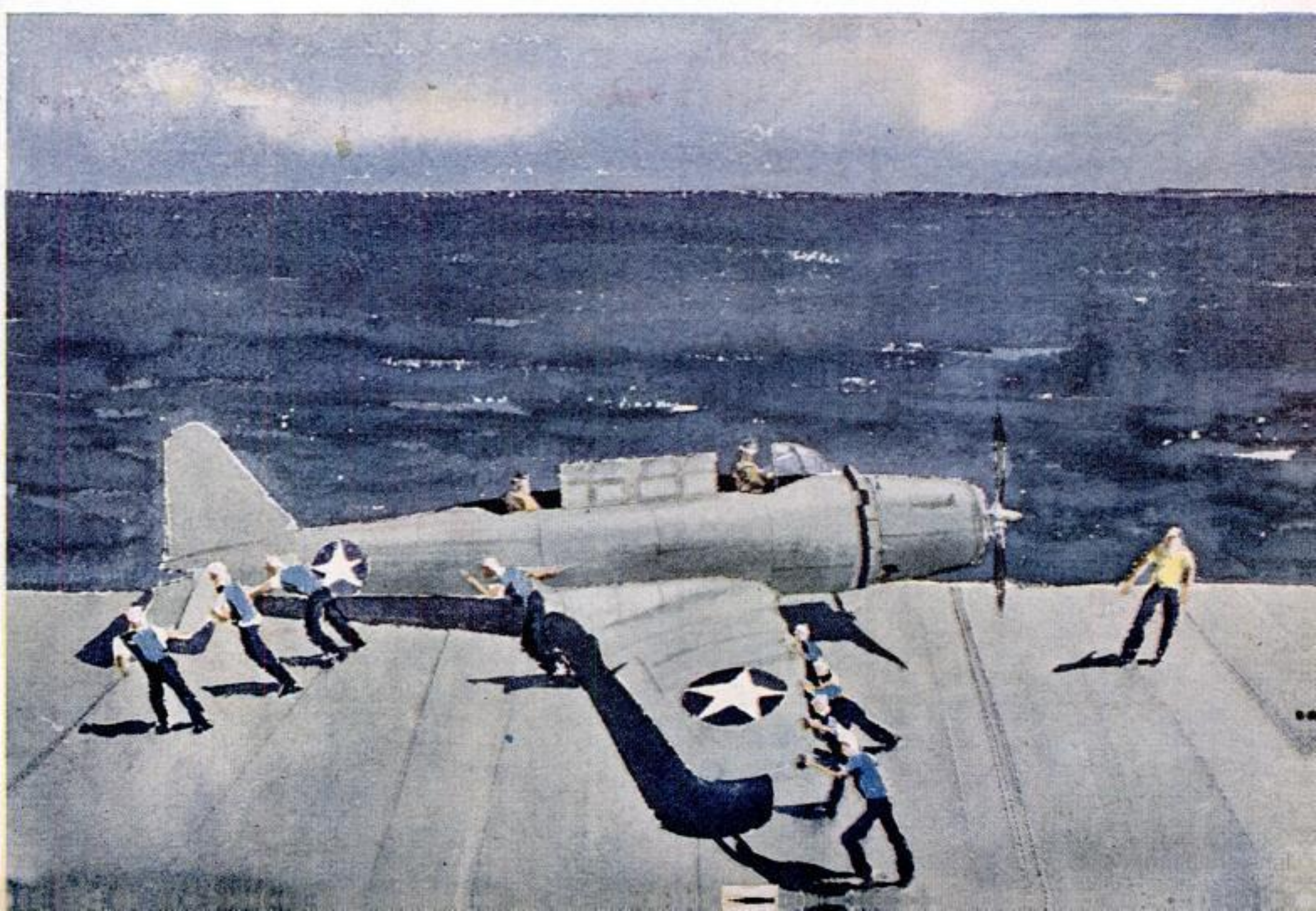
Carrier signal officer, manipulating hand flags, brings in another SB2U. This officer, standing in front of the gray tarpaulin at right, controls the landing of all planes

on the carrier. By use of his flags, he tells the incoming pilot if he is high or low—waves him off if trouble arises, brings him in if the plane is in good landing position.



Plane director signals the plane after it has landed. Deck crews wear different-colored jerseys for different duties. Their main job now is to clear the deck for the next plane

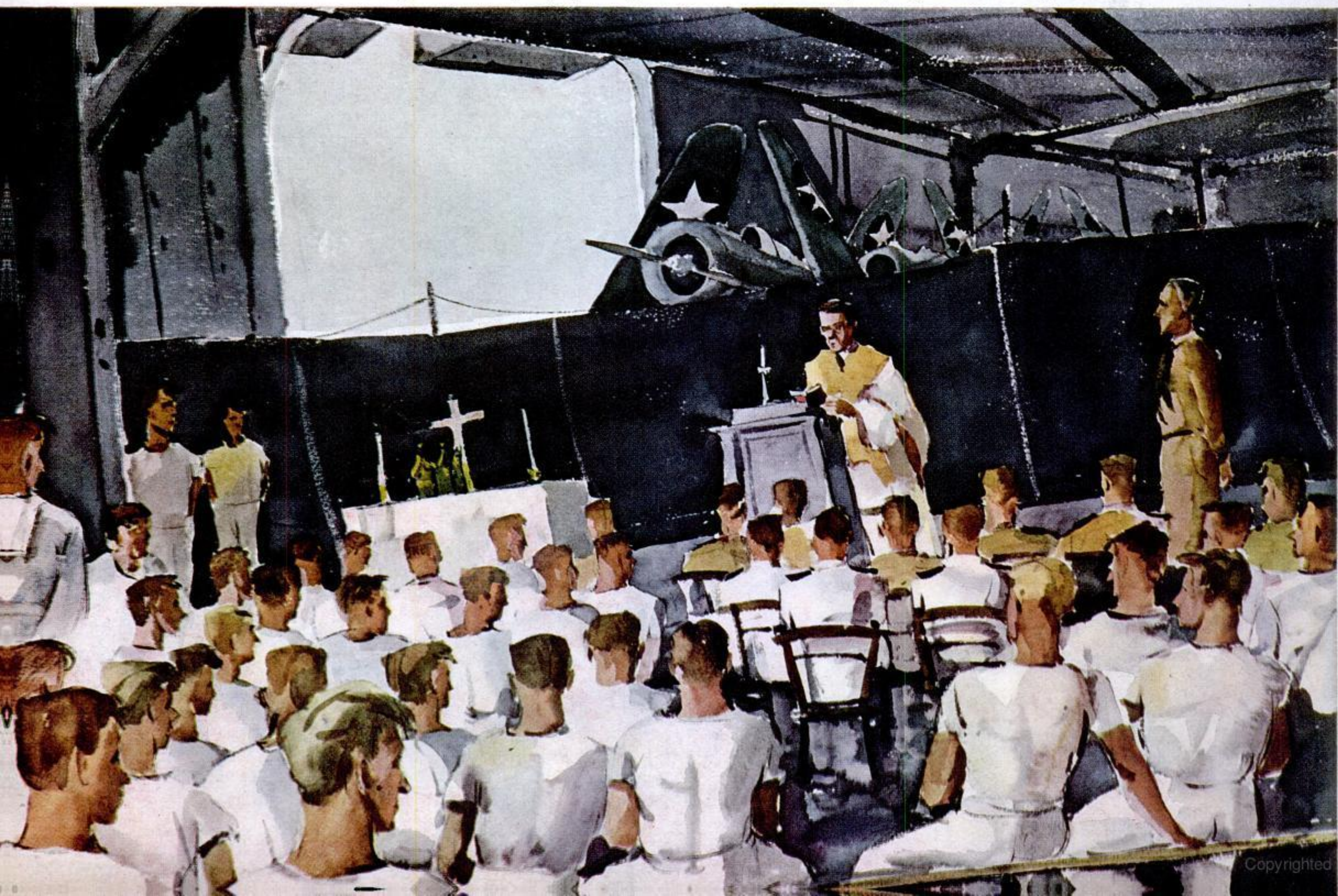
coming in. They gang up (*below*) to move a dive bomber onto an elevator which will take it down to the hangar deck. Their colored jerseys contrast with the deep blue sea.

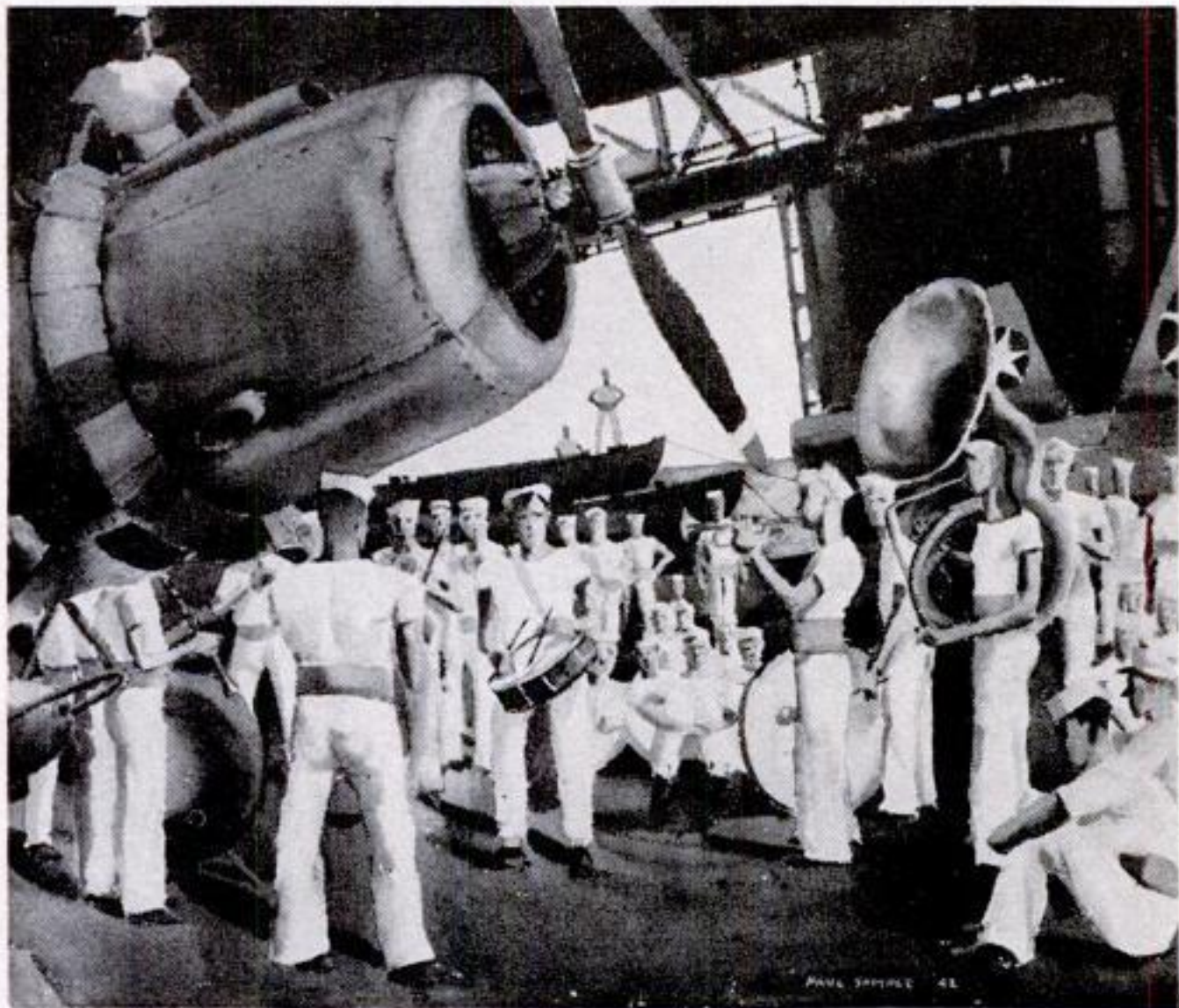




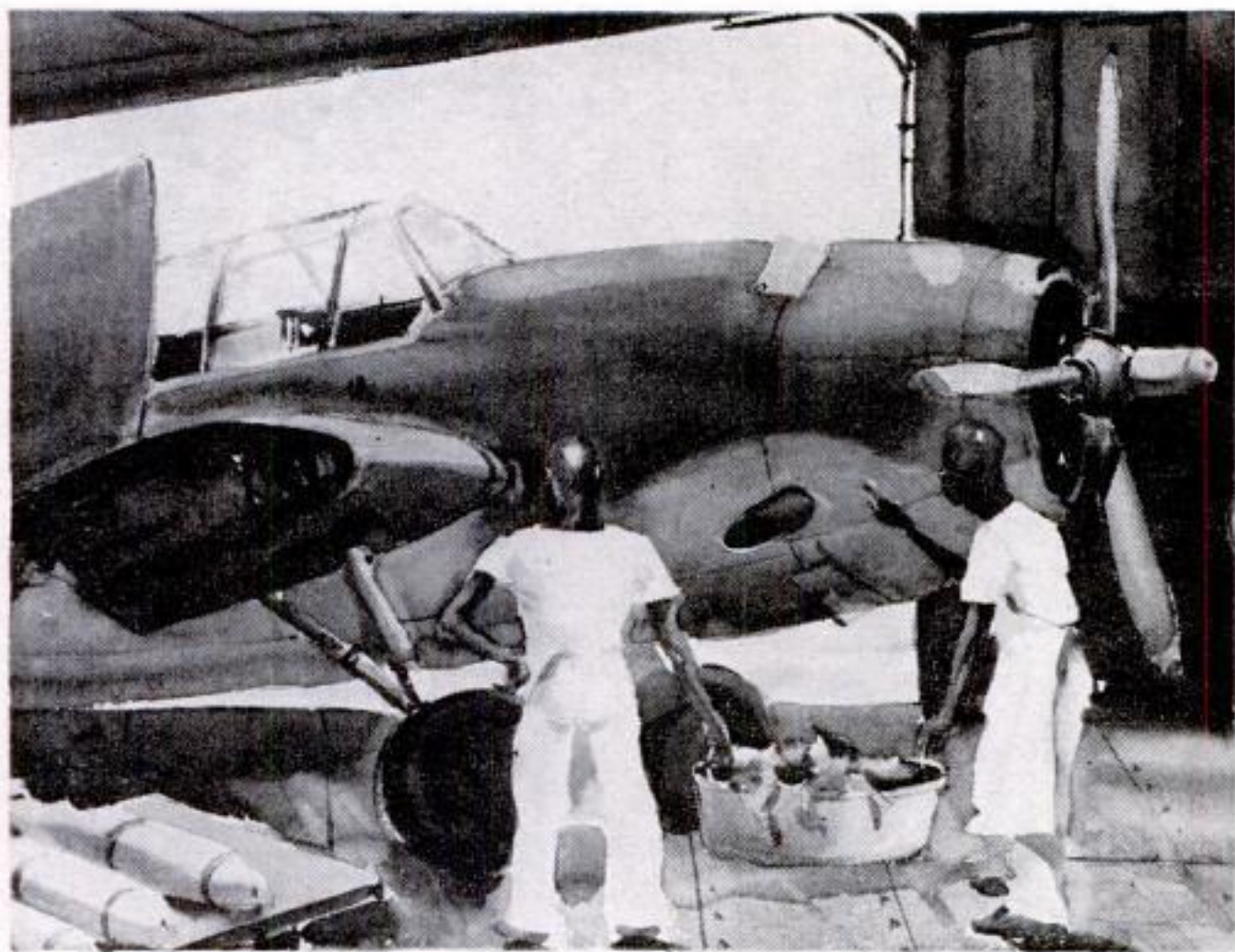
Fighter crashes on landing and rainbow-hued deck men rush over to rescue plane and pilot. Man in center wears a white asbestos suit to protect him in fighting a possible gasoline fire.

Divine services are held each Sunday on carrier's hangar deck. Here, as white-clad men listen to the chaplain, warplanes loom in background to remind them of their everyday job.





Ship's band, dressed in white, holds a Sunday concert on the hangar deck. Because this deck can be blacked out completely, movies are shown here to crew at night.



Two Negro messmen stop to admire a torpedo plane on the hangar deck. Between them they carry a pan of chickens which will soon be roasting for Sunday dinner.



Squadron commander poses for Paul Sample before his fighter. This pilot is a lieutenant commander and, as a seasoned flier, leads his squadron in any aerial action.



PROMISE ME, George, to start the New Year right. You're just an old-fashioned shaver with a bristly skin that roughs me up. Resolve to get yourself a nice, smooth Barbasol Face. You'll say it's a pleasure to shave with Barbasol. But I tell you (*as any girl will*)—"the pleasure's mostly mine!"



JUST CALL me George. Well, I took Nellie's advice and changed to Barbasol. And now I'm kicking myself for what I've been missing all these years—the quickest, cleanest, finest shaves I ever had, *plus* the skin-soothing benefits of Barbasol's beneficial oils.

LIKE SHOOTING decoys. That's how easy it is to tame your beard with Barbasol and zip it off with a rust-resisting Barbasol Blade. Step up to a Barbasol shave and step out with a finer Barbasol Face. Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 50¢. Family size, 75¢.





NEW ZEALAND WHITE RABBIT IS A FAVORITE FOR BREEDING

RABBITS

RAISING THEM FOR MEAT IS NOW A HELPFUL PATRIOTIC HOBBY

Domestic rabbits are one of the few pets which can be enjoyed dead or alive. Stewed or fried they have the flavor of white chicken meat. As pets, they are friendly and decorative. To raise them, the trick is to concentrate on the buck and does, and treat the young as so much produce. Millions of Americans eat rabbit with relish and those who don't can sell the offspring to butcher shops at 25¢ per lb. and up. With the U. S. meat supply for home consumption dwindling, rabbit-raising now becomes a patriotic hobby.

Anyone with a backyard (where chickens are permitted) can raise rabbits. They are adaptable creatures, thriving in almost any climate. All the equipment needed is a hutch, feed, table scraps and care.

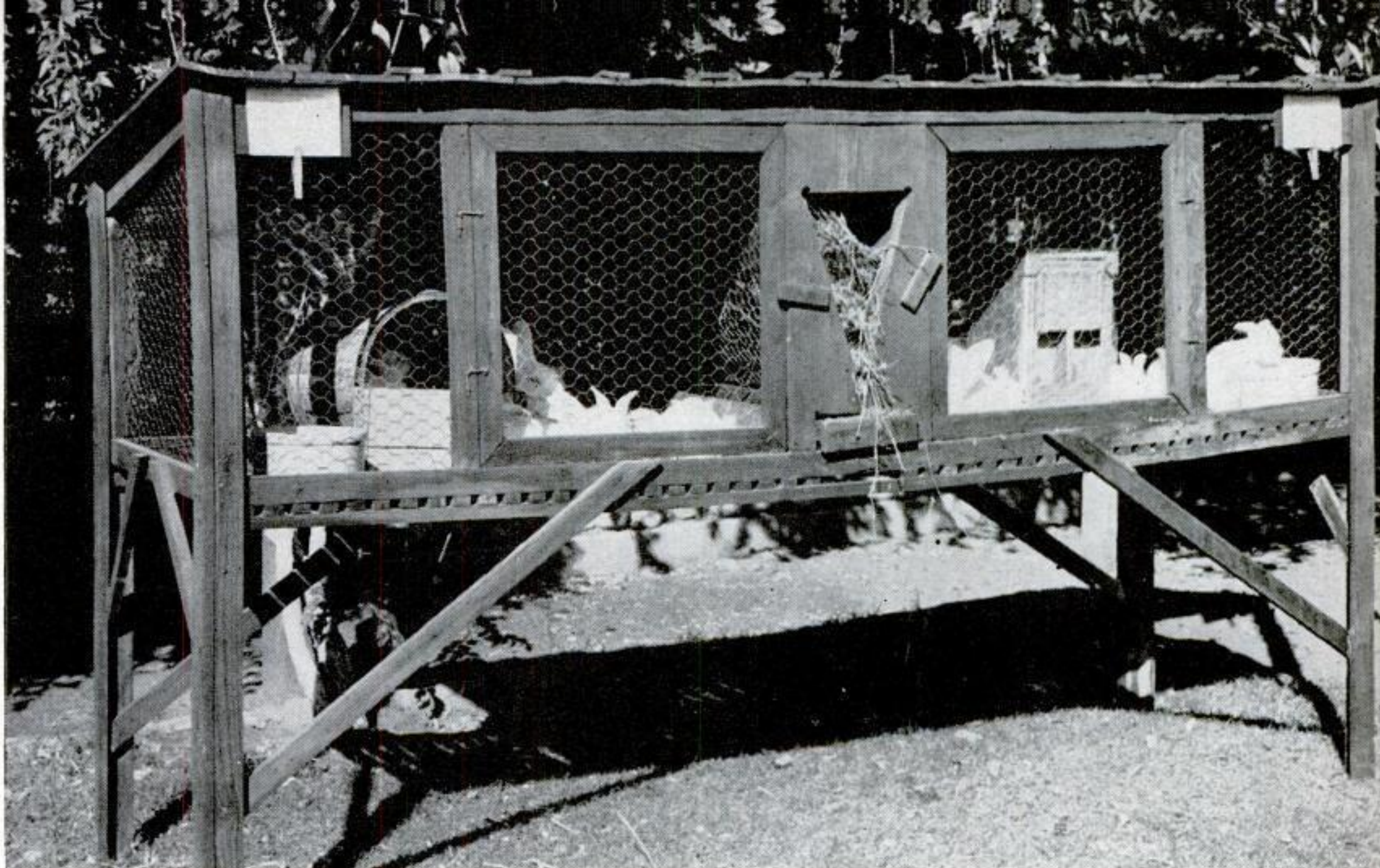
Greatest expense involved is the purchase of several does and a good breeding buck. Does cost about \$4 each and bucks about \$6. Litters of eight to ten rabbits are ready for eating within 90 days. A doe can be mated four times a year.

Beginners might do well to get their rabbits from breeders listed with reputable rabbit associations and start with a maiden doe mated at dealer's rabbitry. Rabbits have no regular mating period and a maiden doe may be bred anytime after she shows distinct signs of restlessness or attempts to dash out of her own hutch and into the buck's. The usual procedure is for the doe to visit the buck. When the process is reversed, does have been known to beat up the buck.

Rabbits suffer from a dozen minor ills, which can be readily cured, and several major ones for which no cure is known. A free booklet on rabbit-raising may be had from George S. Templeton, director of the U. S. Rabbit Experiment station at Fontana, Calif.



Correct way to lift rabbit is not by the ears but by grasping fold of skin over shoulders and with one hand under rump.



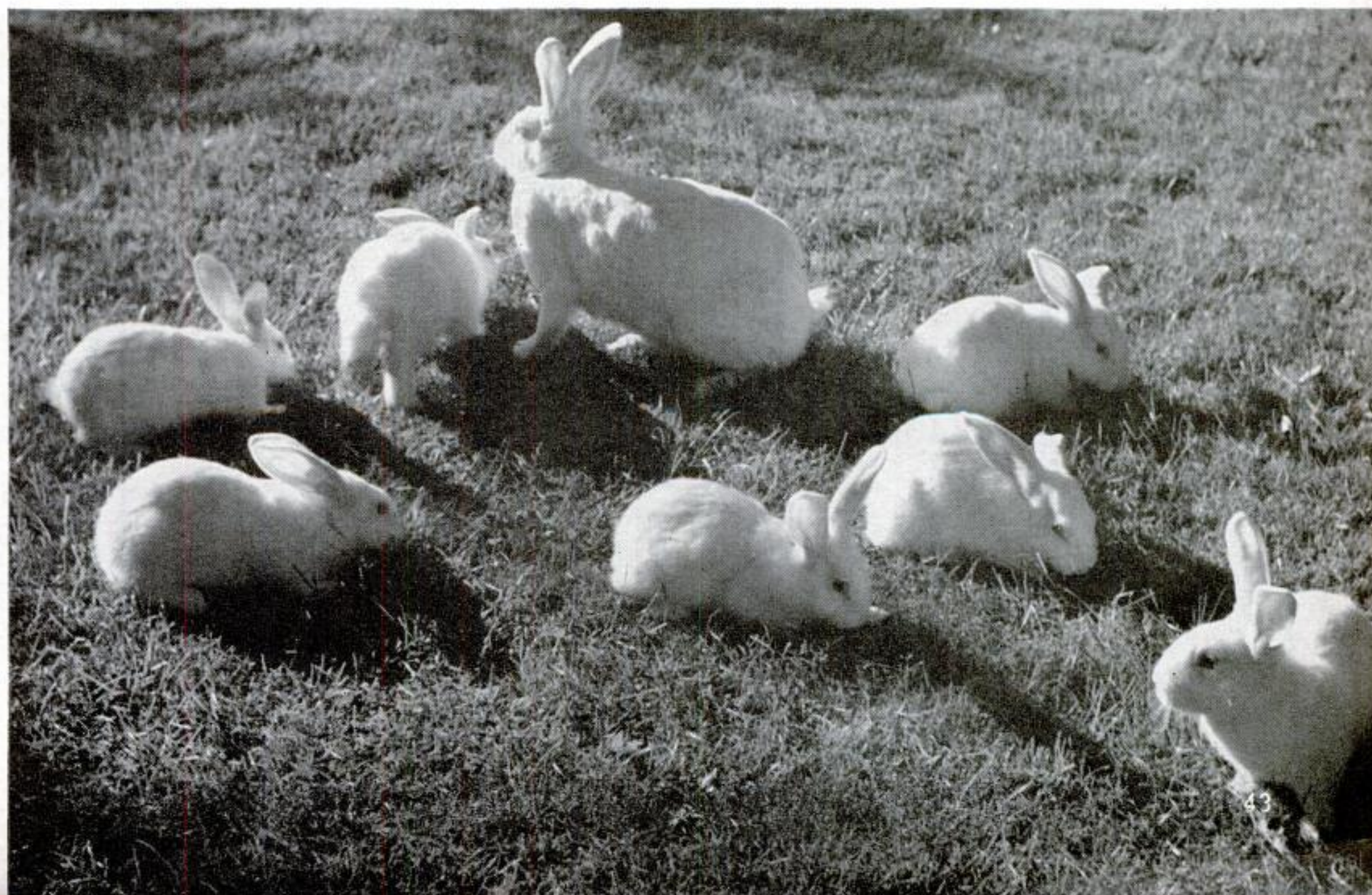
Double rabbit hutch like this can be easily made of scrap lumber and is suitable for backyard rabbit-raising. Center hayrack

serves both sides. Underneath is a drawer for grain, corn or kitchen scrap. Hutch has a slat floor which is self-cleaning.



Three-week-old rabbits asleep in nest box in hutch. Rabbits are born naked and blind, begin to grow hair after two weeks.

Below is mother doe with her 5-week-old young. The litter is weaned at about two months, is good to eat at three months.





"I autographed a bomber—you can, too!"

"I READ THIS AD," she wrote, "and saw for the first time how I—Betty Smith—could declare war on the Axis!"

To judge from our mail, it made many thousands of other people feel that way, too. It was simply an offer to put your name on a North American B-25 bomber.

All you have to do is buy a War Savings Bond and send the serial number to North American Aviation, Dept. O, Inglewood, California. Then your name will ride with a bomber's crew, on a scroll in the pilot's compartment, to show the men who made the war what war with America is like!

From all over the country letters are pouring in like Betty Smith's. From workers in war plants. From Dads and Mothers who have lost sons. From parents whose boys are in strange, far away places. Even from school kids. Letters that no Nazi or Jap could read and laugh off.

From the Midwest comes a list of five bond numbers. A mother asks that the names of her five sons, all in the armed forces, be placed on North American planes.

A Southern lady wants a plane autographed for her son, "A prisoner on Bataan, seriously wounded the last we heard."

B-25 bombers are coming off the production lines in a steady stream. There's a place on one of them for your name. Why don't you buy a War Savings Bond today, and send us the serial number? It's a pretty satisfactory way to show the enemy that you mean business.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Plants in California, Kansas, and Texas

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.



BOMBERS
B-25 Mitchell



FIGHTERS
P-51 Mustang



TRAINERS
AT-6 Harvard



Bonds Buy Bombers! Buy Bonds Every Payday

NORTH AMERICAN

Sets the Pace!

LOOK DOWN, SOLDIER



POISONOUS BLACK WIDOW SPIDER

The U. S. Army Basic Field Manual says, "In jungle warfare the soldier fights two enemies, man and nature. Of the two, nature is often the more formidable."

On this page are shown some of the more common varieties of nature's enemies, snakes, spiders and scorpions. Though infections and death from such pests are more rare than from disease-bearing insects, soldiers are taught to recognize them.

And Army doctors are constantly working out antivenom serums. Besides those shown here, U. S. soldiers on foreign fronts must also be able to recognize such snakes as horned adders, tiger snakes, cobras, purple death adders, bushmasters and the fer-de-lance. They must also know the many types of poisonous spiders, scorpions and flies, and the poisonous plants and fruits.

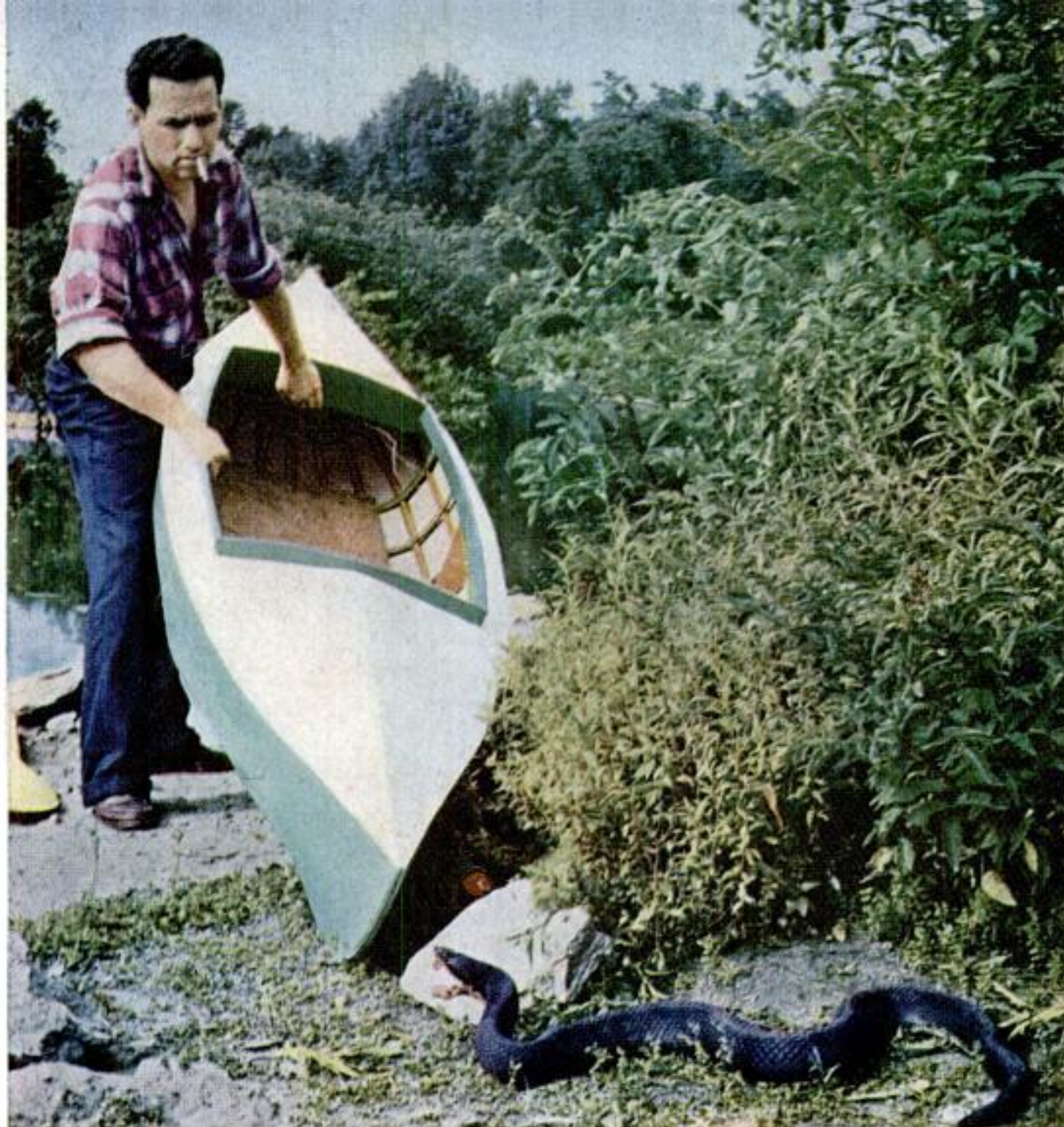
So important is this to the Army that the U. S. forces which recently invaded North Africa were equipped with pamphlets describing in detail the snakes, insects and plants of the new territory to be occupied.



Scorpions, which are common in the tropics, live under leaves, logs and stones in the dry season, but hide in shoes, boots, clothing and equipment during wet season. Their sting is painful but not fatal, can be treated with ammonia water. There are 17 varieties in Africa.



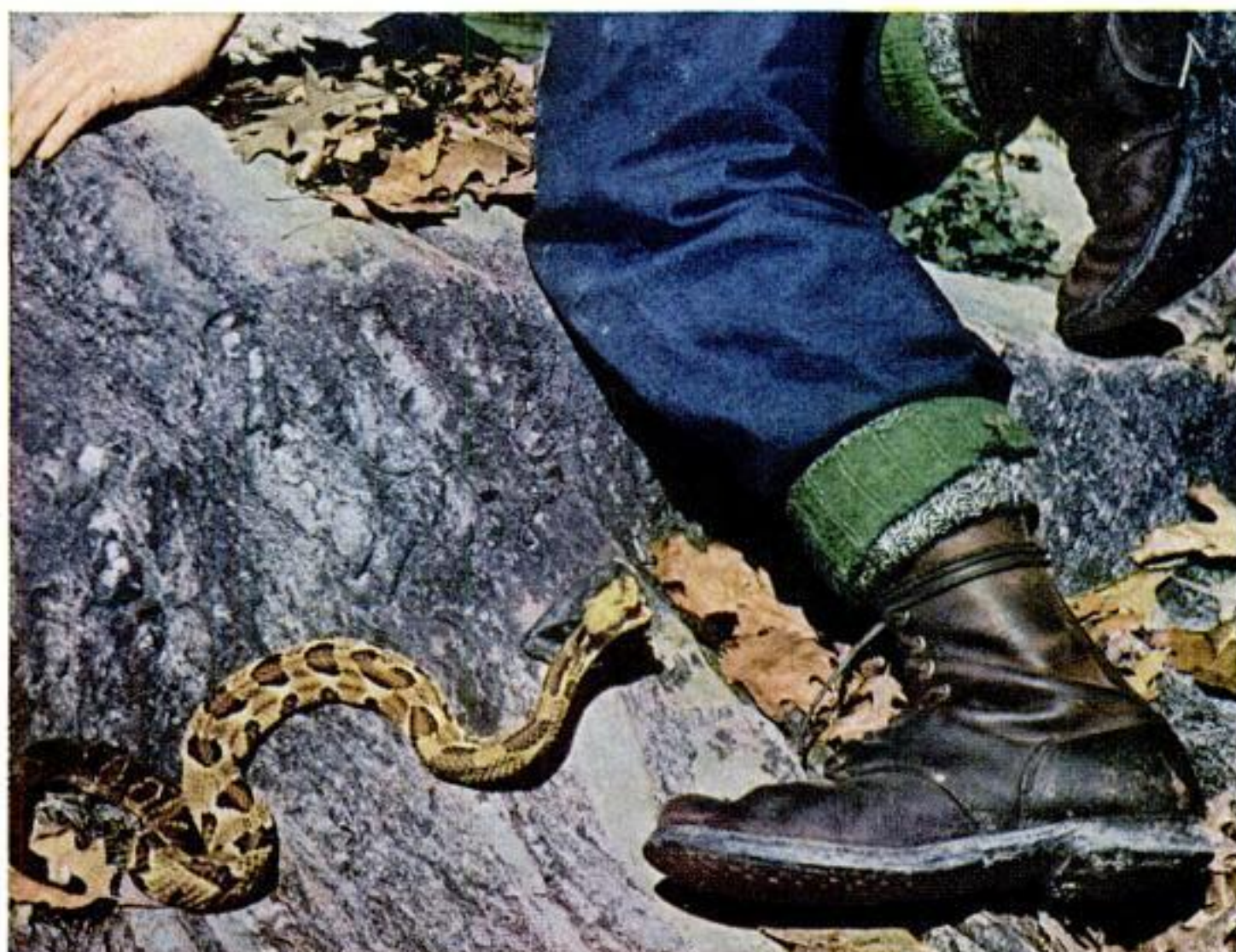
Tarantulas, large, hairy spiders sometimes measuring 8 in., are found in Africa, Australia, South America, U. S. They spin no webs but live in silk-lined burrows in dry ground. Despite tarantula's ferocious appearance, its bite is not fatal, produces only a local inflammation.



The **water moccasin** is a blue-black, thick-bodied and aggressive snake. It lives in Southern U. S. where it frequents swampy lowlands. Soldiers on maneuvers have to be constantly on the watch for the water moccasin which is one of the deadliest of all North American snakes.



The **copperhead**, whose habitat is the entire range of Eastern U. S., is extremely venomous. Although it prefers to glide away rather than fight, it will strike if suddenly startled (*above*). In the North the copperhead is found in or near forests, while in South it lives on farm land.



The **timber rattlesnake**, a beautiful but dangerous snake, lives as its name implies in deep woods or in rocky open forests. Its habitat is almost entire Eastern U. S. The female (*above*) is a dull yellow marked with brown and black transverse bands while male is a deep black.

How American it is... to want something better!



MAYBE we have to wait till the war is over and television comes from around the corner before we can all have this *particular* "something better." But how American it is to *want* such things. A better camera or a better watch or a better baking potato—it makes no difference what the product is—we are forever looking for "something better."

ONE OF THE "BETTER THINGS" America discovered long ago is a moderate beverage, an Ale in fact, with a trade mark whose 3 Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." Since 1840 this Ale has been acclaimed by many. So many, that in this land of something better it has become . . .



America's largest selling Ale



To speed the day when we can have more "better things" buy war bonds and stamps

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Copyrighted material



THRONGS LIKE THIS MILL ALONG WASHINGTON SIDEWALKS IN DOWNTOWN SHOPPING SECTION. SCENE IS F STREET NEAR 12TH LOOKING UP TOWARD TREASURY BUILDING

WASHINGTON IN WARTIME

It is a terrible place to live

If the war lasts much longer, Washington is going to bust right out of its pants. Already it is straining at the seams. Apartment houses, hospitals, hotels, restaurants, Government buildings, stores, buses, trains, recreation facilities—all are terribly overtaxed. In the last two and a half years the population of the nation's capital has increased by over 300,000, and nothing else in Washington has been able to keep pace. As a result daily life has become an endless, wearying succession of waiting—waiting for a place to live, waiting for something to eat, waiting for a taxi or a bus, waiting to get into an office, a store or a movie and then waiting to get out again. Millionaire dollar-

a-year men and underpaid Government clerks, Republicans and Democrats alike have the same gripe: to do almost anything in Washington you first must stand in line (*see pp. 48-49*).

Other woes about which Washingtonians wail are the high prices, the low salaries, the hurried tempo of Government work, the social stagnation (fewer men than women), plus the lack of beauty parlors, adequate diaper services and the right to vote. These constant complaints are real enough so that hundreds of Government employes, drawn to the Washington whirlpool by the desire to work for the U. S., are dispiritedly leaving the capital every month (*see p. 50*).

THE U. S. CAPITAL IS A WEARYING, WORRYING CITY WITH TOO MANY PEOPLE AND



Waiting in line for lunch in Washington is the usual thing. These hungry people are lined up outside of Scholl's Colonial Cafeteria on Connecticut Avenue. Government cafeterias are worse.



Waiting in line for liquor is the price Washingtonians must pay at stores like Milstone's Acme, cut-rate liquor shop. In this hard-drinking city the bars and cocktail rooms are also jammed.



Waiting in line for diaper service is new and discomforting Washington phenomenon. This harried housewife with a young baby has been No. 17 on diaper service priority list since last May.



Waiting in line for buses, trolleys and trains is routine in Washington. This is 12th and Pennsylvania, in front of the old post office, where commuters try to catch buses to Virginia suburbs.



Waiting in line for money merely adds insult to injury for these Government employees who, with only a half hour for lunch, must stand in a queue at the Treasury to cash their pay checks.

TOO MANY LINES. IT HAS TOO LITTLE TIME AND SPACE FOR THE BIG JOB AT HAND



Shoppers wait in line to reach busy counters on first floor of Hecht's, large Washington department store. The downtown stores no longer deliver anything but packages weighing over 5 lb.



Moviegoers in waiting lines are herded together in lobby of Earle Theatre, a first-run cinema. Lines form almost every evening outside this and other downtown Washington movie houses.



The eating problem is a primary cause of Washington's perpetual indigestion. Even in a high-priced restaurant like the Occidental (*above*), patrons must wait in line for tables and wait

again before being served. In addition, prices of meals in many places have gone up 50% in the last year. Some restaurants which served a quick lunch for 45¢ now serve a slow one for 85¢.



Miriam Glassman, 20, a WPB clerk whose home is in Baltimore, quit because she disliked commuting to Washington where she couldn't afford to live.



Adrienne Young, 27, WPB stenographer, is from Houston, Texas, is leaving to work in private industry in New York because she feels too efficient to mess around in badly managed Government offices.



Helen Tucker, 22, junior clerk, is quitting her \$1,440 job because she is discouraged by the scarcity of beaux and afraid the Government may freeze her in her job for the duration.

EXIT INTERVIEWS DISCLOSE WHY GIRLS LEAVE TOWN

The madhouse atmosphere shown on the preceding pages is more than most girls from Oklahoma, Arkansas, Minnesota or even New York can cope with. They poured into Washington at the rate of 10,000 a month at the beginning of the war. By June 1 more than half had quit. By the end of September the turnover in civil service women employees had become so acute that most Government agencies established the "exit interview" to find out the reasons for the exodus.

At the War Department, WPB, and OPA when a girl announces she is going to quit (usually on pay day) she is now asked to see one of the counselors in the placement office before her resignation is accepted. These talks have kept one girl in six from leaving. For the other five the grievances seem insurmountable. Chief specific complaint is the inability to make ends meet. To a smalltown girl, \$1,440 a year sounds like a

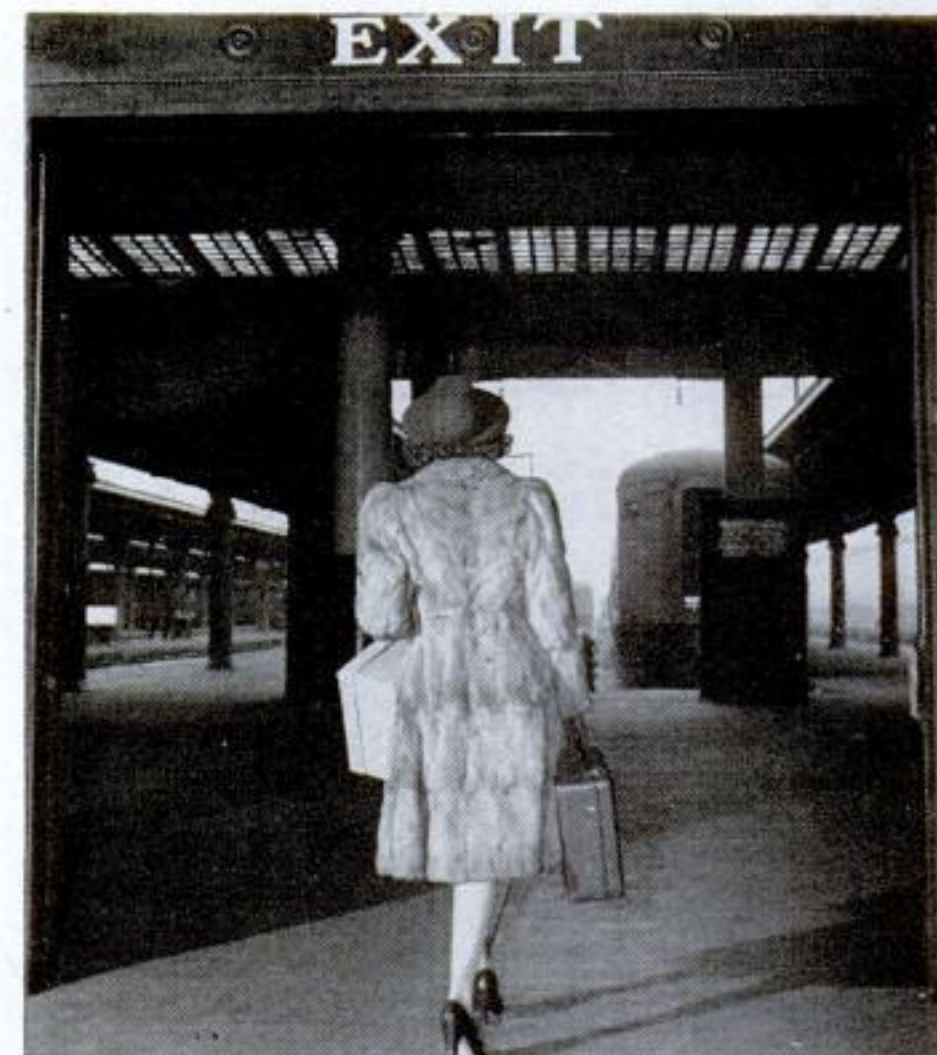
lot of money. In Washington it isn't enough to pay for rent, food, transportation, clothing replacements, compulsory savings, taxes. Many of the girls, however, might rise above the agony of penny-pinching if they felt the game worth it.

From reports at the exit interviews and from girls interviewed at random, the fact emerges that behind the grievances is a dissatisfied state of mind. Most of the new girls in Washington are youngsters away from home for first time. They arrive with high hopes. Socially they expect glamor, celebrities, romance. Professionally they anticipate hard but certainly important work, but it doesn't turn out that way. With hopes blasted they readily succumb to homesickness, the occupational disease of workers far from home. The cases of the six girls on this page, multiplied by many thousands, tell why girls leave Washington.

Darlene Lindley, 20, is going back home to Otsego, Mich. where \$1,440 is a lot of money. In Washington she worked nights in drugstore to make ends meet.



Carol Todd, 18, clerk-typist from Mobridge, S. Dak., quit to work in Seattle war plant for more money. In crowded Washington boarding-house she had to share a cold-water bathroom with eight other girls.



BACK HOME GO 1,000 FRUSTRATED GIRLS MONTHLY

Luci Passini, 21, worked a night shift as typist but could not sleep in the day. Now she's going home to Hartshorne, Okla. to study economics and aeronautical engineering.





Thelma Shaffer Watts, who specializes in personalized dress designing, is a Success School graduate. Her fresh loveliness, echoed in her designs, is accented by Du Barry Face Powder.

A "Success School" Complexion... in a Minute!

Your very first make-up in the Du Barry Success School convinces you! Complexions...immediately...can look more radiant, lovelier with Du Barry Face Powder.

The complexions of the more than fifty thousand women who have taken this famous course looked different the moment Du Barry Face Powder was smoothed on. It isn't any deep, dark magic. It's perfect powder!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal, you'll like Du Barry Face Powder. Heavy enough to give

the warm, glowing velvety finish you like...not too light to cling and make you look naturally lovelier; master-blended, it actually wears longer...lets you be confident that your complexion looks more glamorous, however rushed your day.

Du Barry Face Powder has always been a two-dollar powder. Now...in order that more women can know this glamour-maker...this same powder is offered in a new *Debut* size. In all the famous Du Barry shades...in a box large enough for an average three months of beauty...it's only \$1. Ask

at leading cosmetic counters to see this new size in Special Rachel shade...flattering to all complexions.

Du Barry
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

By Richard Hudnut



FEATURED IN DuBARRY SUCCESS SCHOOL AND RICHARD HUDNUT SALON, 693 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK... AND AT THE BETTER COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.

Story of the sudsiest baby-gentle soap in a SWAN'S age.

Once upon a time there was a lady who lost her temper every day... and twice on



some days... all on account of S-O-A-P.

If she got a very special soap for the baby, it didn't suds up worth a cent. And the sudsy



soap she used for dishes was terribly hard on her hands.

One day, a REAL friend said: "Try Swan... it's pure as castles."



SWAN suds faster than other floating soaps."

So the lady bought a bar of SWAN... broke it in half—



put one good-looking cake in the kitchen and one in the bathroom... and —

Now there's cooing in the nursery

Singing in the bathtub and laughter in the kitchen.



TUNE IN: Burns & Allen • CBS • Tuesday nights—Tommy Riggs • Betty Lou • NBC • Friday nights



No more strong, easy-to-waste package soaps in that house— because SWAN... pure and mild



as the finest of castles... gives plenty of baby-gentle suds for everything.

And it's more real soap per penny than ANY leading toilet soap tested.

SWAN

yourself—for baby, dishes, bath, duds. Swan-derful!

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



WASHINGTON FOREST LAND AT FOOT OF MT. RAINIER SHOWS GOOD AND BAD MANAGEMENT (SEE BELOW). NOTE SELECTIVE-CUT AREA AROUND CLEAR-CUT PATCH IN FOREGROUND

WOOD MANPOWER, NOT RESOURCES, NOW PUTS IT ON THE WAR'S LONG LIST OF SHORTAGES

U. S. war production, in the last month of 1942, has arrived at the ultimate in raw-material shortages. This time it is wood. Oldest and lowliest of industrial materials, wood has well earned its place in the shortage list that begins with aluminum and includes all the alloy metals and copper, rubber, plastics and steel. During the past two years wood, in one way or another, has pinch-hit for all of them. Authenticated in simultaneous pronouncements by WPB and the Senate's Truman Committee, the wood shortage factors out at 9,000,000,000 board feet, or about 25% of next year's over-all demand for 40,000,000,000 board feet.

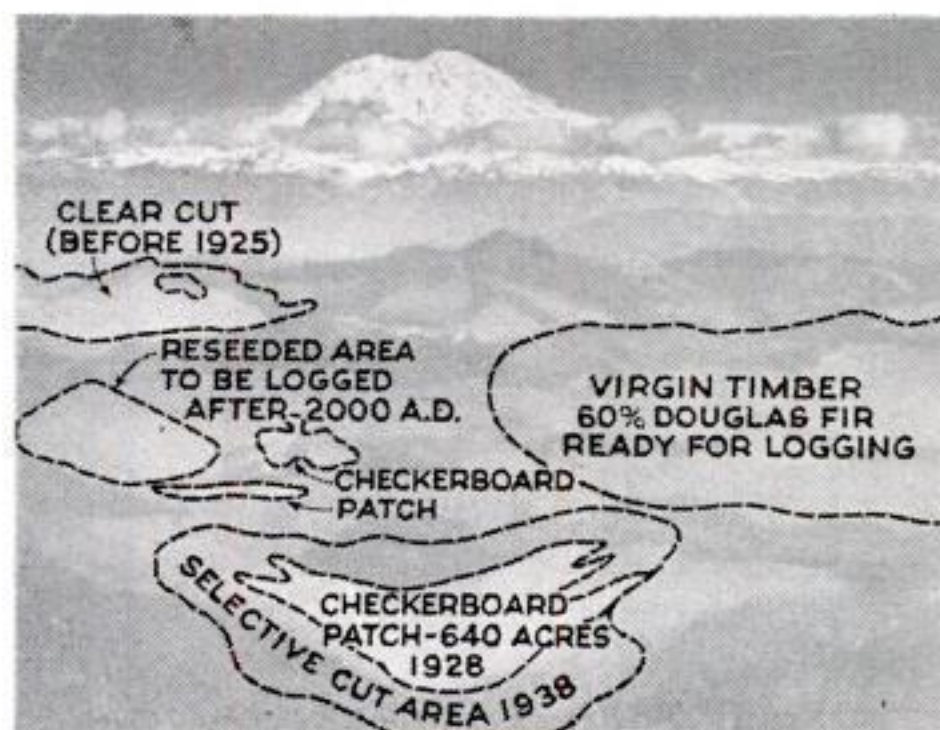
As indicated in this picture of the forest land below Mt. Rainier in Washington, the wood shortage is not a shortage of standing timber. Forest land and woodlot still constitute one-third of the U. S. land area. But even these vast resources are not nearly enough to permit timber stripping methods that left the stump prairies of Minnesota and Michigan and the weedy woodlots of New England. Under standards set by the U. S. Forest Service, the lumber companies have been learning to treat timber as a crop, to be harvested and replanted in perpetuity. Most progressive are the companies in the Northwest, which oper-

ate the last major U. S. stand of virgin timber and reap 25% of the forest harvest.

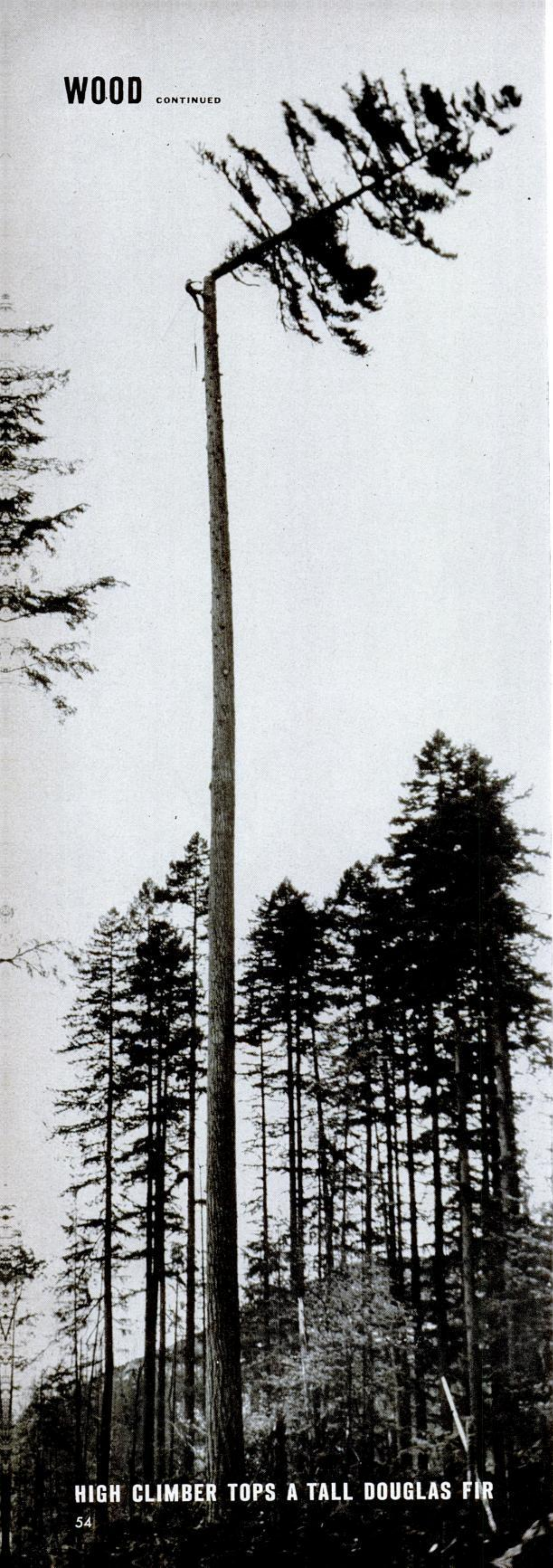
The Northwest forest pictured here shows a cross-section of modern timber management methods. Where there are enough mature trees to warrant it, a limited area, like the section in the foreground, may be clear cut. But around it, to seed down the next harvest, must be left a stand of timber, not to be cut until the seedlings are well sprouted. Best for conservation but less efficient as a lumbering operation is selective cutting of mature trees only. In the left background are shown the effects of old-fashioned methods—a clear-cut area too large to be reseeded effectively by the natural cycle.

So vital is the forest crop to the war effort that the War Manpower Commission has ordered Northwest lumberjacks stabilized in their jobs. Elsewhere, WPB hopes to spur production with a \$100,000,000 revolving fund to finance "popgun" sawmills. To bring consumption closer to the expected 32,000,000,000 board foot-crop, strict curtailments are in prospect.

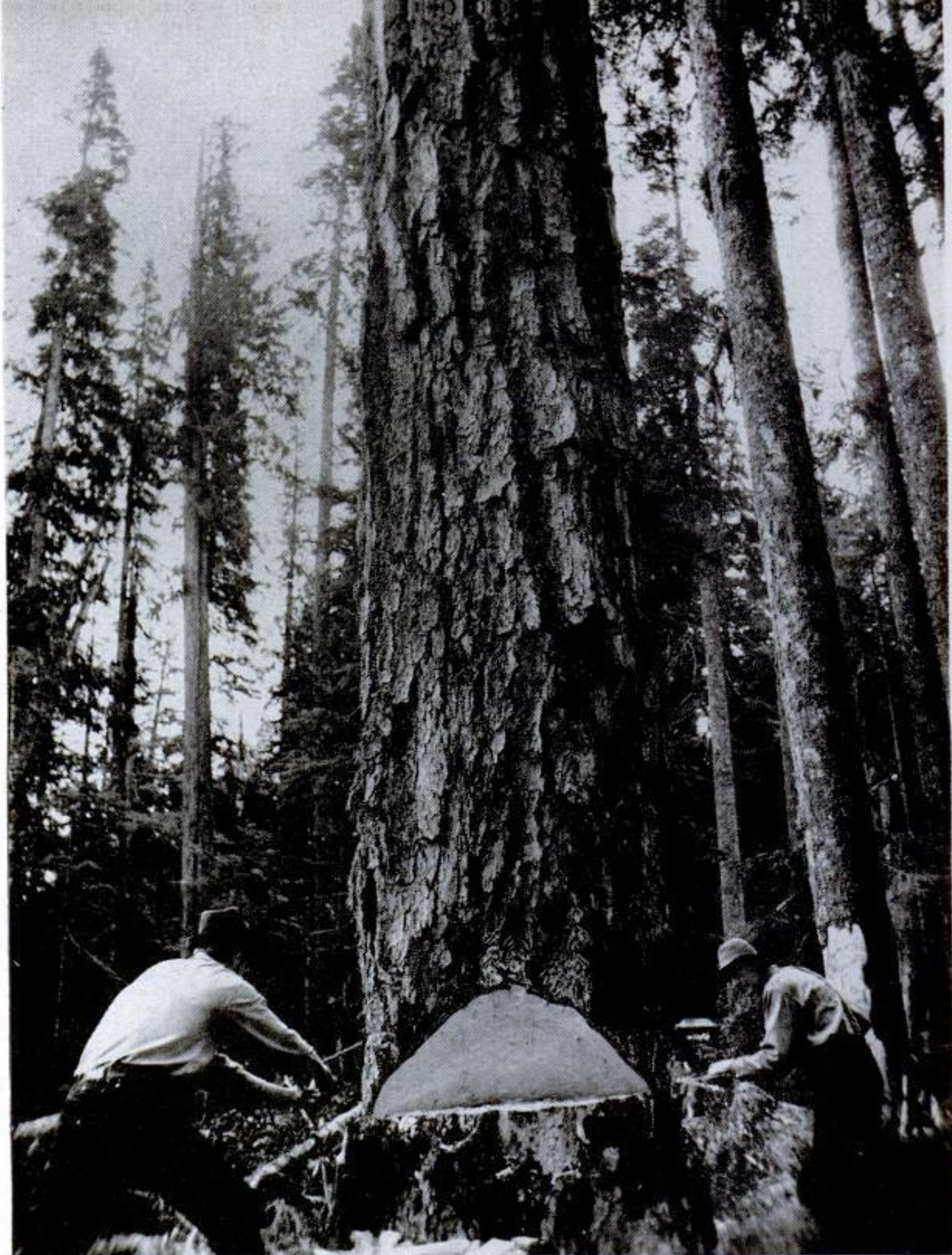
In wood, as in all other materials, the necessities of war production have uncovered great new technological developments ready for application. Some of these, already in use, are shown on pages following.



SCIENTIFIC FORESTRY PERPETUATES YIELD OF TIMBER



HIGH CLIMBER TOPS A TALL DOUGLAS FIR



TREE IS FELLED in Washington forest by sawyers, bucking an 8-ft. saw. Saw cut is slanted downward toward undercut made by ax on this side of the tree. Topping and trimming (*left*) make for clean fall.

LOG JAM IN CLEARWATER RIVER in Potlatch forests of Idaho is broken up by drivers wielding peaveys. Seen upstream in the background are the Wanigans, the drivers' floating bunk and cookhouse.





LOGS ARE SKIDDED through the muck of the sodden forest floor by steel "choker" cables hitched in series to a big Diesel-powered tractor. Note ax- and saw-cut faces on the butt end of log in foreground.

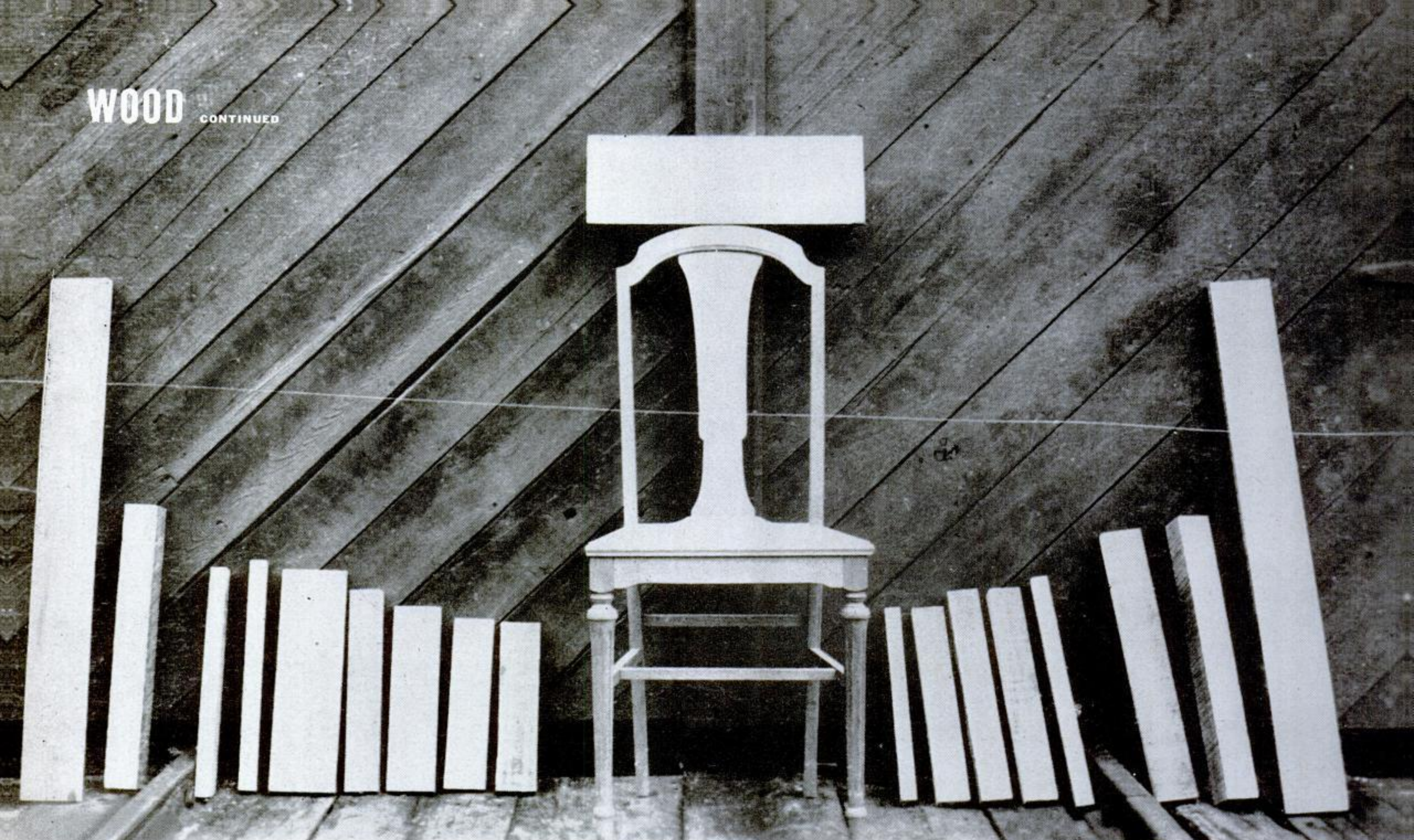
AT SAWMILL, logs are collected in backwater behind booms, sorted and shunted toward mill. Note the sawdust-burning incinerator at left. Sawdust is raw material for vast chemical industry of future.



SPLASHING INTO FLUME, which carries just enough water to float them, the logs start down to the river. Water transport of logs is cheapest, but it must wait for seasonal floods.

AFTERMATH OF LOGGING OPERATION is this mournful scene. Slash has been burned off. Checkerboard logging system leaves standing trees (*background*) to provide seeds.

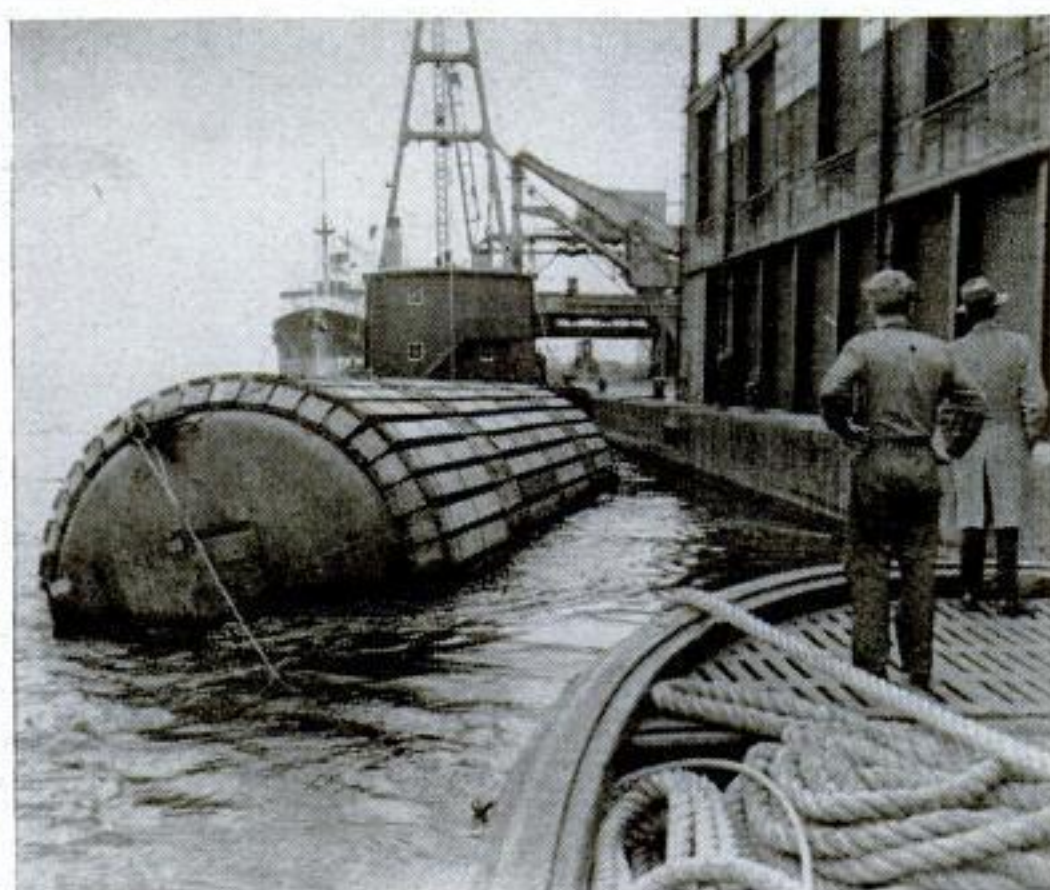




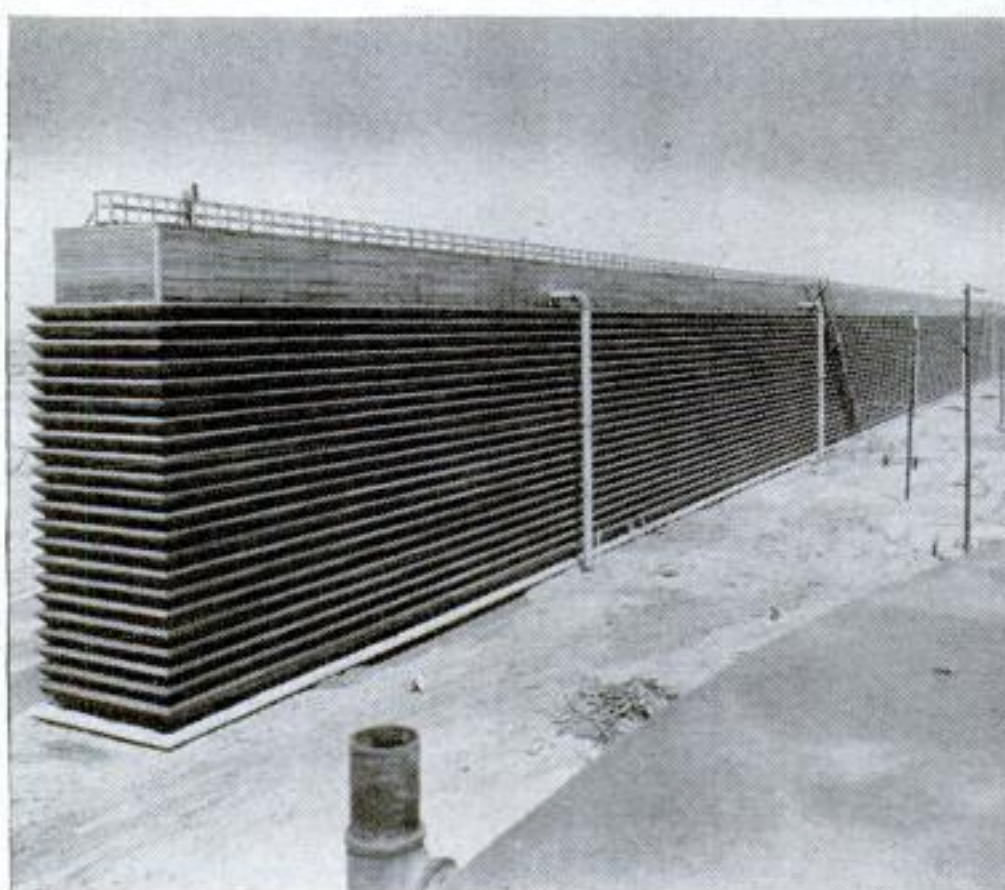
EXTRAVAGANT USE OF WOOD is demonstrated by this display of a chair and the minimum material necessary to make

it. Less than 25% of a tree ever comes out of the sawmill; an even smaller percentage reaches finished product. Wastage in

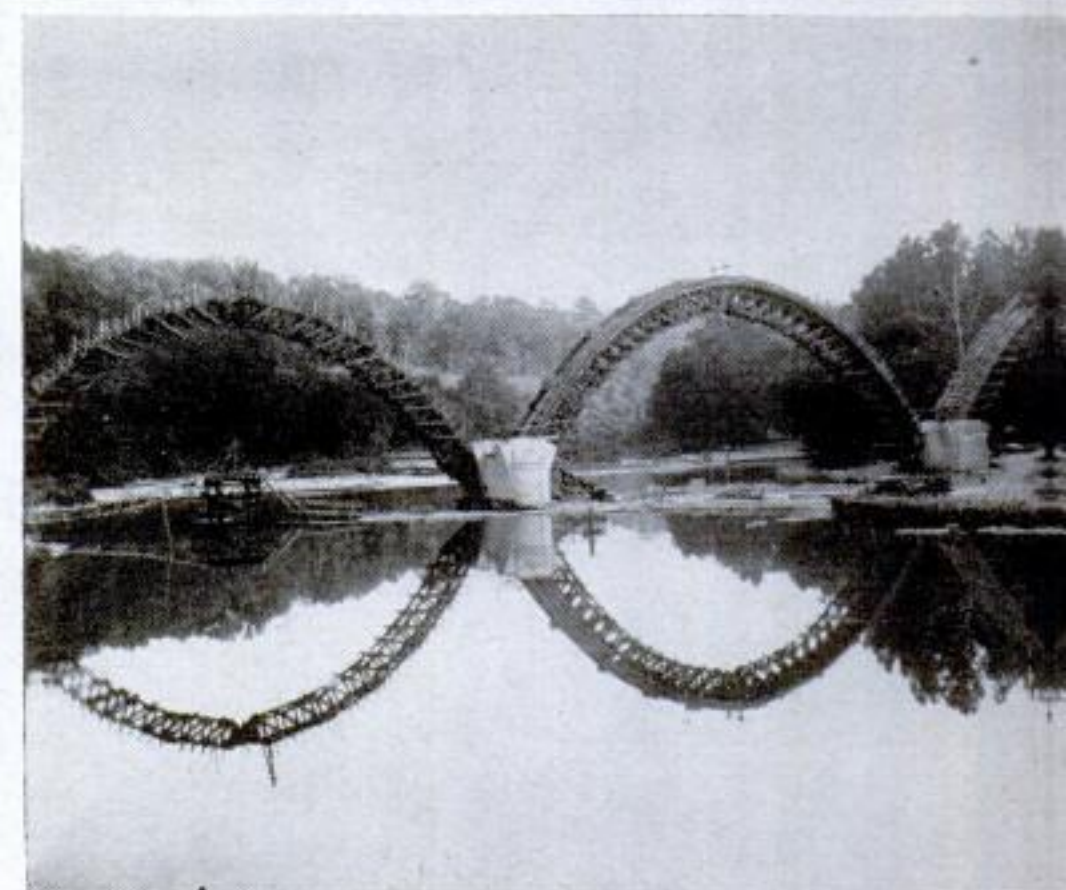
the future will be met by: 1) more efficient design using new plywoods; 2) chemical reconstitution of scrap and sawdust.



FLOTATION DRUMS bound in heavy planking are used in salvage work. Planking makes possible the use of light-gauge steel.



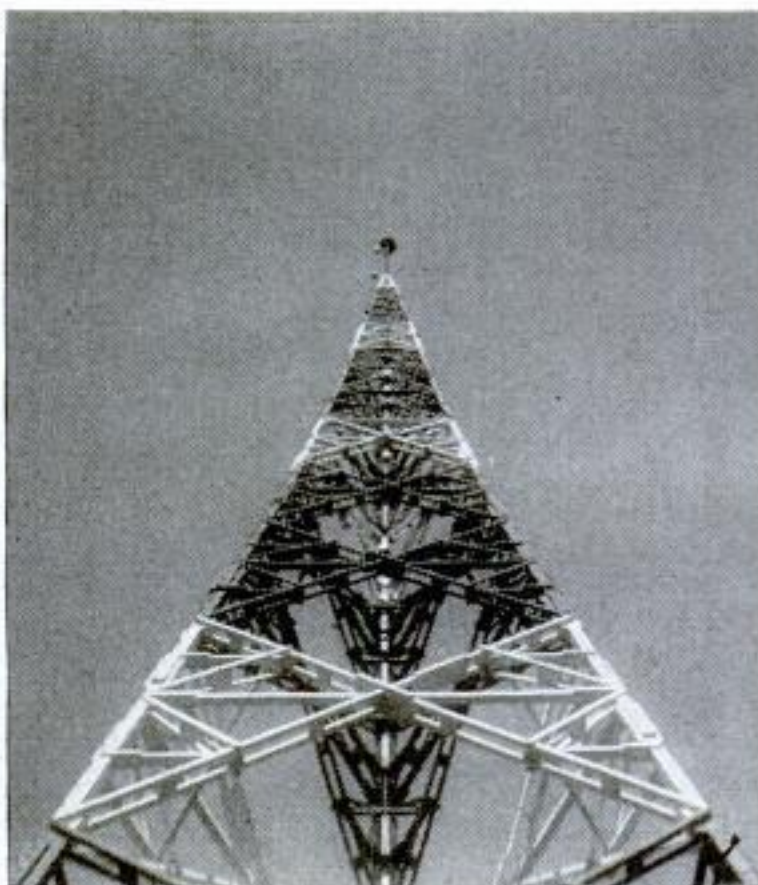
CONDENSER TOWER for cooling of ammonia vapors in refrigerator plant is built of wood, replacing steel and copper.



MULTIPLE ARCHES of bridge are constructed of wood, employing new principles in timber engineering design.



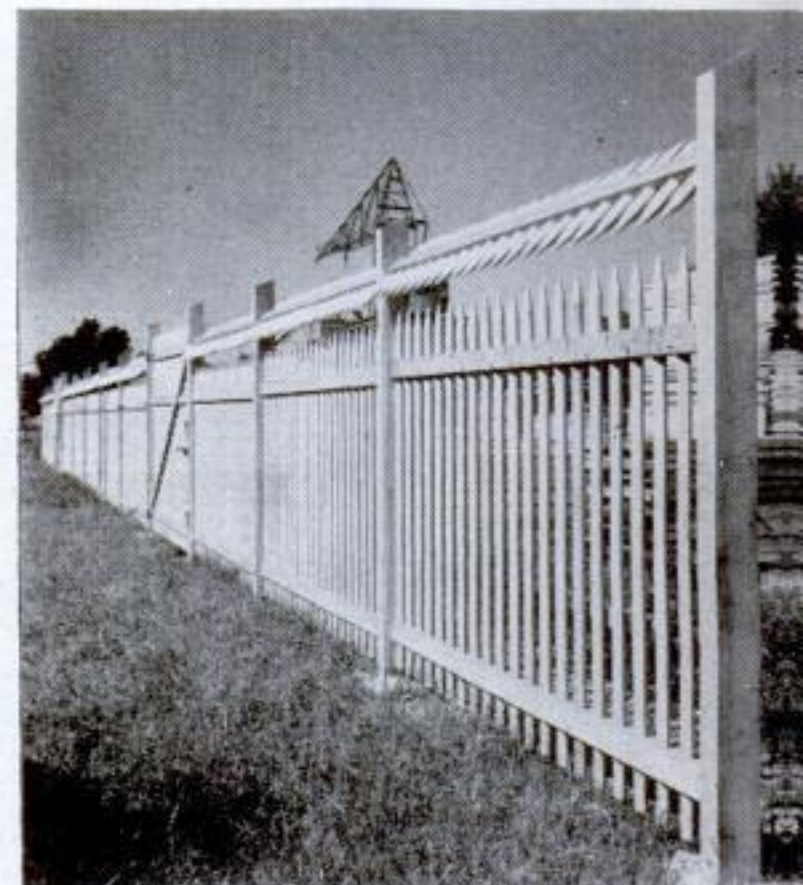
WOODEN BUMPER, designed by Weyerhaeuser, replaces steel given to the scrap drive.



RADIO TOWER designed around timber-connecting device is as rigid and solid as steel.



PILOT'S SEAT of molded plywood saves aluminum, is lighter & warmer than aluminum.



INDUSTRIAL FENCE made of wood bars trespassers as effectively as steel it saves.

WAR PUTS IT TO MANY NEW USES IN VAST QUANTITIES

Despite their 20th Century fixation on metals, the people of the U. S. are the most lavish and extravagant consumers of wood in history. Annually they use up half the lumber, more than half the paper and two-fifths of the wood cut for all purposes in the world. In the single item of paper for wrapping and packaging, for example, the U. S. uses 6,000,000 tons a year. Where the Canadians, running second, have used 600 board feet per man to house its soldiers, U. S. Army cantonments have consumed 1,500 board feet per soldier.

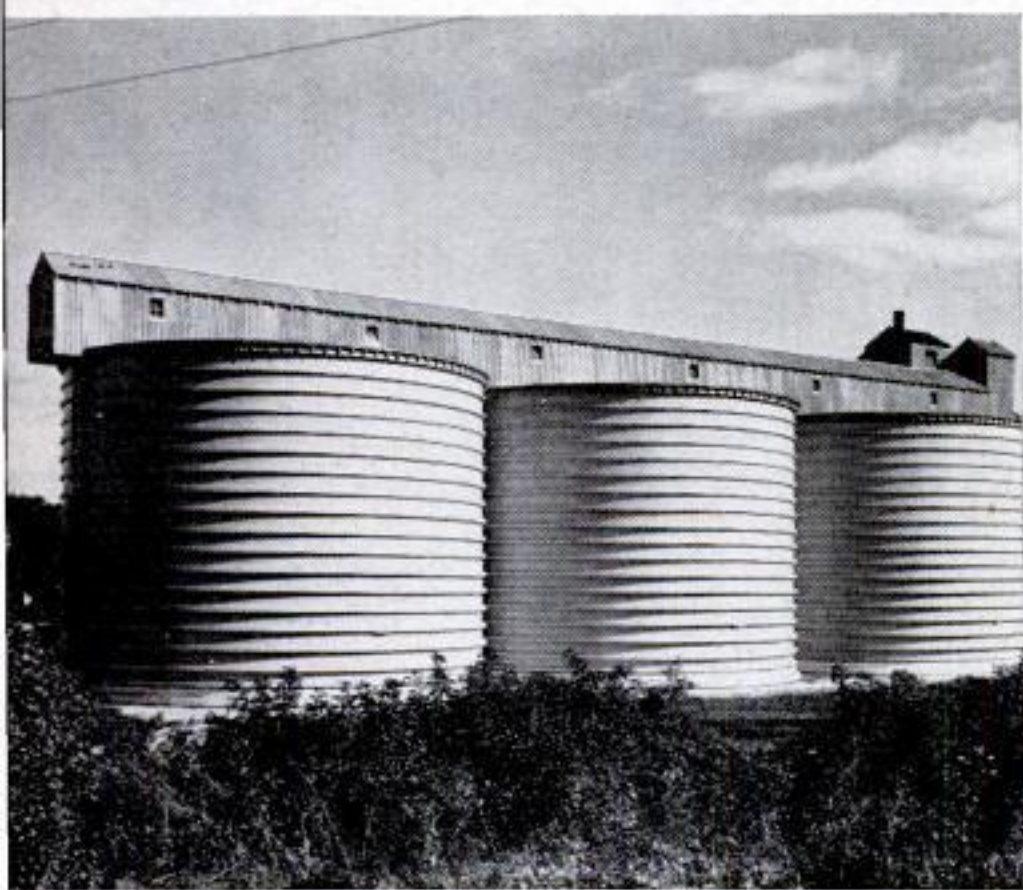
With residential building halted last spring to save other materials, most of this year's output of 32,000,000,000 board feet of lumber went into really heavy construction—into shipyard pilings and falsework, into acres of mold loft flooring, into piers and docks, and into big industrial plants. Where it replaced steel, in the long beams and arches over plant floors, in bridges and radio towers, timber is now a competitor of steel, with a new connector (see p. 60) giving it equal stress-bearing strength.

Equally impressive is the performance of wood in other substitute roles. In pipelines and culverts, petroleum barrels, grain bins and warships, it has saved an uncalculated tonnage of steel for other purposes. Lesser applications, ranging from vanity cases to drain pipes, have conserved the whole list of strategic metals. Continued motor fuel shortage may introduce the U. S. public to charcoal-burning gasogenes (right) such as power the internal-combustion engines of wartime Europe.

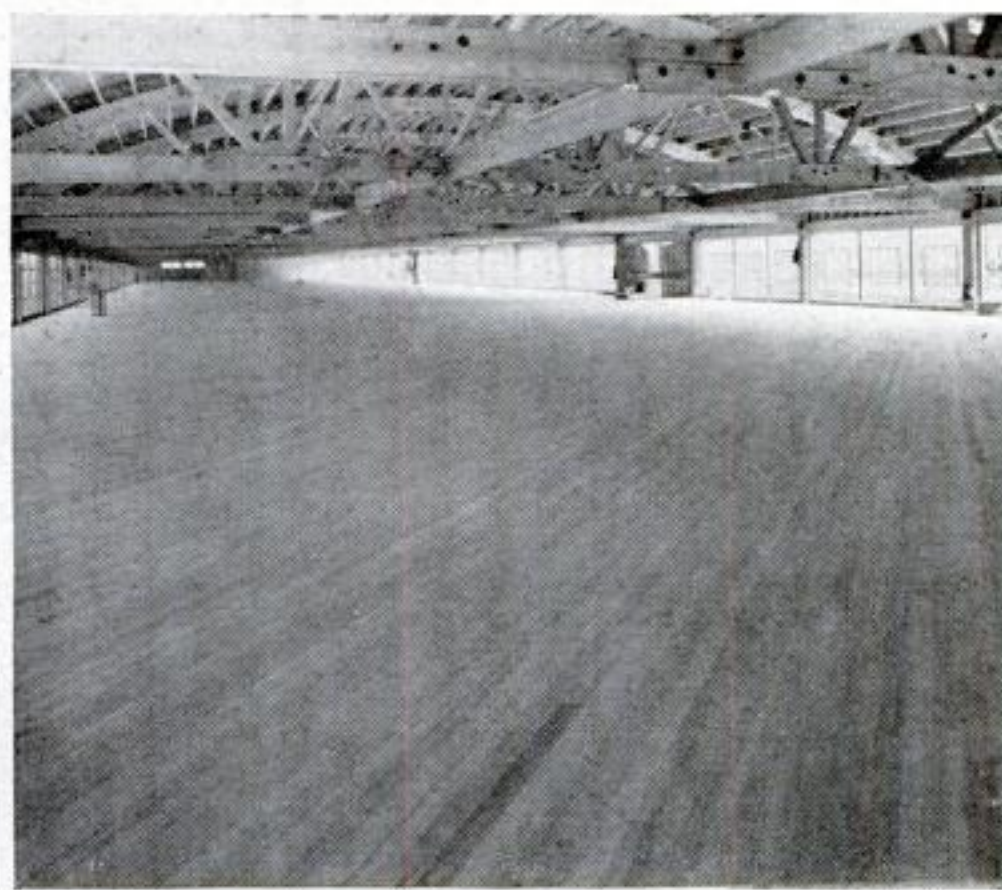
Less obvious but even more promising are the applications, some of them already large-scale, of chemically reconstituted wood. Wood is the source of cellulose fibers for 75% of U. S. rayon production and a growing percentage of other cellulose plastics. A brand-new laboratory development is lignin, the paper-mill stream-polluter, now the parent substance for still another group of plastics which is being launched by the demands of war production.



GASOGENE yields gaseous fuel as substitute for automobile gasoline through slow-burning charcoal. It was designed by Forest Service's Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wis.



GRAIN ELEVATORS built of wooden-hooped staves replace steel reinforced concrete in emergency storage plant.



MOLD LOFT FLOOR is exactly level expanse of wood laid in several layers. Timber arches support roof over wide floor.



WOODEN PIPELINE to carry water for new Army cantonment saves tons of steel. Plywood pipe can be used to carry crude oil.



BELLY TANK, to give fighters more range, replaces aluminum with molded plywood.



SUITCASE made of plywood by the Vidal Research Corp. is 50% lighter than leather.



DRAINPIPE is made of wooden tubing, and with wooden gutter saves copper, steel, zinc.

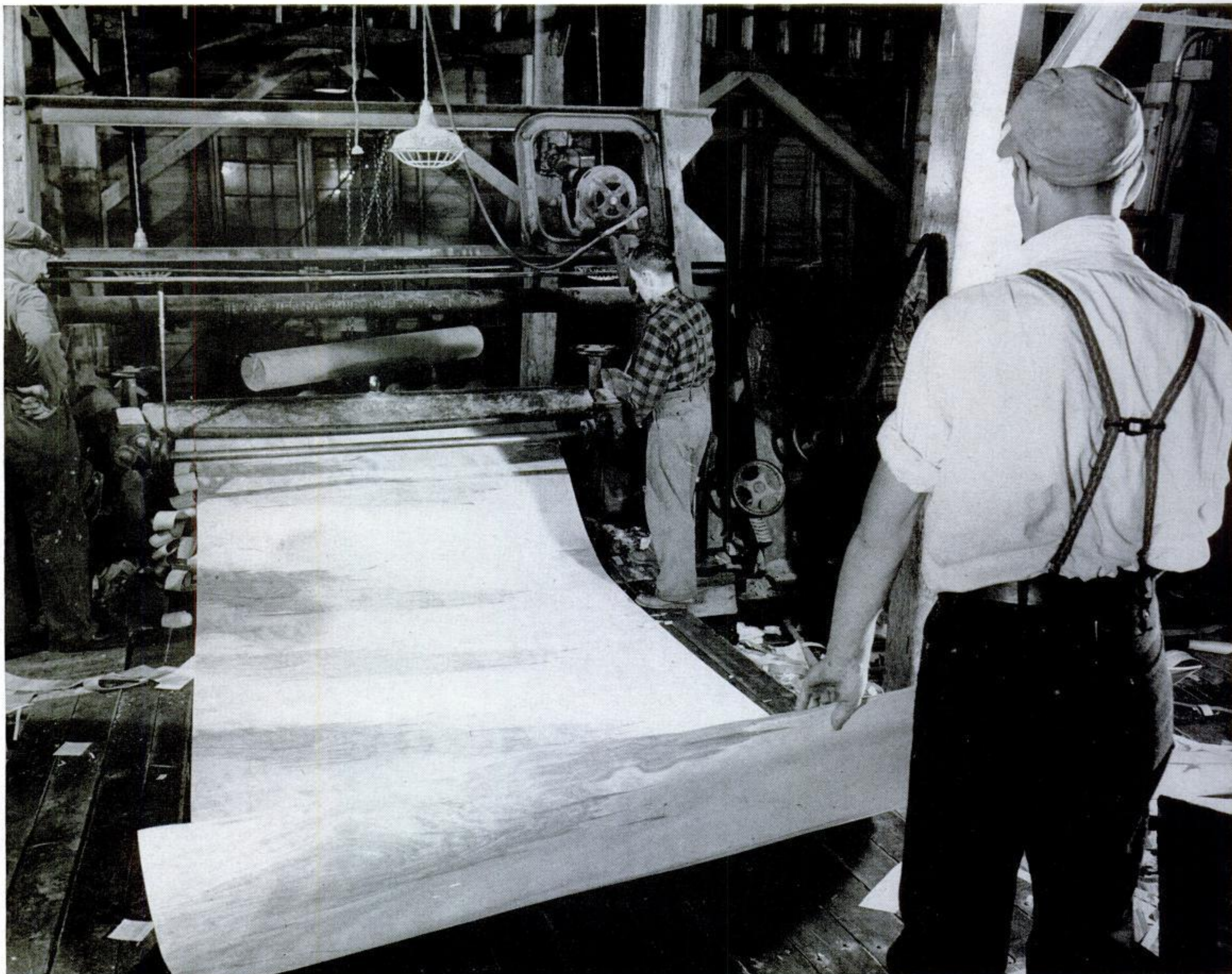


MAILBOX made of simple bent plywood replaces steel, zinc. Any carpenter can make it.

PLYWOOD

Plywood is a term outdated by recent swift advances in wood technology. In engineering language it now applies only to the simplest member of a growing family of materials best described as "reconstructed wood." Plywood derives its virtue from the familiar

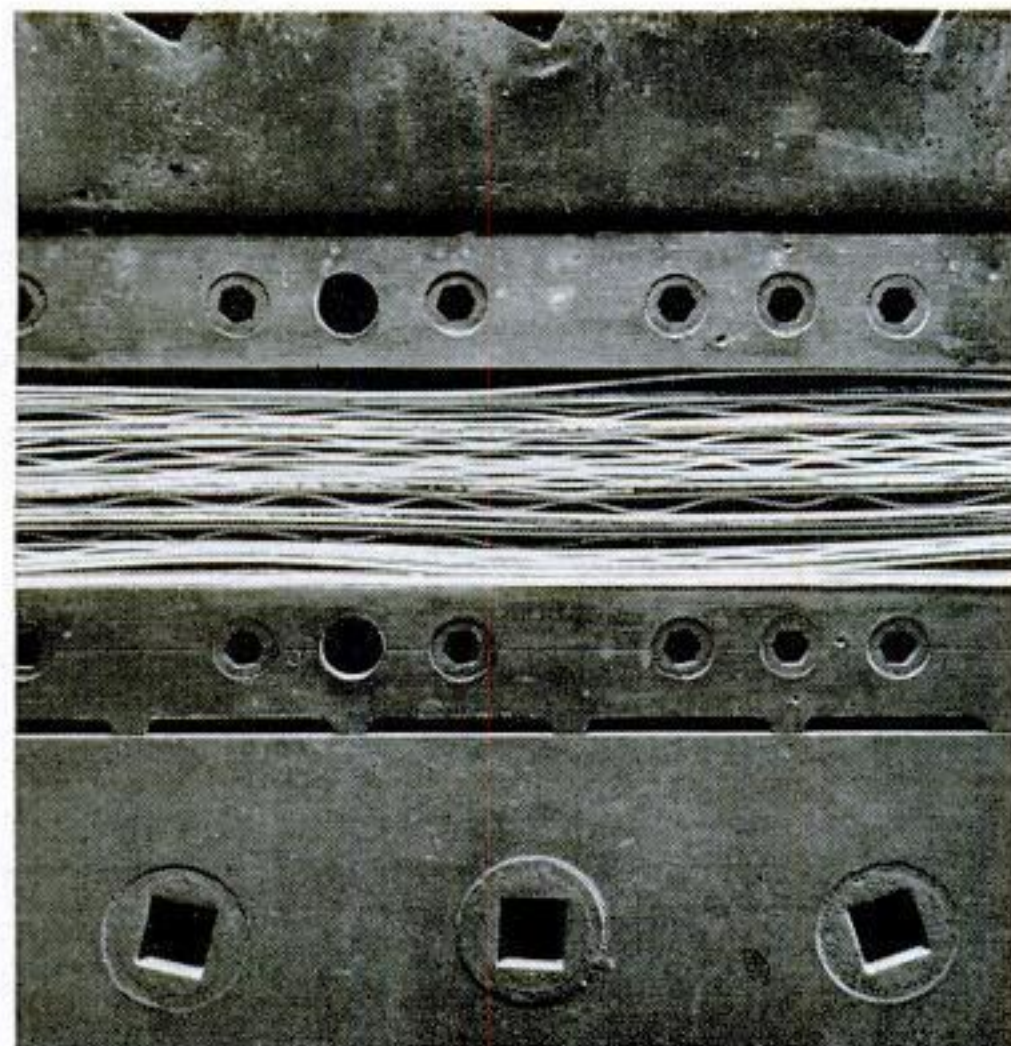
fact that wood is strongest along the grain and weakest across the grain. In the construction of plywood, the thin plies are bonded together with their grain lines at right angles, thus distributing the strength of the wood in both directions. This is only the begin-



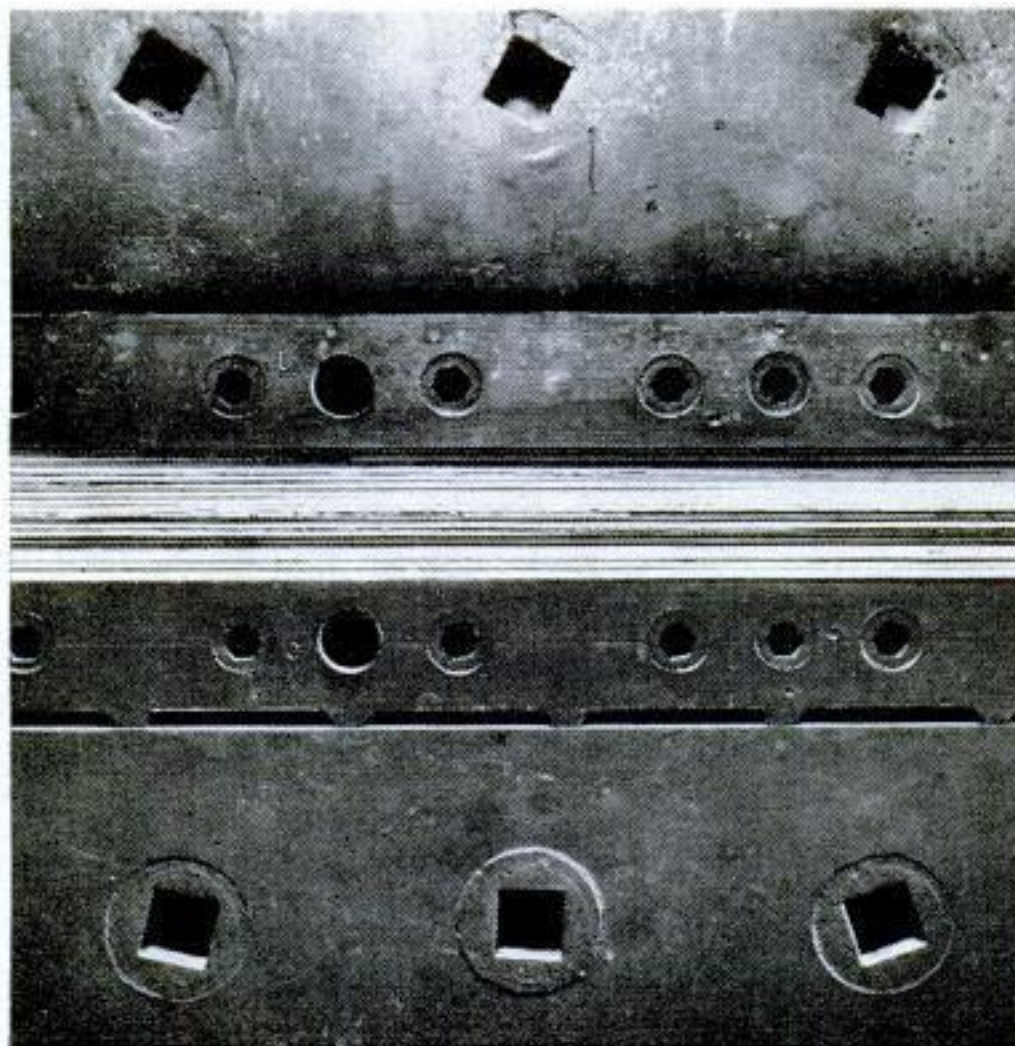
PLYWOOD SHEET is stripped off birch log at Roddis Lumber & Veneer Co. plant near Marshfield, Wis. Best for purpose are

softer birch, poplar and spruce woods. Before peeling, logs are steamed to soften wood and remove bark. Mounted in simple

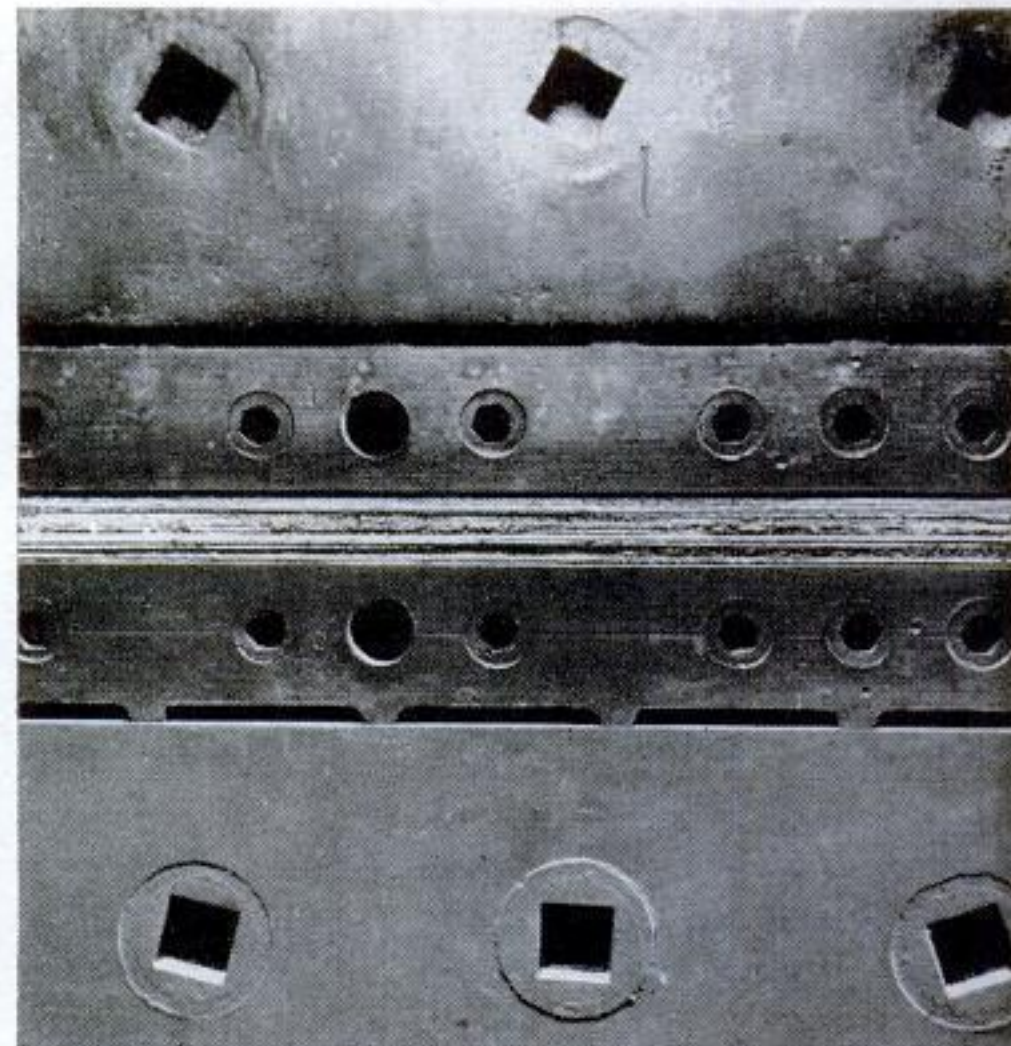
lathe, the log is turned against a razor-sharp blade. A 16-in.-diameter log will yield more than 100 ft. of 1/28-in. sheet.



PLIES IN PRESS are ready to be bonded. This is compregnated plywood, which has been treated with bonding agent.



PRESS DESCENDS, flattening out plies. Press is heated from 200°-300° F. Ordinary plywood is built of fewer, thicker plies.



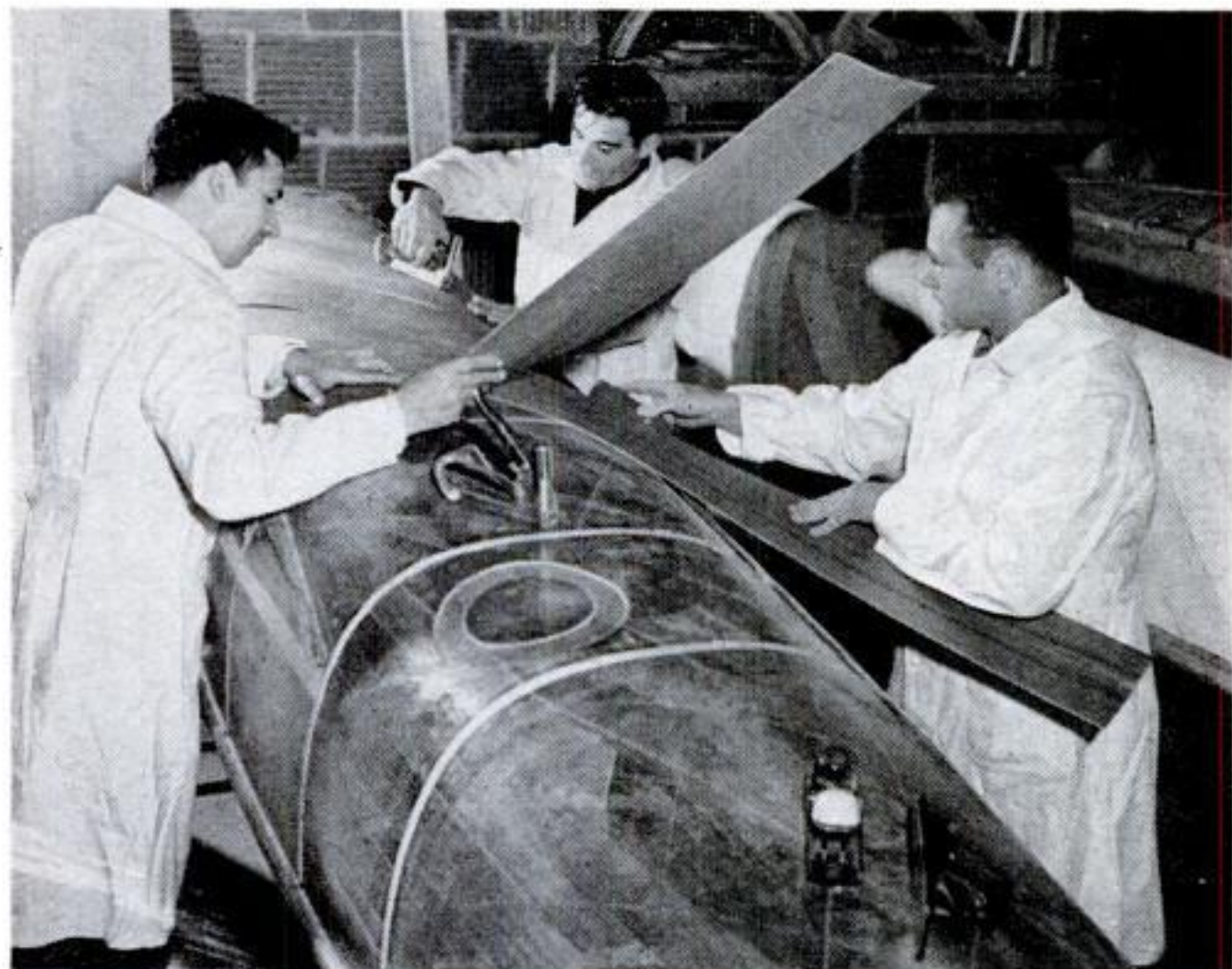
FULL PRESSURE has now reduced the plies to one-half their original thickness. The resulting slab is very strong and hard.

ning of the story of modern reconstructed wood materials.

Most spectacular is molded plywood. Under the Vidal process it is now making trainer planes and gliders, soon will go into giant transports. The plies in this

system are bent across a fuselage or wing mold before they are bonded together. Inset in the mold are the minimum necessary skeletal stress members. In an autoclave the whole assembly is bonded by heat and pressure and emerges a complete and integral structure.

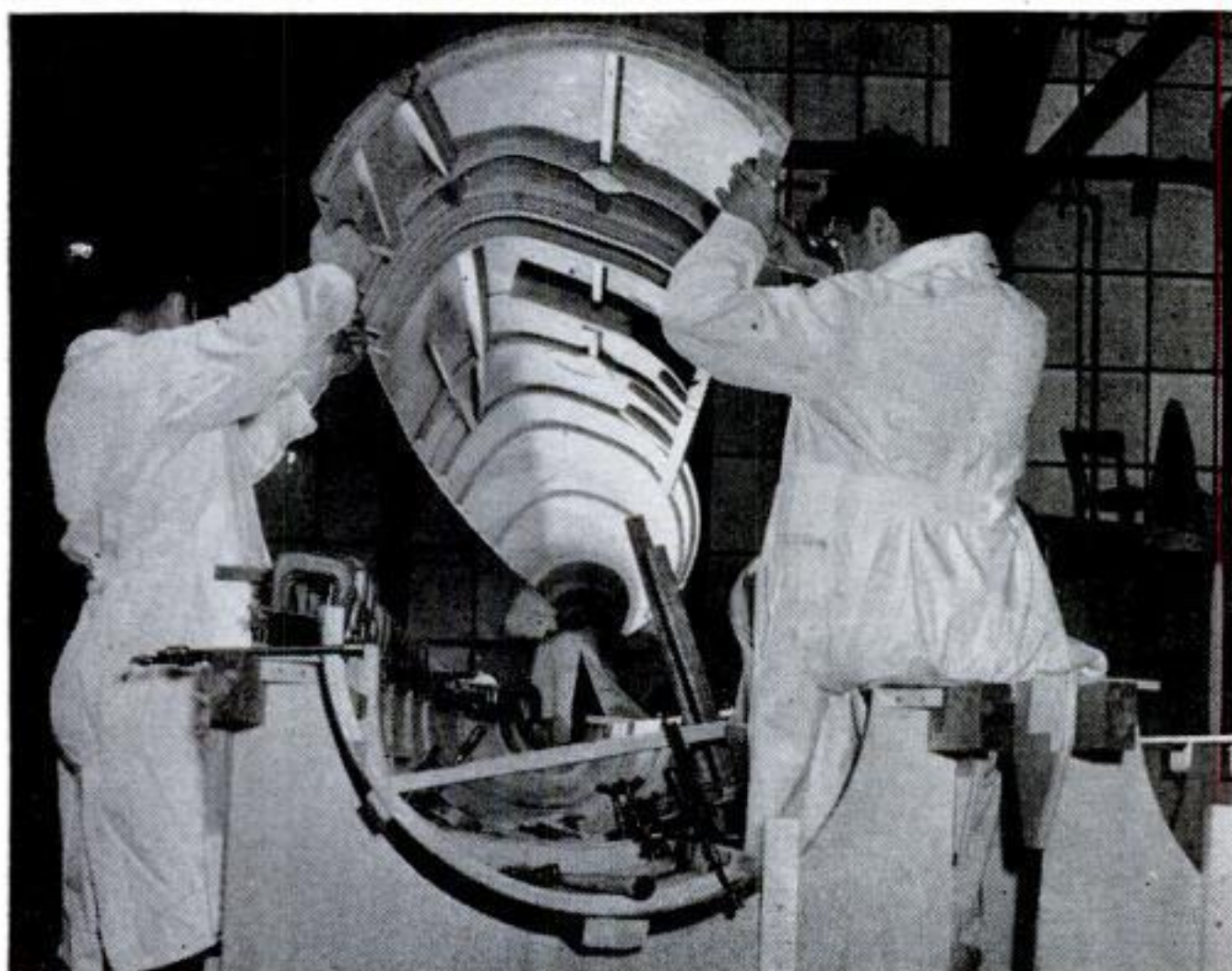
Another member of the family is compregnated plywood in which the plies, through action of the bonding agent, are united into an undifferentiated piece of material, hard as steel (*left, below*). From here the technology branches into bonding of paper, chips and cloth.



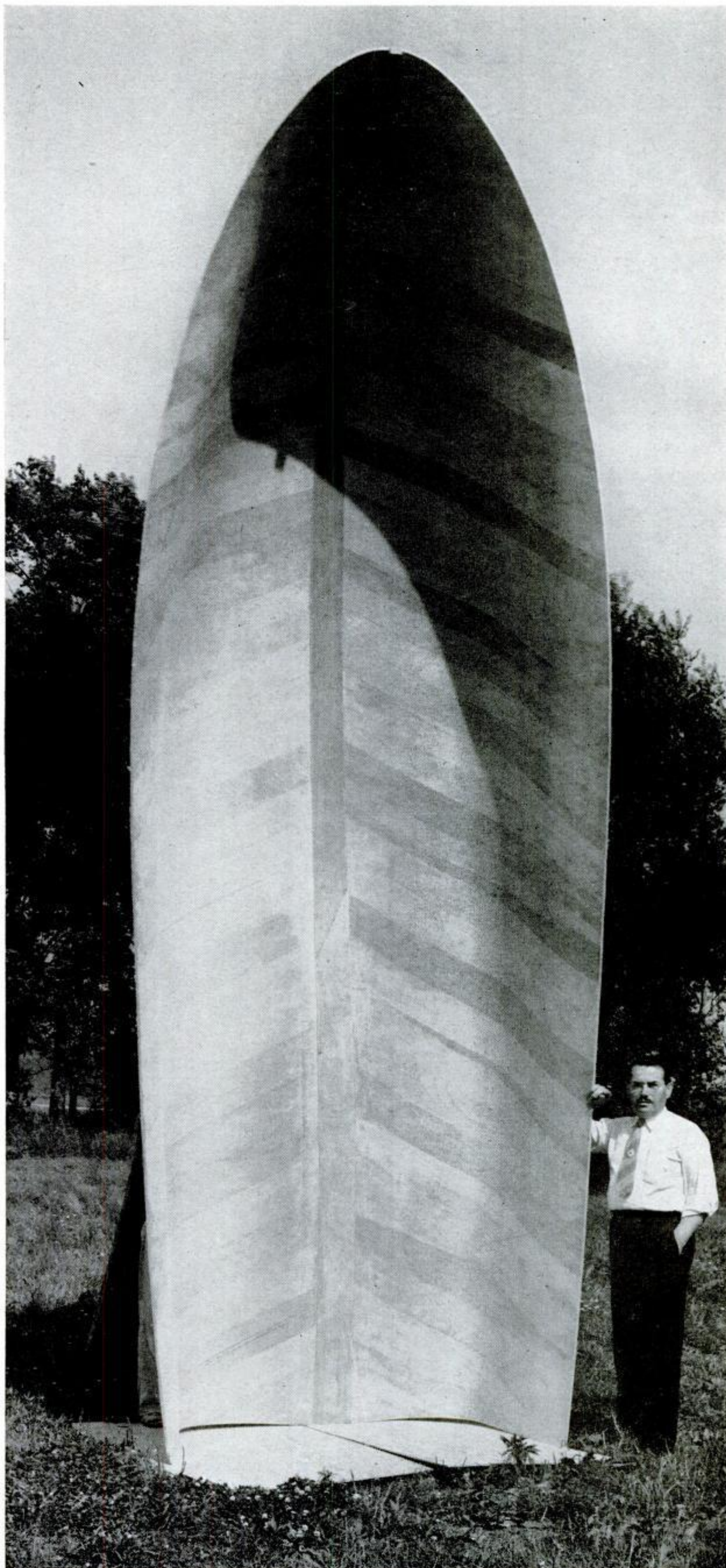
VIDAL PROCESS is here demonstrated in construction of small plane fuselage. Stress ribs are inset in fuselage mold. Plies, treated with bonding plastic, are bent to mold.



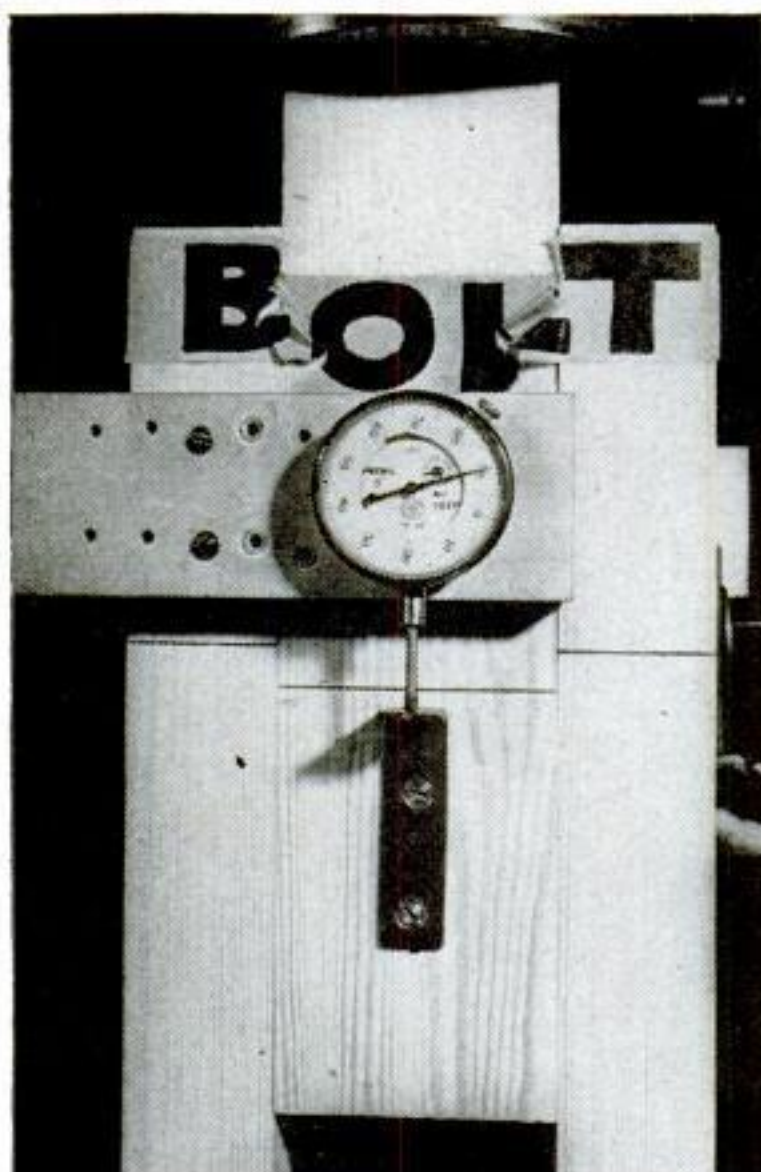
VACUUM BAG is drawn over veneer assembly. Air is sucked out of bag, making it hug plies to mold. Assembly is then pushed into steam-pressure autoclave behind.



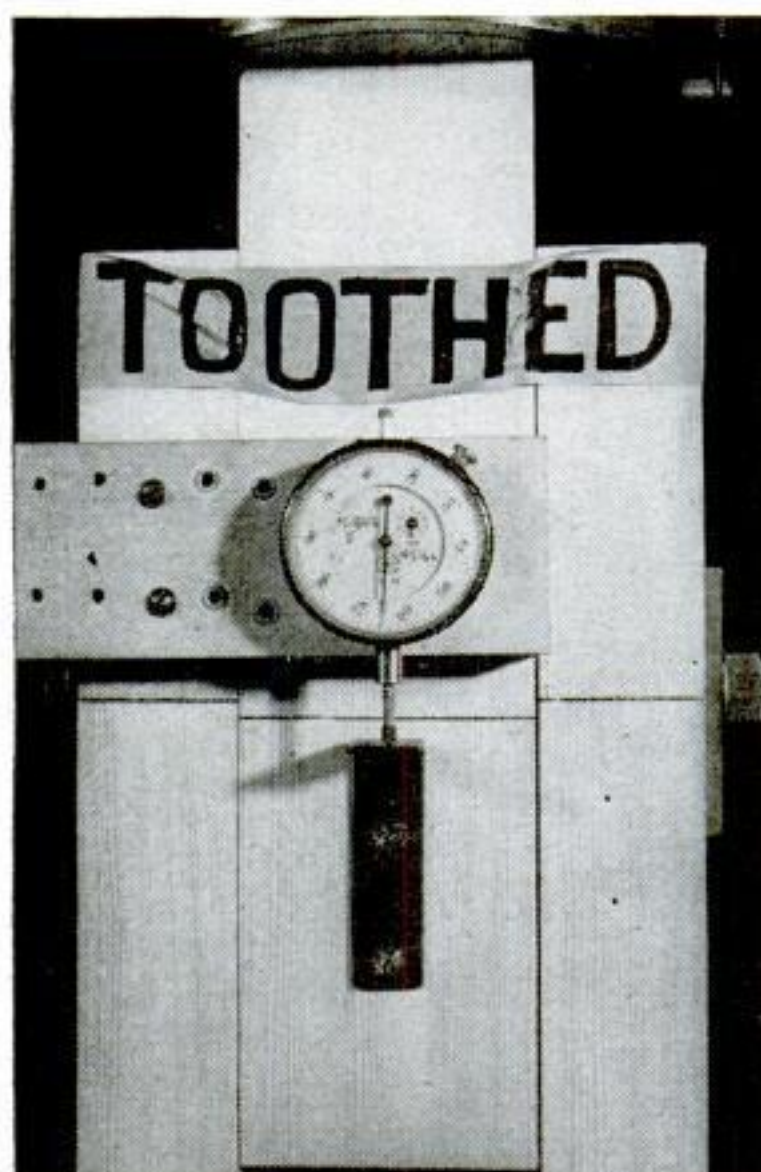
HALF FUSELAGE, after bonding in autoclave, is a finished unit. Here it is "mated" to other half, held in jig below. Procedure is much simpler than metal construction.



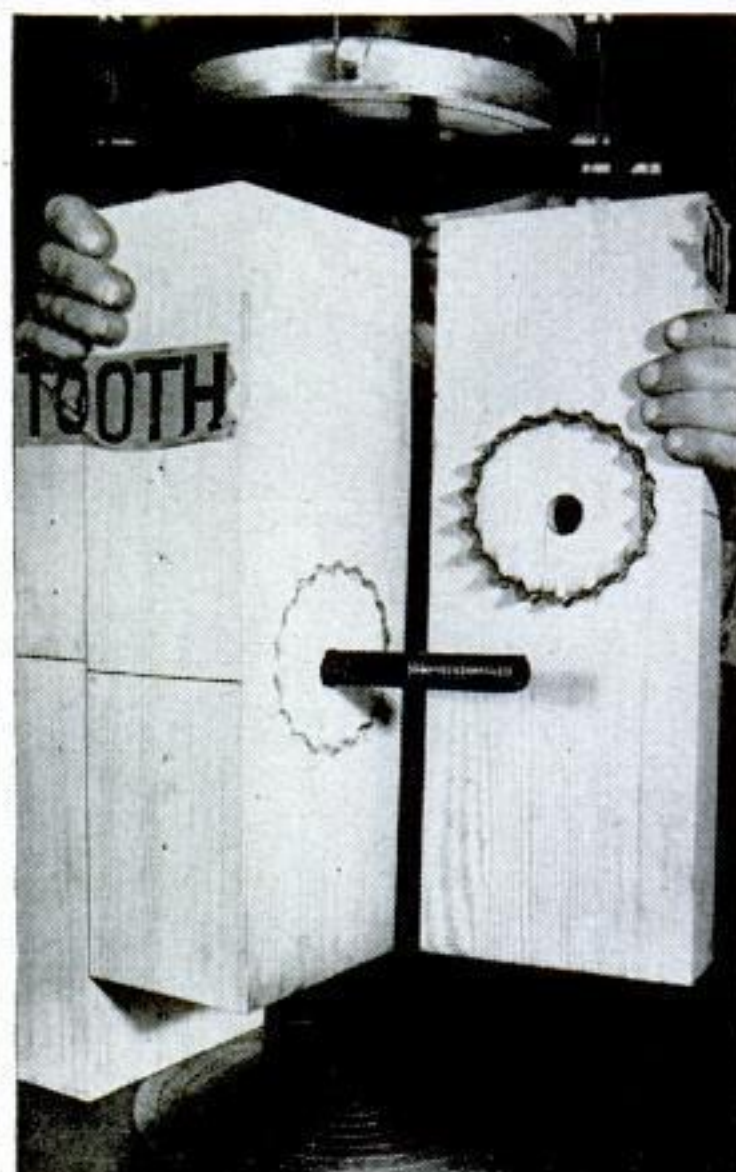
PLYWOOD UTILITY BOAT built for Army by Vidal process is good example of *monocoque* or self-supporting shell, the ultimate in hull and plane design, possible so far only with plywood. Keel is bonded in hull.



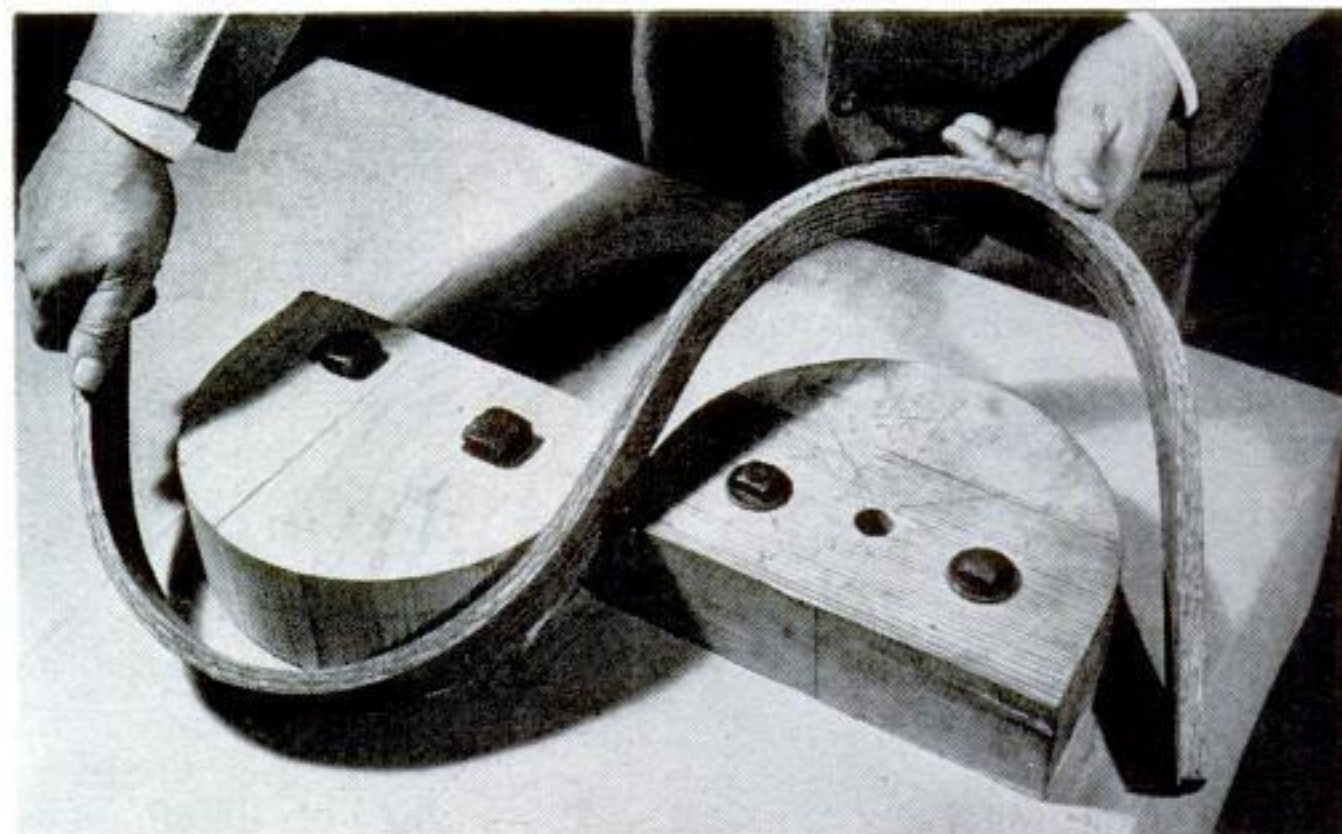
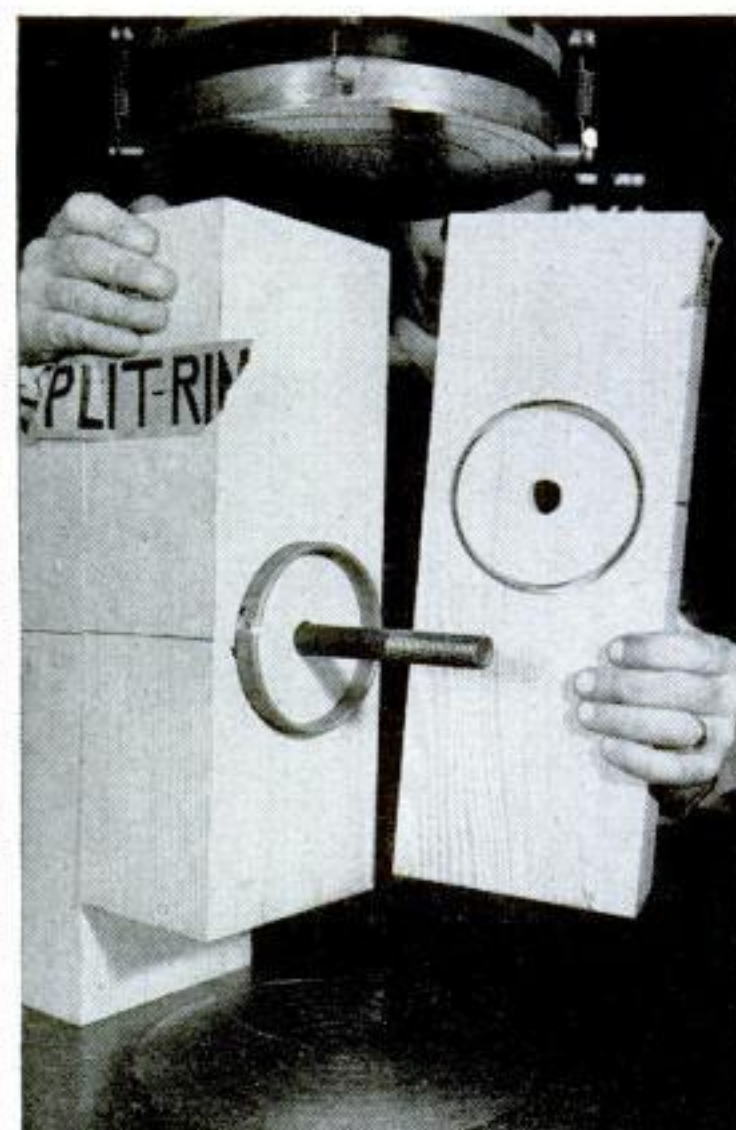
SIMPLE BOLT CONNECTION for heavy timbers was never satisfactory, as here demonstrated under hydraulic press. Shear and pressure is concentrated in small area of wood around the bolt.



TOOTHED RING, hammered into wood around bolt, distributes pressure across the width of the beam. Less efficient than split-ring connector (*below*), toothed ring can be applied in the field.



RING CONNECTOR is inserted in matched grooves chiseled out of timbers. By distributing pressure across full width of timber, it takes full advantage of wood's great compression strength.



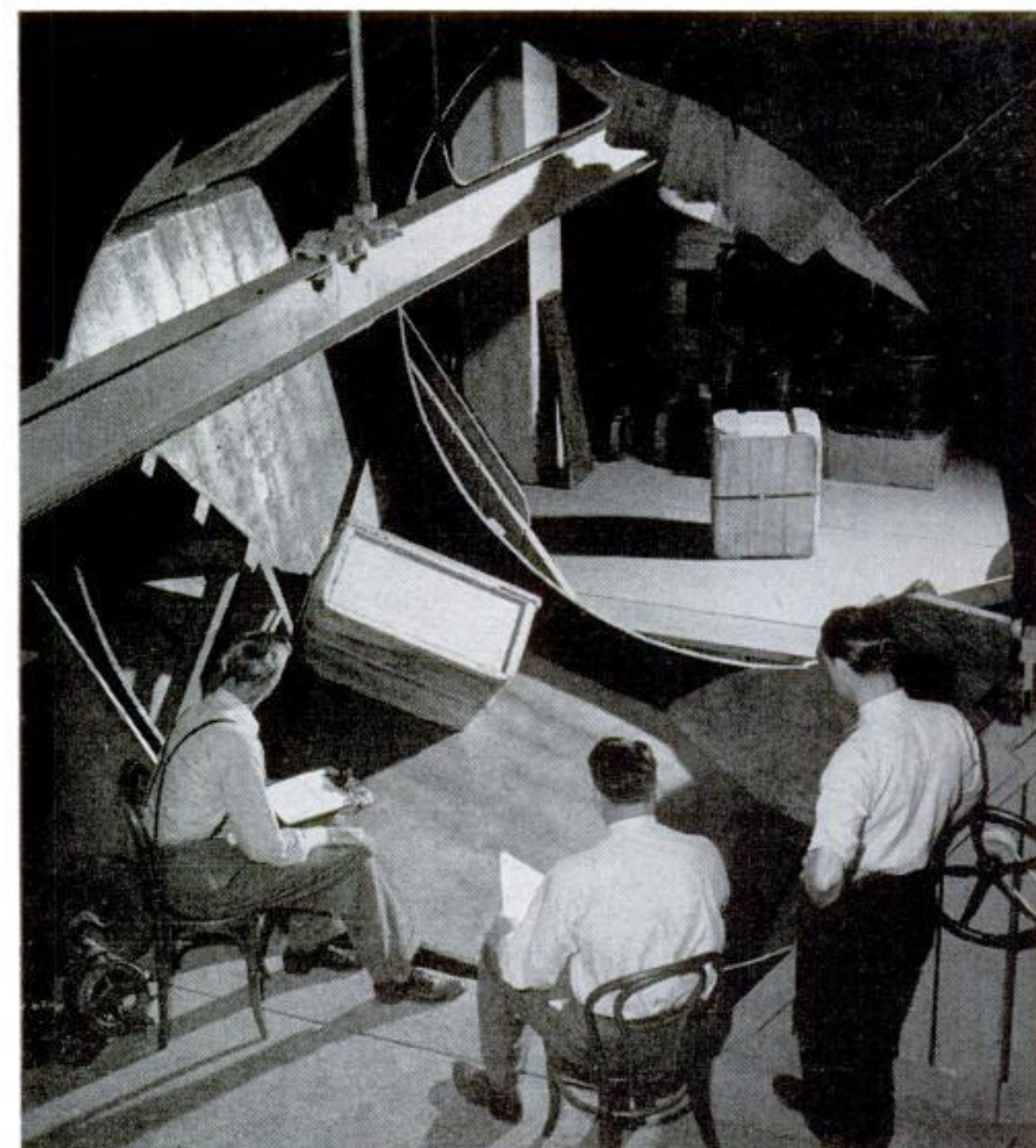
RESIN-TREATED WOOD has become an easily worked plastic, which can be bent into infinity of shapes. Process opens horizons in furniture, boat, plane and auto design.

LABORATORY DEVELOPS NEW FOREST PRODUCTS

Heat of U. S. progress in wood technology is the U. S. Forest Service's Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wis. Though a number of universities, lumber and paper companies have now set up laboratories in the field, none of them can match the Forest Products Laboratory's approach to wood as a universal raw material. Its projects range from the design of more efficient boxes (*below*) to the frontier development of lignin plastics.

In time for the steel shortage, the laboratory helped to adapt the ring connector (*left*), imported by Timber Engineering Co. from Germany, which made it possible to design heavy structures around timber instead of steel. For another client, it made the final tests on a fire-resistant wood door (*opposite*), as replacement for steel doors in war buildings.

Most spectacular current project in Madison is the plasticizing of wood, by a urea resin. Impregnated with urea, wood immediately becomes a malleable plastic (*above*), which on drying holds its new shape permanently. A similar principle applies in bonding compregnated plywood (*p. 58*). For the more distant future are projects on the extraction of sugar, alcohol, and in fact, a whole chemical industry, to challenge coal tar and petroleum.



BOX TESTING DRUM revolves like an amusement park barrel, tumbling loaded boxes until they break. Box laboratory has redesigned crates to save war shipping space.



BATTERY OF BLOW TORCHES TESTS FIRE-RESISTANT WOOD DOOR

CLOSE-UP



IN THE EVENING JIMMY BYRNES, WITH THE WIREHAIR "WHISKERS" AT HIS SIDE, READS DAY'S REPORTS IN HIS APARTMENT IN WASHINGTON'S SHOREHAM HOTEL

JIMMY BYRNES

ROOSEVELT MADE SUPREME COURT JUSTICE "ASSISTANT PRESIDENT" TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE HOME FRONT MESS

by ELIOT JANEWAY

When last October President Roosevelt asked Mr. Justice James Francis Byrnes to step down from the hushed magnificence of the U. S. Supreme Court to take charge of U. S. domestic affairs, he made him, in effect, Assistant President. The national sigh of relief could be heard from the *Wall Street Journal* on the right to the *Nation* on the left. The reaction of conservatives and New Dealers alike was best expressed by Connecticut's Senator Maloney, a powerful middle-of-the-road Democratic chieftain. "It looks like they're sending for the first team," said Maloney.

Byrnes is to be the President's Man of Business. The size of the President's war job demands that he have one. The President has of necessity become more and more engrossed in problems of international policy and war strategy. The country has not criticized him for this. But the people have felt that the home front is also vital to the conduct of the war. They have been infuriated to see the running of the war behind the lines fall into the hands of quarrelsome little men. Ever since the President has concentrated on events occurring east of Maine and west of California, the people's business has been neglected at the top and mismanaged below.

To run the home front the President had no need of another businessman or economist. The job called for a politician like himself, with a gift for handling personal relationships and bringing order out of bureaucratic chaos. The choice of Jimmy Byrnes, the former Senator from South Carolina, seemed almost inevitable.

This job is hardly one to be sought by a Supreme Court Justice in his 60's with salary and prestige secured for life. Byrnes accepted it with the conviction that he will never hold another public position. All that he expects in return for his sacrifice is heartache, attack and insecurity. When he stepped down from the Supreme Court he made it clear that the seat was not to be held for him. It was to be filled by a bona fide appointee, and he did not wish to be consulted on the choice of a successor. He wants to be free.

Byrnes has been in his new White House office for 13 weeks. He has not moved quickly—but he has never moved quickly. He is a prudent man, a trading man, but no one who has ever taken him on in a fight has come out contemptuous—or completely intact.

His only superior is the President

On the White House chart, Byrnes ranks everyone in sight. His immediate subordinates, whom he must represent on Capitol Hill, do not make his task easier. They include plodding, harried Donald Nelson with his aspirations to toughness; Jesse Jones, who built a legend of security and solidity through just sitting on top of a large portion of the U. S. economy; Henry Morgenthau, who is for all-out mobilization for war everywhere but inside his Treasury; the Food, Manpower and Price administrators; and their peers and rivals. His immediate and only superior is the busiest man since Napoleon. The confusion below

him and the preoccupation above him define Byrnes's job.

But running the sprawling, quarrelsome Executive arms for the President is not Byrnes's only responsibility. He must also placate, inspire and persuade the new Congress. Wilson lost Congress at the end of the last war, and the tragedy of the peace was the direct result. We have hardly begun to fight this war, and already the President's relationship with Congress is in great jeopardy.

Although the 1942 elections left the Democrats in formal control of Congress, actual power passed across the aisle. As Representative Joe Martin said, "No majority of 220 has ever been able to control a minority of 208." Seven disaffected Democrats can lose the House for the Administration and there are no end of disaffected Democrats in Washington. In the Senate, though the formal Democratic majority is larger, the chances of losing control over every issue are nearly as close. Sharpshooting for three votes, for two, or even for one is an art which Byrnes has practiced as a virtuoso for years. Many a time, sometimes for the President, sometimes against him, the Senator from South Carolina whittled a self-satisfied majority into a surprised minority. In his new job Broker Byrnes—operating from the White House instead of the Senate—will deal with more mutual distrust and be trading on slimmer margins than ever before.

In addition to driving the Executive agencies on a tight rein, while chanting charms to Congress, Byrnes can perform another very special function for the country. He is an intimate friend of that other great native-born South Carolinian, Bernard M. Baruch—one of the few men whose prestige has been enhanced by this war. Besides being

a disinterested ambassador from the public to the War Administration, Baruch enjoys a unique prestige on Capitol Hill, particularly in the more conservative Senate.

It is one of the unfortunate accidents of contemporary history that the qualities and weaknesses of Roosevelt and Baruch, instead of supplementing each other, come between the two men. They just don't hit it off together. But add Jimmy Byrnes to the combination, and the two antagonistic personalities coalesce into a superb three-man team.

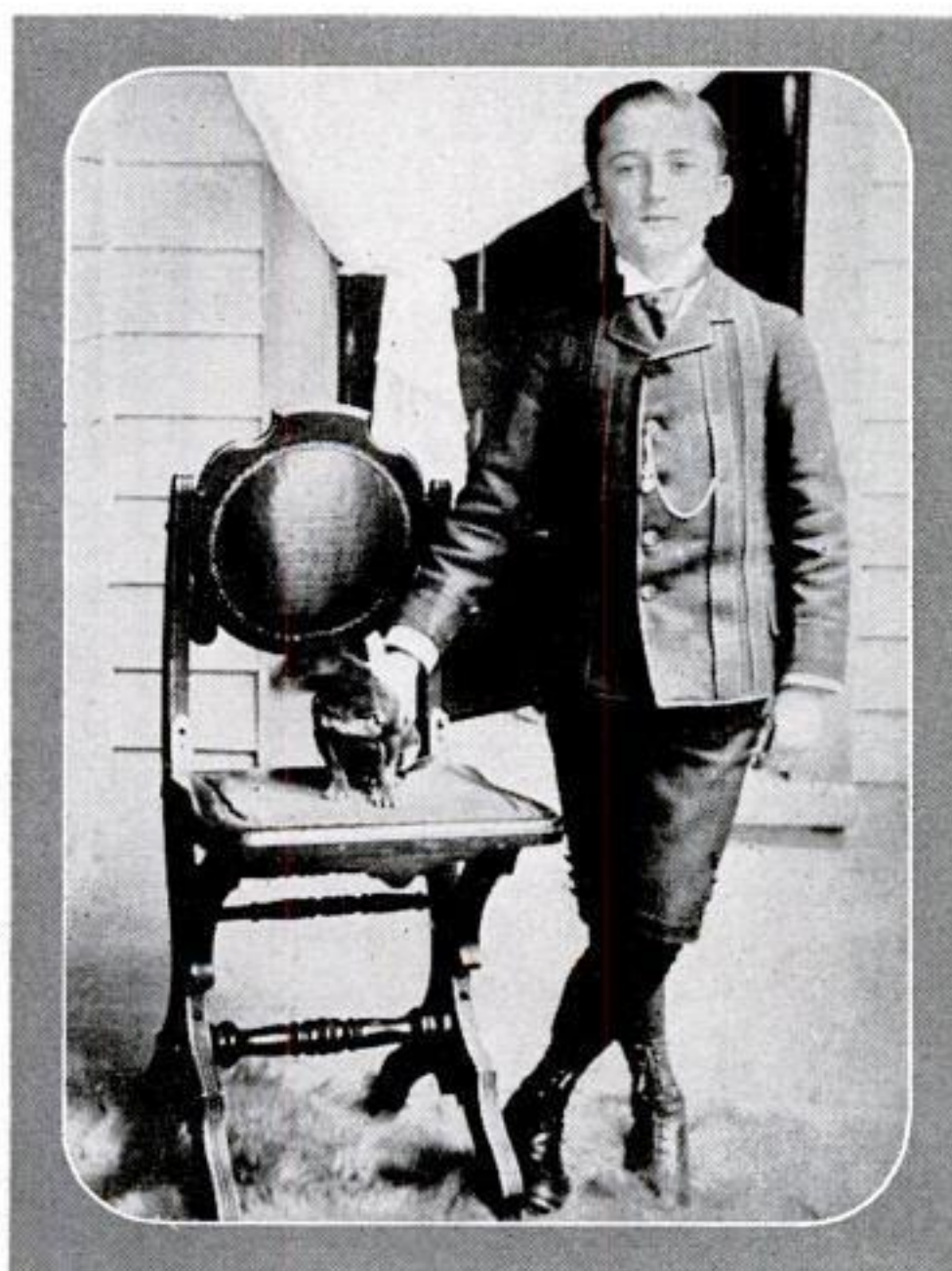
Here is a perfect example of Jimmy Byrnes's talent. He knows how to reconcile the differences of independent men into a working agreement while respecting their right to differ. He has in fact learned what has been so difficult for most public men of our time to grasp—the distinction between compromise and appeasement. One of the facts of life is that men like to disagree, and that they are apt to hold their personal dislikes dear. Byrnes has done his job in public life by accepting the dislikes of strong and powerful men for each other—and by refusing to let their animosities stand in the way of the practical programs he has been promoting. Byrnes has been able to play this role so successfully because he does not put his own ego first. His cheerful ability to think about the matter in hand first and himself second is the reason he is so well equipped to serve the President as deputy with the Executive and Legislative arms of the Government. It is also the reason why his name is affectionately known to hundreds and hardly known at all to millions.

"Gall won by 57 votes"

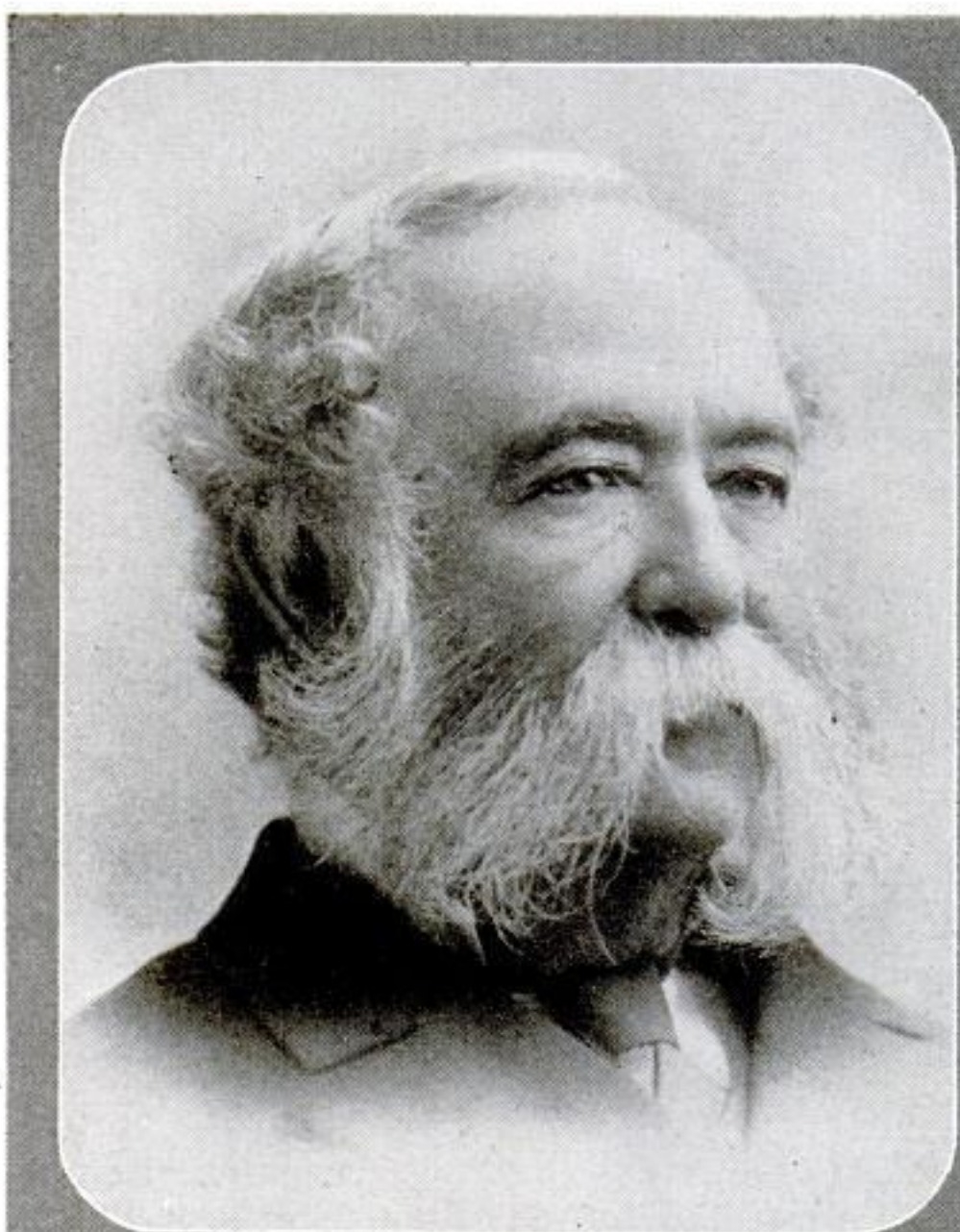
None of those millions live in South Carolina where Jimmy Byrnes is extremely well known indeed. It was in 1908 that young Byrnes first ran for office and was elected solicitor (district attorney) in the circuit around Aiken. Two years later he ran for Congress. Recalling that election, he says, "I campaigned on nothing but gall, and gall won by 57 votes."

The South Carolina into which Byrnes was born in 1879 was only one of a dozen small rural States out of step with the times. Its glory and glamor were gone. The U. S. was on the threshold of half a dozen revolutions, but South Carolina was not ready for them. Instead she clung to the memory of the old pattern of life which had been broken completely by the Civil War. Last of the Southern States to emerge from Reconstruction, she had in 1876 just succeeded in dislodging the carpetbaggers from her State House in Columbia and electing as her first Democratic governor, aristocratic General Wade Hampton, a Confederate hero with one good arm and one good leg, with the aid of his "Red Shirts."

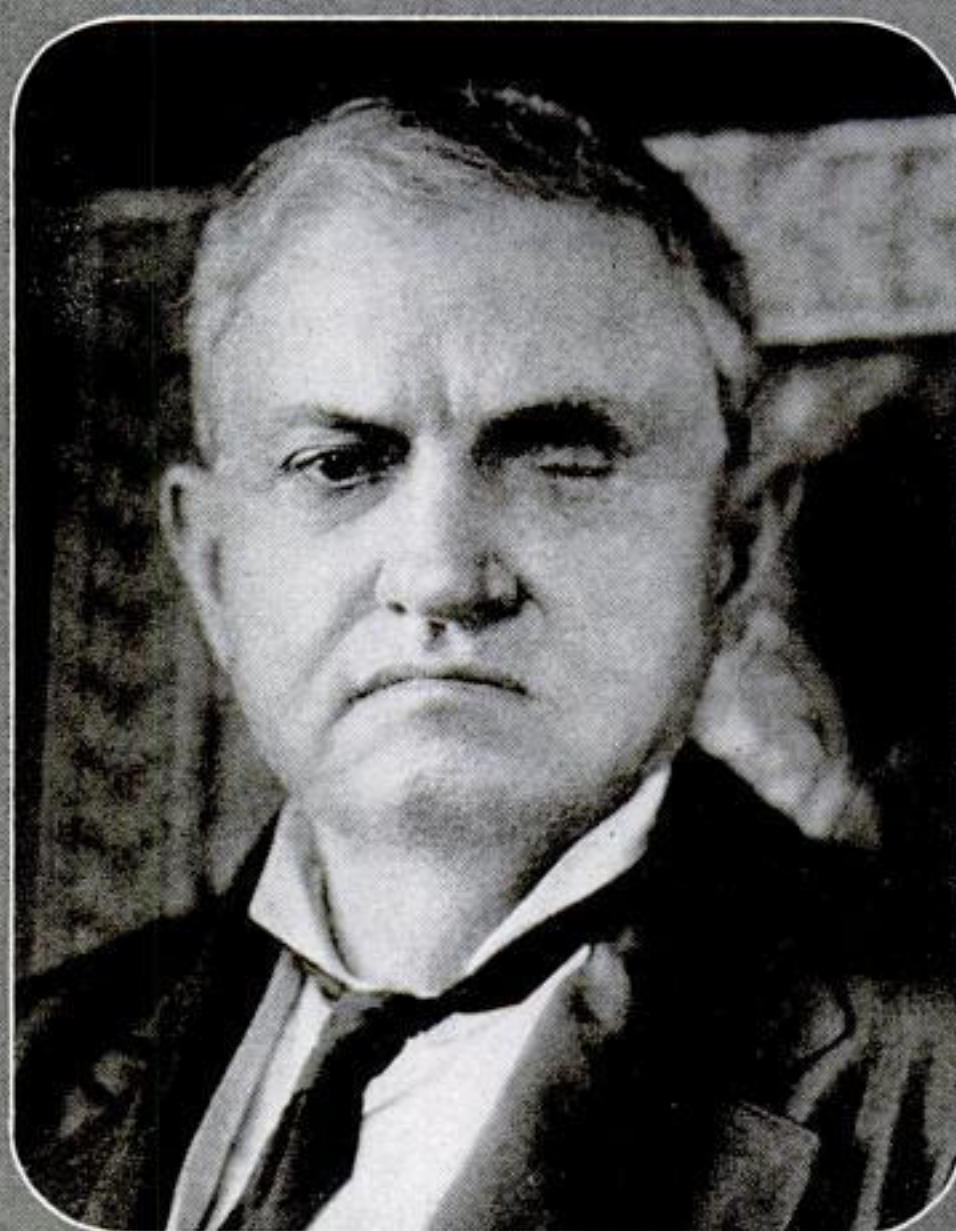
When Jimmy Byrnes first went to Washington he little realized how much of his duty would lie not just in representing South Carolina to the nation, but in representing the New America to South Carolina. One of the reasons why he was able to do this so well is that he was not born into the tradition of the Old South. He was born on



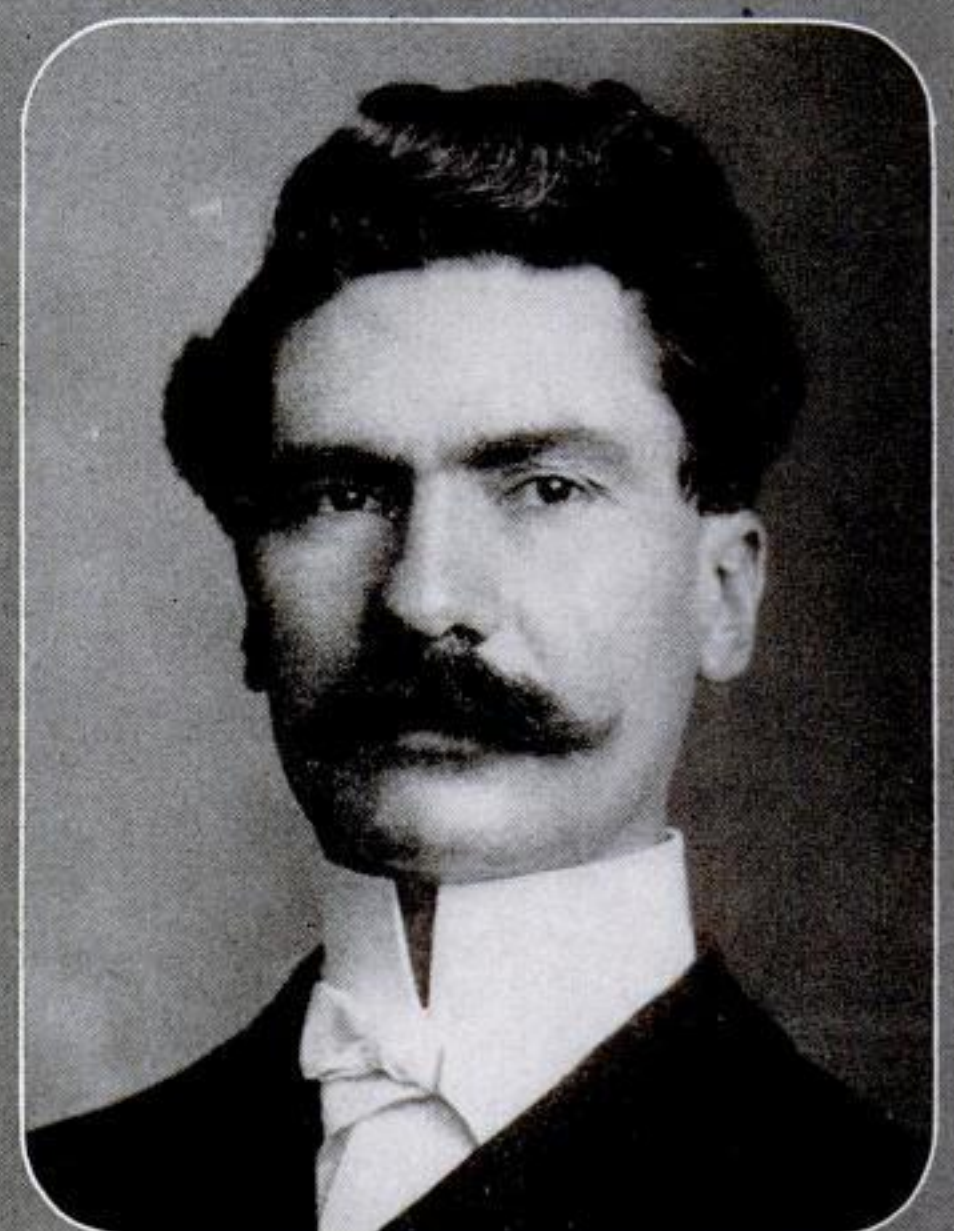
At the age of 12 Jimmy Byrnes was as fond of dogs as he is today. Two years after this photograph was taken he went to work as an office boy for a rich, dignified Charleston law firm.



General Wade Hampton, South Carolina's one-legged Confederate hero, represented interests of planter aristocrats. He lost his U.S. Senate seat in the political revolt of 1890.



"Pitchfork" Ben Tillman, a one-eyed, rabble-rousing friend of the po' whites, opposed Hampton. Byrnes carried on his tradition of social legislation and publicly financed education.



Cole Blease, a rabble-rousing reactionary, was Byrnes's great political rival. Byrnes beat him for Senate in 1930 after having lost to this "drinking prohibitionist" six years before.

JIMMY BYRNES (continued)

the wrong side of Charleston's railroad tracks, of poor Irish-American parents. His father had died before he was born and his mother supported the family by sewing. His formal schooling ended at 14, when he went to work as an office boy for a rich Charleston law firm.

He learned stenography at night, started to read law and devoured the contents of the Charleston library. As sometimes happens in a relatively stratified society, a bright boy from the outside is able to look up the pyramid to its peak with more understanding and perspective than many older men whose vision is limited by the privileges they grew up with. Ambitious, sincere and quite without snobbery, Jimmy Byrnes presently came to know, first as a protégé and then as an equal, the class of men whose apprentice he had been. The dominant social group began to feel the need of refreshing itself by opening the gates to immigrants from the lower classes. Jimmy Byrnes was truly a self-made man. But he could not have got where he did if he had not been borne upwards by one of the strongest social currents of his day. The impoverished, humiliated South had to uncover new men with fresh outlooks, not tortured by the past, if it was to begin its journey into the present.

From Irishtown to Broad Street

Young Jimmy, however, did not just graduate from Charleston's Irishtown to the dignified Broad Street chambers of one of its leading law firms. Instead he went on to make his own career in fresh fields—in this case the pine barrens of the State's up-country. Moving to the little county seat of Aiken at the age of 21, he held the job of official **court reporter** there for eight years. In 1903 he was admitted to the bar and the same year became editor of Aiken's weekly newspaper, the *Journal and Review*. There, too, he courted and married Maude Busch, a local girl.

The great name in South Carolina politics, while Jimmy Byrnes was growing up, was Benjamin Ryan Tillman. A dark-visaged, one-eyed rabble rouser, Tillman rode the great agrarian revolt of the 1880's into the governorship, turn-

ing out General Hampton and the "aristocrats." From there he went on to the U. S. Senate. He was called "Pitchfork Ben" because in his first Senatorial campaign in 1894 he denounced Grover Cleveland unmercifully and then yelled at his audience: "Send me to Washington and I'll stick my pitchfork into his old ribs."

South Carolina's aristocracy shuddered but Tillman's po' white supporters—South Carolina's "Wool Hat boys" they were called from the cheap sweat-soaked felt hats they wore year round—felt that democracy in their State was becoming something more than an oratorical term. Indeed, in spite of his high-handed methods, Tillman was moved by truly democratic ideas. A disappointed farmer himself, he truly represented the poverty-stricken, credit-squeezed farmers against the financial interests of the North, and the remnants of the planter aristocracy. His language and some of his tactics might resemble those to be made famous by Huey Long; but he was a true believer in education. He fathered cheap colleges for the boys and girls of the poor farming class. He set up a State-dispensing system of liquor control to combat the saloons and the evils that went with them. He ended by routing the aristocrats so thoroughly that for a generation the political stakes in South Carolina were largely a scramble for his mantle.

The man with the greatest right to Tillman's mantle was Jimmy Byrnes. For it was he who embodied the continuation of Tillman's social ideals and the implementation of his faith in progress through social legislation and publicly financed education. Byrnes represented the best of the Tillman tradition. The man who represented the worst of it was Cole Blease, Byrnes's great political rival.

During Byrnes's first years in Congress, Tillman was one of the oldtime leaders of the Senate and chairman of its Naval Affairs Committee. He was close to Wilson and was one of the few men of the people whose profanity prissy Woodrow Wilson did not try to stem. During the years when Byrnes was learning the Congressional ropes, Tillman was one of his teachers of the deviously democratic art of serving the people and surviving. Tillman was a man of the

people who fought for the people. But he was part-tyrant and part-demagog, too. Byrnes, who was neither, used to bait the old man about his monumental rages and blitz techniques against his enemies by calling him, "the most lawless man I know." Byrnes has always loved the background as much as Tillman loved the spotlight, which is one reason why Tillman and all other egotists Byrnes has known have found him so valuable. Byrnes says of him now: "He was one of the people, even between elections, but he was an autocrat."

Battle with Blease: Round I

From 1910 to 1924 Jimmy Byrnes represented the Carolina countryside in Congress. A quiet man, he was the heir both to Tillman's rampant new democracy and the ancient tradition of South Carolina statesmanship. In 1924 he ran for the Senate in the Democratic primary. He lost. This is what beat him.

World War I rocked South Carolina, as it did the entire country. The post-war readjustment was no prettier in South Carolina than anywhere else. In line with such phenomena as the rebirth of the Klan, the Scopes trial in Tennessee and the dawning of Huey Longism, Cole Blease came back to power in South Carolina on a platform of rampant isolationism and know-nothingism.

Cole Blease was a livery stablekeeper's son whose dress, white hair and silvery mustache were a perfect imitation of a Civil War colonel. In 1915 he resigned suddenly from the governorship. The record of pardons and paroles arranged during his term stood unbeaten until "Ma" Ferguson reached the gubernatorial mansion in Texas. He was a self-styled "drinking prohibitionist"; a friend, defender and cloakroom stooge of the high tariff Harding Republicans and an admirer of the "ceremony" of lynching who once declared: "When the Constitution comes between me and the virtue of a white woman, I say to hell with the Constitution." Coley Blease was fond of calling himself the most often defeated candidate in American politics. After one of his beatings, he replied to a question about how he felt with a legendary thrust: "Like Lazarus:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



MURRAY GOODWIN'S eyebrows shot up towards his receding hairline.

"What? What's this? Who's doing the talking around here?"

"I am—you're looking right at me! The *Postum* you just ordered. You've been eyeing me as though I were *anything* but good to drink! And I'll have you know, sir, I don't like your attitude!"

After recovering his eyebrows and his voice, Mr. Goodwin managed to answer, "How in heaven's name do you know anything about my attitude?"

"Oh, I know, all right. You're just like lots of other people who've never tried me. You think I'm just a substitute for coffee, don't you?"

"Well, since you ask me... yes."

"Hmmm-mmmph! Let me tell you a thing or two, Mr. Goodwin. *I'm no substitute!* I have a *very* special flavor of my *very* own. So special, in fact, that millions of Americans call me their favorite mealtime drink!"

"Say, that's *quite* a record! And what brought on all this success, may I ask?"

"Sure you can ask... I was just going to tell you anyway. Get this: I'm all wholesomeness. No harmfulness. Add that to my tempting flavor—and you've got good reason why I've become One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks!"

"And what with tea and coffee shortages, some people are going to be mighty glad I come from the heart of America!"

Mr. Goodwin didn't say a word. He was busy drinking the Postum. And when the cup finally met the saucer, a pleased smile settled over his face. Two remaining drops of Postum heard him murmur: "Mmm-mm-m... I really *have* discovered something special!"

And to the waiter he turned and said, "I'll have another cup of Postum, please."

P.S.

Postum comes in two delicious forms: Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or "perk," or Instant Postum, made instantly right in the pot or cup by simply adding hot water. Very economical, too.

POSTUM



ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

★ Tune in "The Aldrich Family," Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

GRAY HAIR IS SUCH A LIAR!

(that's why more women than you think are thankful for Clairol)

You hear this often: "Women's hair doesn't get gray the way it used to."

The real truth is . . . most women don't let their hair stay gray any more. Not until they're ready to admit they're "old." For that's what gray hair says about a woman—and you know it!

But gray hair is such a liar! That's why modern women refuse to tolerate it.

You don't have to be a willing victim of gray hair. Millions of women have discovered a dignified way to have youth-like color in hair . . . "Naturally, with Clairol," the original shampoo tint. They wisely consider Clairol color more appropriate for their true age than the falsehoods of gray.

Unlike harsh, old-fashioned dyes or artificial-looking imitation shampoo tints,

Clairol color-conditions your hair with shining highlights; gives it tones so true and transparent they rival Nature's own. Modern women adopt it with confidence, just as they do lipstick and rouge.

Know the happiness and self-confidence that come with the sudden discovery that you are young-looking again! It's so easy. Depend on genuine Clairol to do this for you. And remember—better beauty shops will never substitute.

Make that appointment for your Clairol treatment now.

FREE . . . "11 Secrets of Beautiful Hair." Fascinating booklet by a hair specialist, tells you how to bring out the full beauty and radiance of your hair. Just write: Clairol, Inc., P. O. Box 1466, Stamford, Conn.



CLAIROL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Original Shampoo Tint

CAUTION: USE ONLY AS DIRECTED ON THE LABEL

THIS MAN
wants to share his shaving
discovery with other men

"Have had great difficulty
finding a satisfactory blade
because of a tough beard
and tender skin. Thank
you for your Pal Blades."
Nathaniel Ewing
LOS ANGELES



PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND
They're flexible in razor—no need to
"bear down"; kind to tender skins.

PAL

**"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES**



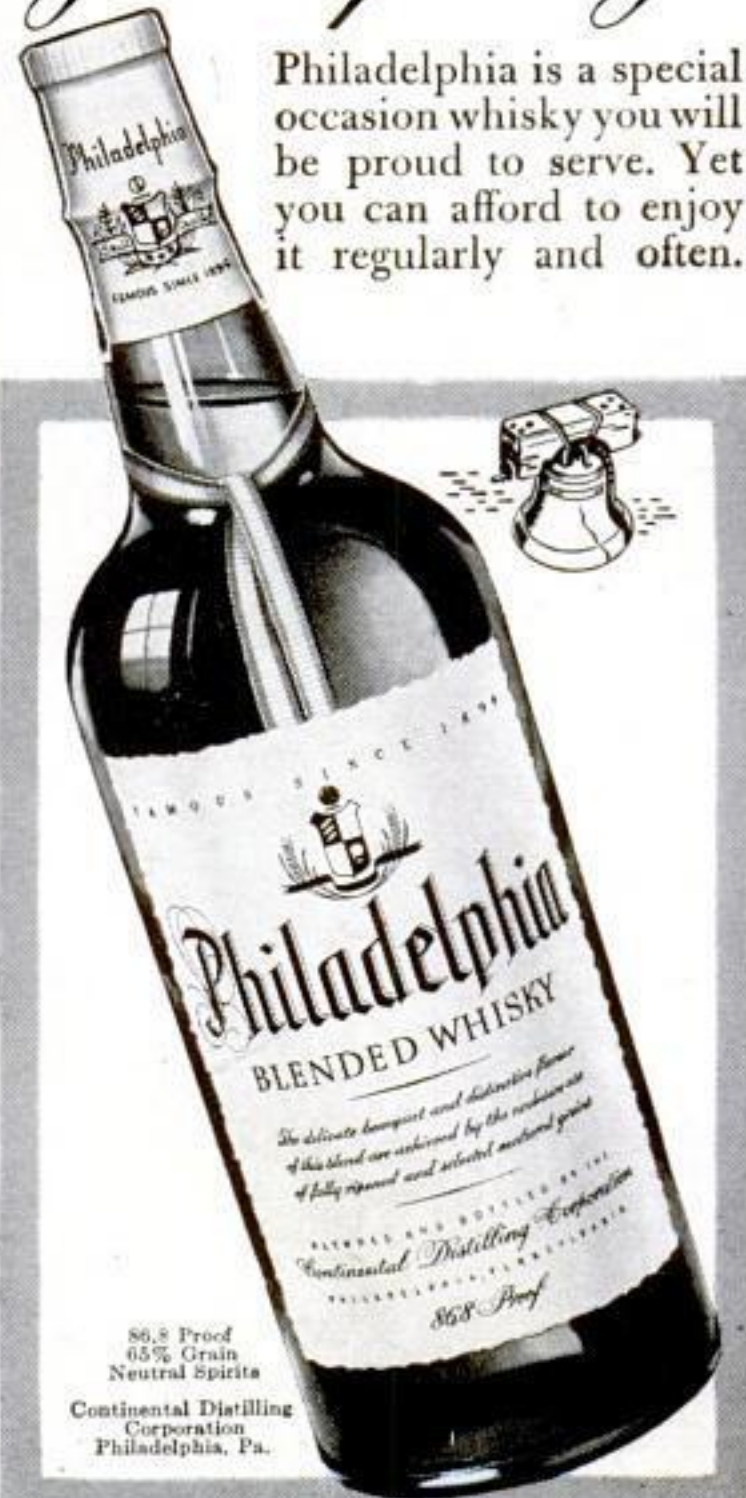
**4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢**

Double or
Single Edge

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

*Heritage
of Hospitality*

Philadelphia is a special
occasion whisky you will
be proud to serve. Yet
you can afford to enjoy
it regularly and often.



JIMMY BYRNES (continued)

licked by the dogs." An uninhibited reactionary, Blease was at the same time an old-fashioned, hell-raising rabble rouser who commanded a fanatic backwoods following through victory and defeat alike. It was one such poor farmer, nursing few illusions as to whom Blease really represented, who nevertheless told him: "Coley, I'd vote for you even if you was to steal my mule tonight."

This was the man who retired Jimmy Byrnes to a small-town law practice in 1924. It was the same man, fattened and better entrenched by six years of Republican patronage, that Byrnes came back to beat finally and decisively in 1930.

Byrnes had not intended to run that year. He had settled down to practice law in Spartanburg and decided he was through with politics. Two things changed his mind. One was a conversation with a big textile man he met on a train one day. "We don't mind Coley Blease," said the manufacturer. "Sure, he's a rabble rouser. But all he ever gets the hands excited about is liquor and niggers. Well, we'll drink the liquor and take care of the niggers. Coley will keep the hands quiet."

Byrnes put this statement together with a fact he had been observing more and more frequently—that the "hands" of the Carolina mill towns were becoming literate. The young ones especially were reading newspapers. It seemed to Byrnes that he might appeal to the sons of the men whom Tillman had led—but on a basis that would take account of their new self-respect and independence of mind. And, in fact, it was the "hands," still unorganized in unions, who listened to Blease rant and voted Jimmy in.

Back in the days when Tillman was crusading against "the aristocrats" and "the interests," his desire to reach the mass of South Carolina voters who did not read the papers had led him to put campaigning on a new basis. To this day South Carolina candidates get together like a circus, barnstorming over the State and debating the issues from the same platform day after day in one county seat after another. The debates are great events in South Carolina and the farmers come from miles around to spend the day picnicking, listening and arguing on the Courthouse grounds.

"I'm a drinkin' man"

Blease's rant was the style of talk that South Carolina knew and appreciated. "I'm a drinkin' man," he'd say, and the wet vote would settle back satisfied, "though the doctors haven't let me have a drink for months." Later on, a prayer for drunkards would find its way into the speech, and the W. C. T. U. would decide he was not lost, and might be deserving of support. It is the Union County speeches of the 1930 campaign that Byrnes's friends remember best today. A lynching had taken place there only three days before the candidates arrived and celebration of this "ceremony," as Blease liked to call such murders, was meat and drink to him. He launched into an hysterical death dance, perhaps the most feverish of his entire career, and the crowd, worked up by his words, screamed with him.

When Byrnes got up to follow him he wondered whether he would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



Byrnes's four assistants on the Economic Stabilization Board are (left to right) Sam Lubell who wrote the Baruch rubber report; Donald Russell; Edward Prichard, a cherub-faced, 260-lb. wit; and (seated) Benjamin V. Cohen, author of much New Deal legislation.



WARTIME "FLIGHT-WATCH" GIRL—Shirley is on duty from 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. six nights every week in the Communications Department of Pan American Airways, Pacific Division. Above—she is operating a recorder of a Link Trainer while a Clipper Captain polishes his blind flying.

Shirley Barnard

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Barnard of La Canada, California—engaged to H. Bernard Sait, now with the Army at Fort Benning, Georgia

OVER 2,000 MILES OF U.S.A. stretch between Shirley and her soldier fiancé. "So, naturally," Shirley says, "we're both counting the days until Barney comes home on leave."

He'll find a radiant Shirley waiting to greet him—a golden-haired girl with a complexion that is cameo-lovely—it's so fine, so smooth.

"Yes, I *do* take good care of my skin," she confessed. "But I *don't* spend much time on it. Just my Pond's creamings *every* day. They make my face feel just lovely and soft, and clean as can be!"

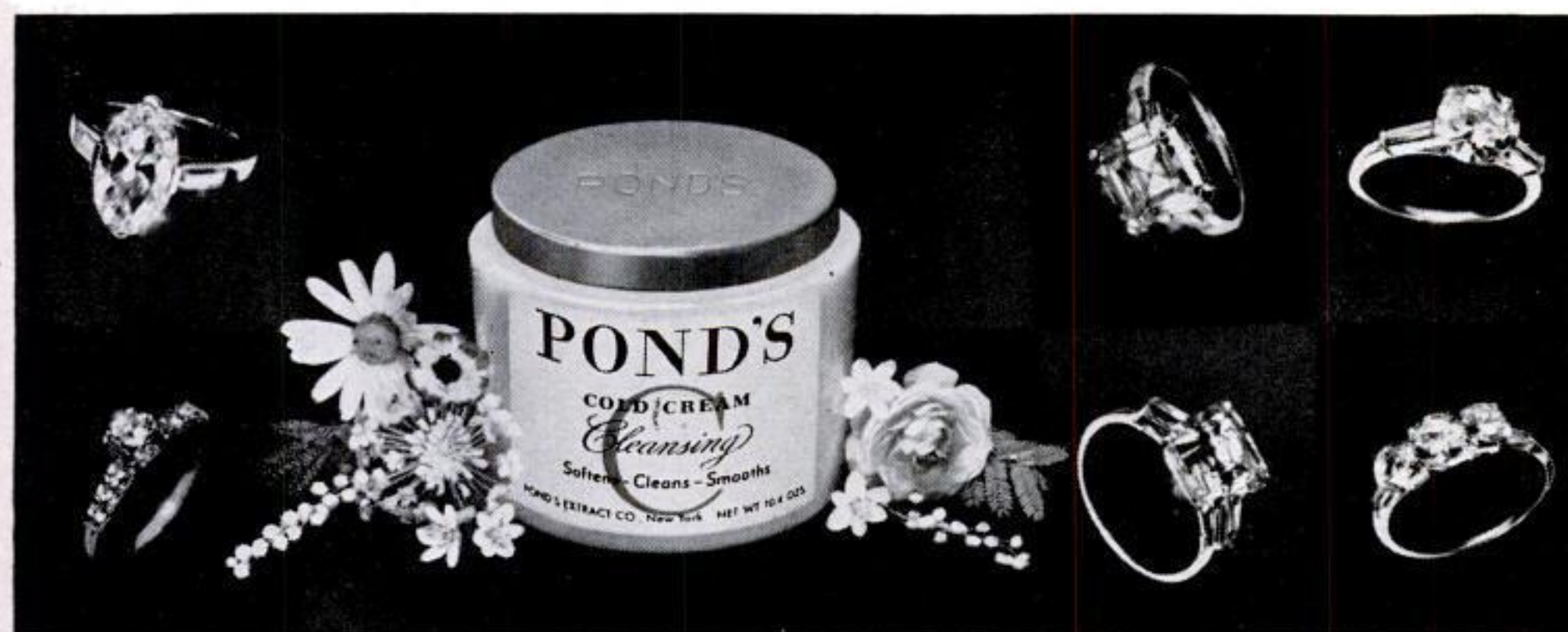
Shirley smooths Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat. Pats—gently—to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well. "Rinses" with *more* Pond's for extra softening and cleansing. Tissues off again.

SHE'S WEARING HIS PHI DELTA PIN until Barney's next leave when they'll buy her engagement ring together. "He didn't want to pick it out without me," Shirley said.



SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

On duty—or off duty, Shirley's complexion has a flower-fresh look—"Thanks to my precious Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Copy her Pond's skin care *every* night—for day-time clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

FOR ENGAGED HANDS
... the lovely new POND'S LOTION
(Danya)

Pearl-glowing creaminess blended to:

- soften hands in one application
- give busy hands a whiter, sweeter look
- relieve irritated chapping quickly



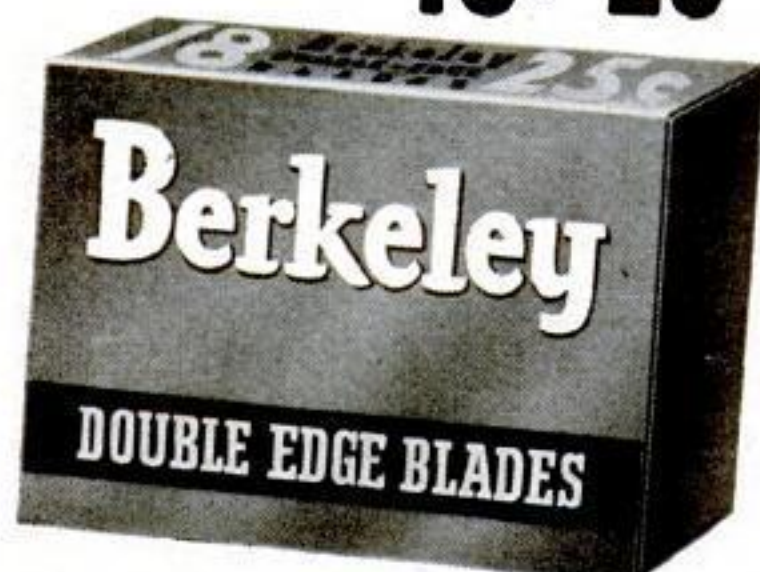
STOP LOOKING!



HERE'S THE ANSWER for every man who wants better shaves at low cost. Only 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES
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Consolidated Razor Blade Co., Inc., Jersey City, N.J.
... Save steel. Make blades go farther. Pat dry with towel after every shave. Use lots of water with soap or shaving cream.



BUY MORE WAR BONDS



Byrnes's mother, shown with him here, shortly before her death, was a widow before her only child was born. She supported the family by dressmaking, thus enabling Jimmy to continue his schooling until he was 14. She died ten years ago at the age of 76.

JIMMY BYRNES (continued)

be heard at all. But he began quietly. "Ladies and gentlemen, I think we've had enough talk about lynching. My speech today is about conditions in our factories. Not enough sprinkler systems have been installed. . . ." He carried Union County, carried the State and retired Blease who never came back.

The election that brought Byrnes back to Washington in 1930 ended a chapter in American history. Hoover lost control of Congress. The country was, without knowing it yet, being swept out of the Philistine 1920's into the pain and growth of the great depression.

The story of Byrnes in Washington during the 1930's is the story of Roosevelt and Byrnes. It was during the first World War that the men began to like and trust each other. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Byrnes, a member of the House Appropriations Committee and its key Deficiency Subcommittee was the man who backed him up. When Roosevelt slashed red tape and got production of equipment going before bureaucrats gave contracts, it was Byrnes who covered his rear and saw his accounts balanced. In the Democratic Convention of 1920, Byrnes's assurance that the South liked Roosevelt led Boss Murphy of Tammany to support Roosevelt for second place on the ticket.

An entire generation seems to stand between us today and the Democratic Convention in 1932. Internationally, economically, socially, emotionally so much has happened that the history of the Roosevelt regime has taken on the complexion of inevitability. But there were a dozen candidates for the nomination that June in Chicago, and some of them had backing as strong as Byrnes and his friends were giving Roosevelt. Roosevelt was not, for instance, the candidate of Jimmy Byrnes's great friend, Bernard Baruch, who preferred Newton D. Baker.

After it was all over and Roosevelt had been nominated, Baruch called Byrnes to say that he was catching the train for New York. "What are you going to do?" Jimmy asked the other South Carolinian whose father had been a doctor in the Confederate Army and a life-long Democrat.

"Oh," said Baruch, "I'm going to follow my daddy and support the ticket."

The man behind the scenes in 1932

No doubt Baruch could have done nothing else, but Jimmy converted his party regularity into active enthusiasm before he got on that train. For it was Baruch who informed the Roosevelt organization that Al Smith was about to bolt and who helped keep him in line. But Byrnes's discretion was so complete that none of the personal histories of the time, written by better publicized participants,



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mention his part at all in the tumultuous events through which Roosevelt emerged as the new leader of the people.

As in the years immediately following Wilson's inauguration, the return of the Democrats to power heralded a national honeymoon. Reforms that everybody was for had only to be introduced into Congress in order to be speedily enacted and universally acclaimed. Unobtrusively as ever but more and more influentially, Byrnes worked for and advised on these measures. As a member of the Appropriations Committee, whose gantlet every executive agency has to run, he followed the inner working of every Government department through the years when they were multiplying and mushrooming so sensationally.

Back in 1910 Jimmy Byrnes decided that all the knowledge and power in the world could not make up for loss of independence. He would serve his constituents, yes—but he would never incapacitate himself for future service, he would never compromise his integrity to gain political favor. He never asked the President for a job. Throughout his years in office thousands of copies of two types of letters have gone out over his signature. To a constituent who asked Byrnes to get him a Government job, Jimmy would write in this vein:

"Dear John Doe:

"I will be glad to recommend you as to character and habits and ask investigation of your qualifications. I cannot ask for your appointment as a favor because I have no way of reciprocating that favor except at the expense of the public.

"I am a member of the Appropriations Committee and the head of the department in which you seek employment will come before the Committee seeking appropriations. He may remind me that he has done me a favor in appointing you and ask that I reciprocate by voting for an appropriation which will increase the importance of his job and the salary he receives. By this I would lose my independence of thought. I could not spend millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money to reciprocate the favor of your appointment."

To the Government official to whom Byrnes's constituent was applying for the job went a letter something like this:

"Dear Sir:

"Mr. John Doe has filed application with you for a position and asks that I submit an endorsement in his behalf.

"The applicant is a man of fine character and good habits and I trust that upon investigation you will find that he possesses the qualifications for the position he seeks. However, I wish it understood that his appointment will not be regarded by me as a personal or political favor and it will not be reciprocated by me."

"Not a Roosevelt man"

Throughout the honeymoon of the Democrats and power, Byrnes was a vital part of a smooth-running team. But he never regarded himself as a "Roosevelt man" or allowed himself to be classified as such. His record in the Senate is a zigzag—for the Wagner Act, but against sit-down strikes; for the Supreme Court "packing" plan of 1937, but also for economy and against the President's attempted purge of 1938; for a ban on the importation of strike breakers into a State, but against the Wages and Hours Act.

In 1939 came the war. As Byrnes had foreseen from the coming of the crisis, there was no Democrat but Roosevelt who could meet the emergency.

He buried his domestic differences with Roosevelt and became the real leader of the Senate. Crucial emergency bills had to be passed, and only his masterful political engineering got them passed. But today, looking back upon those hectic days, it is not the Reorganization Bill, the repeal of the Neutrality Act or Lend-Lease of which he is proudest. Far back in 1938, Byrnes sponsored a truly prophetic bill and got it passed over the bitter opposition of bureaucrats on both sides of the Atlantic. It authorized us to trade surplus Southern cotton to the British for some of their surplus rubber.

In 1940 came another Democratic convention. For the first time in his career Roosevelt faced a convention and a campaign without a real organization. The full story of the Chicago convention has never been told. But behind the scenes a tong war went on. It almost broke out into the open when the venerable Carter Glass arose to make an impassioned speech for Jim Farley, pleading that his religion should not prevent his candidacy. Since Farley's religion was the least of the reasons why he could not be nominated, the old gentleman's long harangue eventually provoked boos from the delegates. It was Jim Byrnes, whom every one knew was for Roosevelt, who stopped them. He walked out onto the platform and put his arm around the shoulders of his old friend and temporary opponent. Thereafter Byrnes and Glass sat together in full view of the entire convention and one threatening split had been cemented.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For Health—AVOID HARSH LAXATIVES!



LEMON and WATER IS GOOD FOR YOU!
Taken first thing on arising, it has a mild laxative effect sufficient for most people. And it's healthful—aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance.

Why not take this simple, natural health drink—lemon and water—in place of the usual laxatives?



Most people find that the juice of one lemon in a glass of water *first thing in the morning* is all they need to maintain proper elimination, to make sure of prompt, normal action—*gently*.

Lemons are a Health Builder

And lemons are rich in health values. In fact, millions *not* troubled with constipation have adopted the lemon-a-day habit as an important aid to general health. Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, a vitamin that combats fatigue and *restores energy*. Lem-

ons are the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*) and supply valuable amounts of B₁. A lemon a day helps you *resist colds and infection*, promotes normal alkalinity, aids digestion—works in a dozen ways to keep you up to par.

If you need a mild laxative, why not regulate your system this natural way, and help build up your general health at the same time? Drink the juice of 1 lemon in a full glass of water *first thing on arising*. Try it 10 days—see if you don't benefit!

Why take harsh laxatives when this simple natural health drink may give all the help you need?



P.S.—LEMON & SODA • Some prefer lemon with soda: Juice of 1 lemon in half glass of water with $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. This forms well known sodium citrate. Drink as foaming quiets.



Keep regular the *Healthful* way!
LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising

"Today at the Duncans"—CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays
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ATTENTION MEN

You may be wasting plenty of personality and good grooming, too, if you think it's not noticeable when a man neglects perspiration odor. Don't gamble! Use quick, economical Odorono Cream. Get a jar today!



EFFECTIVE: Stops perspiration moisture and odor by effective pore inactivation.

LASTING: Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

GENTLE: Non-irritating—contains soothing emollients . . . it's skin-safe, after-shaving safe.

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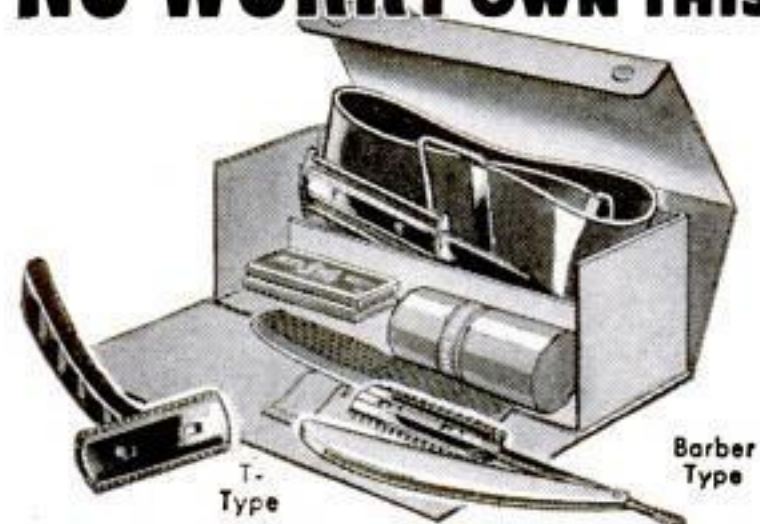
DELIGHTFUL: Whipped cream smooth—flower fragrant—white and stainless. The loveliest way to end perspiration troubles.

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NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

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DURHAM SHAVE KIT

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—over twice thicker, to take many shavings. 2½ times more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triples life of these already long-life blades.
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SERVICE MEN: Order through Post Exchange.
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Contributions Editor

LIFE

**Time and Life Building
Rockefeller Center New York City**



Campaigning for the Senate in 1936, Byrnes goes after the vote of a dubious constituent at Conway, S.C. The persuasive Byrnes, who is equally effective in village barbershops, Senate cloakrooms or the White House, now faces his biggest, most thankless task.

JIMMY BYRNES (continued)

But the flare-up did come. It came over the Vice Presidential nomination—the only real issue for the convention to settle. From the first day, rumor after rumor had swept through the hall as to who would get the nod. And as far as the candidates themselves knew, the rumors were well authenticated, for at least a baker's dozen of them were sure they had been personally promised the nomination by Harry Hopkins, who was running the convention for the President. It was therefore a shock to the convention to learn that Henry Wallace was not only Hopkins' candidate but *the* candidate. No delegation, not even his home State's delegation, was for him. Hell broke loose.

That this bitterness did not hamper the campaign itself was due to Jimmy Byrnes. His first act was to shield Wallace from the delegates' wrath as much as possible. A grandiose speech Wallace had written remained undelivered. As for the disappointed candidates, it was Byrnes who took on the thankless job of soothing them.

"What did you do, Jimmy?" asked a friend later. "I heard you got them all into a room and told them the President would quit if they didn't take Wallace."

"It's not true," replied Jimmy. "They wouldn't sit in the same room. I told them separately."

Having told them, Byrnes went back to the Senate.

Comfortably re-elected for a third term, the President in the spring of 1941 offered Byrnes another job—a Supreme Court Justiceship. To the Senator, the Representative, the district attorney who had dared oppose Southern tradition in his first public case by prosecuting two white men for shooting a Negro in the back, the young man reading law at night, the boy who had known bitter poverty, this was the greatest honor he had ever dreamed of.

And yet he accepted it with a guilty conscience. His political talents, he knew, made him particularly useful in the Senate, while on the Supreme Court he was off the firing line. His feeling of guilt grew as his chambers filled with harried legislators and Government executives, asking for advice or pleading with him to intervene in this or that mess. He remained aloof. Finally it was the President himself who asked the same help. He had to take back the honor he had bestowed on Byrnes by recalling him, after 15 months on the bench, to a more urgent, though less august, job.

Silence suits him

There was considerable fanfare when Byrnes was given the job of being "Economic Czar" of all the country, as the papers called him. Thereafter there was considerable silence. Though the fanfare was deserved, it is the silence that suits Byrnes. He is not setting up another agency identified by initials first cryptic, then familiar, then forgotten. He is not hiring men by the hundreds, issuing press releases, squabbling on the front pages with other agencies. His organization is a general staff which will work through existing agencies. They are his administrative implements.

Right now his payroll consists of four men—the office secretary, smart, young Ed Prichard of Paris, Ky. and the Harvard Law School; Byrnes's old friend and junior, Don Russell from South Caro-

lina—one of the most promising newcomers to Washington, quiet, knowledgeable, practical; Sam Lubell who wrote the Baruch rubber report; and lastly, the man Baruch named "The Elder Statesman of the New Deal"—Ben Cohen, whose intellectual genius runs through more legislation than any other living man's.

During Byrnes's first months in office he moved so quietly that the press attributed to him only one thing: the \$25,000 salary ceiling. As a matter of fact he inherited this troublesome baby. But Byrnes's influence has been widely felt in Washington. He guided the setting up of a food administration and last week publicly moved in on the Eastern gasoline crisis. Meanwhile he is wrestling with three other sectors of the home front which are in a state of crisis: manpower, rationing and war finance, especially taxes.

Congress, which is knee-deep in the mess right now, is waiting but not too patiently. There is one suspicion they do not like and only action by Byrnes himself will dispel it. Can Morgenthau, McNutt *et al.* succeed in using Byrnes's popularity and reputation for integrity with Congress as an umbrella against the gathering storm? Is that, in fact, an umbrella Mr. Byrnes is carrying, or is it a bayonet? The only people who want to know more than Congress are the agency heads themselves. For they can well shudder at the thought of being caught between Congress and a stern, unsympathetic White House bent on results only.

Bringing Washington closer to the people

Byrnes has still another major problem on his hands. He has to work Washington back to a closer relationship with the people. When the Vice President rides up from Washington to New York and says we are fighting a people's war, the announcement to Madison Square Garden does not make it so. It is Minnesota and Colorado and Oklahoma and Tennessee that are going to fight a people's war. But not until they can talk to Washington about how to do it.

Policy-making can be done only in Washington. But policy cannot be arrived at in a vacuum. Washington's decisions will continue to boomerang until they are formulated in terms of what goes on throughout the country. New dislocations breed new problems. A Washington organization has no machinery for dealing with them easily, sometimes does not even know they exist. Just as policy must be centralized in Washington, so execution must be decentralized among the various regions of the country. The miracle of an efficiently decentralized Government organization, having over-all, not just specialized, responsibility, is what Jimmy Byrnes has been drafted to achieve.

Jimmy Byrnes is no superman but he is likely to come as close as anybody the President could have picked to achieving it. His long years in Washington have given him unique political know-how about Government. Business-in-Government is just as inept as Government-in-Business. He represents Government-in-Government, where it belongs and where business and the rest of the country need it. One thing more. No American, not elected but appointed to it, has ever held such power. But there is no one so sincerely respectful of our democratic elective tradition, no one in whom it is so bred in the bone to express the people's mandate, no one in whose hands this power could be safer than the poor Irish boy who, though off the Supreme Court bench, is still called by everybody "Mr. Justice Byrnes."



Mrs. Byrnes is a hombody who shows little interest in the formalities of Washington's social life. Here, in their unpretentious suite in the Shoreham Hotel, President Roosevelt's Man of Business samples the latest batch of pickles preserved by his wife.

PEQUOTS A-PLenty *for* SOLDIERS



AND EVEN SOME FOR THEIR BRIDES!

HE'S A SOLDIER to be proud of! Pequot thinks so, too—and our mills roar night and day, turning out Pequot Sheets and other war fabrics for his fighting needs.

Every soldier left a home. A bride, perhaps. A father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife—Americans all, who must live and work—and sleep.

Yes—Pequots for You!

Home folks are glad to get along on less, and there are fewer Pequot Sheets for civilians. But so greatly has Pequot expanded production, that some Pequots for you can still be produced. And they're genuine Pequots, all right. Exactly the same superior, long-wearing quality that made you housewives vote Pequot your fa-

vorite sheet in nation-wide polls.

So, if you must replenish your sheet supply, White Sale time is still your logical time to do it... and Pequots are more than ever your logical choice. Because those sturdy American ideals of thrift and service are not just ideals now—they're necessities. May we remind you that Pequot's own ideal has always been... providing American housewives with the finest combination of superb wear and beauty that skill and sincerity can produce. Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

BUY ONLY NECESSITIES —
and the first and the greatest necessity to invest in, for our future safety, is—
WAR BONDS.



PEQUOT SHEETS



Pitch-in supper achieves degree of formality by use of best linen and candles. After it was over, Doris Hosmer (*lower right*), guest of honor, cheerfully lent a hand with the dishes.



D. A. M. S. E. L.s prepare for the night (*above*) with conscientious cold-creaming and hairbrushing, following an evening of lively jitterbugging and quieter bridge. But wait—they aren't in bed yet.

Life Goes to a Slumber Party

Indianapolis D.A.M.S.E.L. club welcomes a new member with a pillow fight

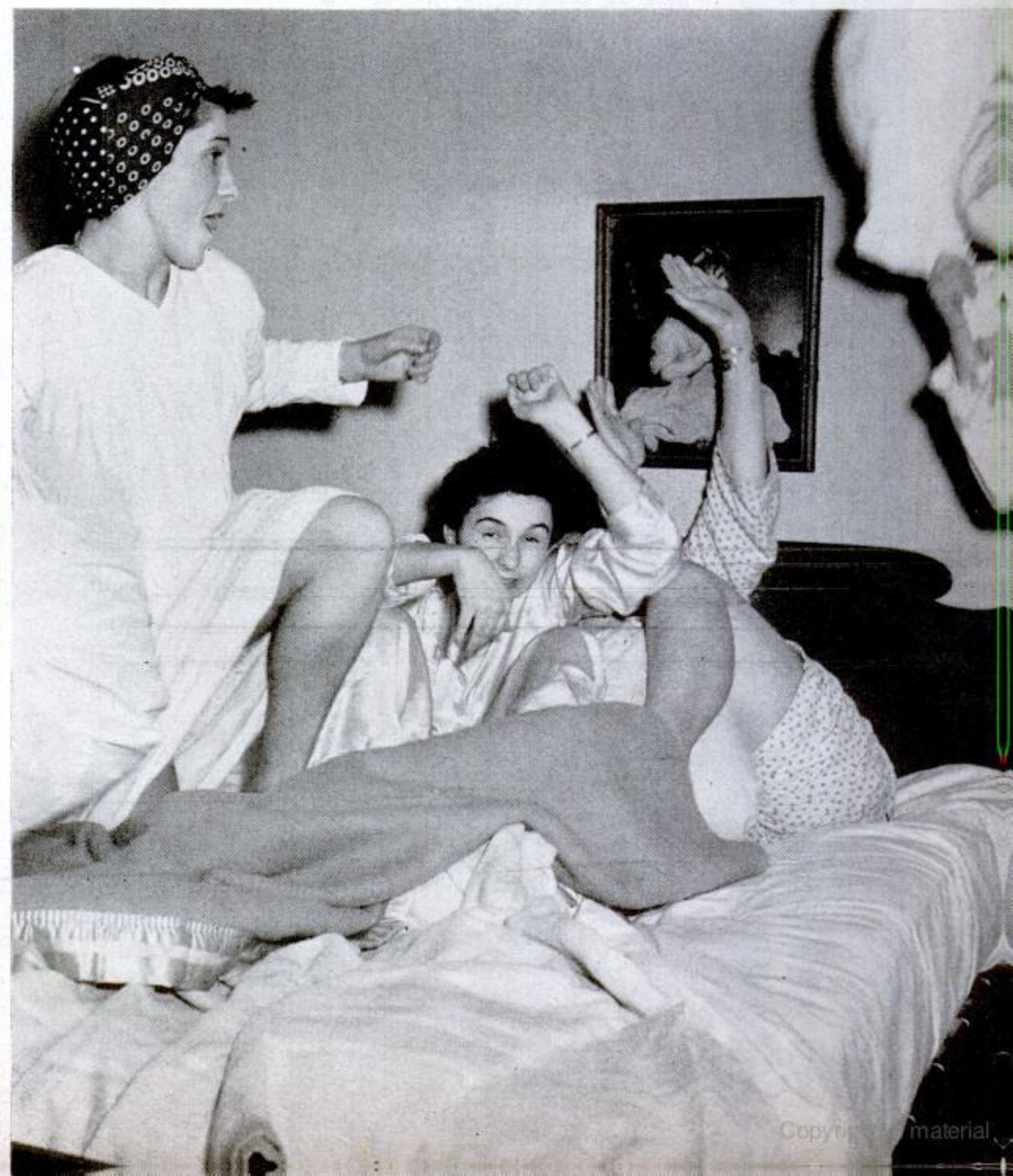
Pillow fight begins as someone inadvertently mentions bed. Top of the heap in this pile-up is Julie Gerlach. Others (*reading downward*) are Beverly Potts and Phyllis Hobbs.



The slumber party is an old and honored institution among girls in their teens. It answers the need for gregarious interchange of ideas and gossip in the intimate setting of the boudoir.

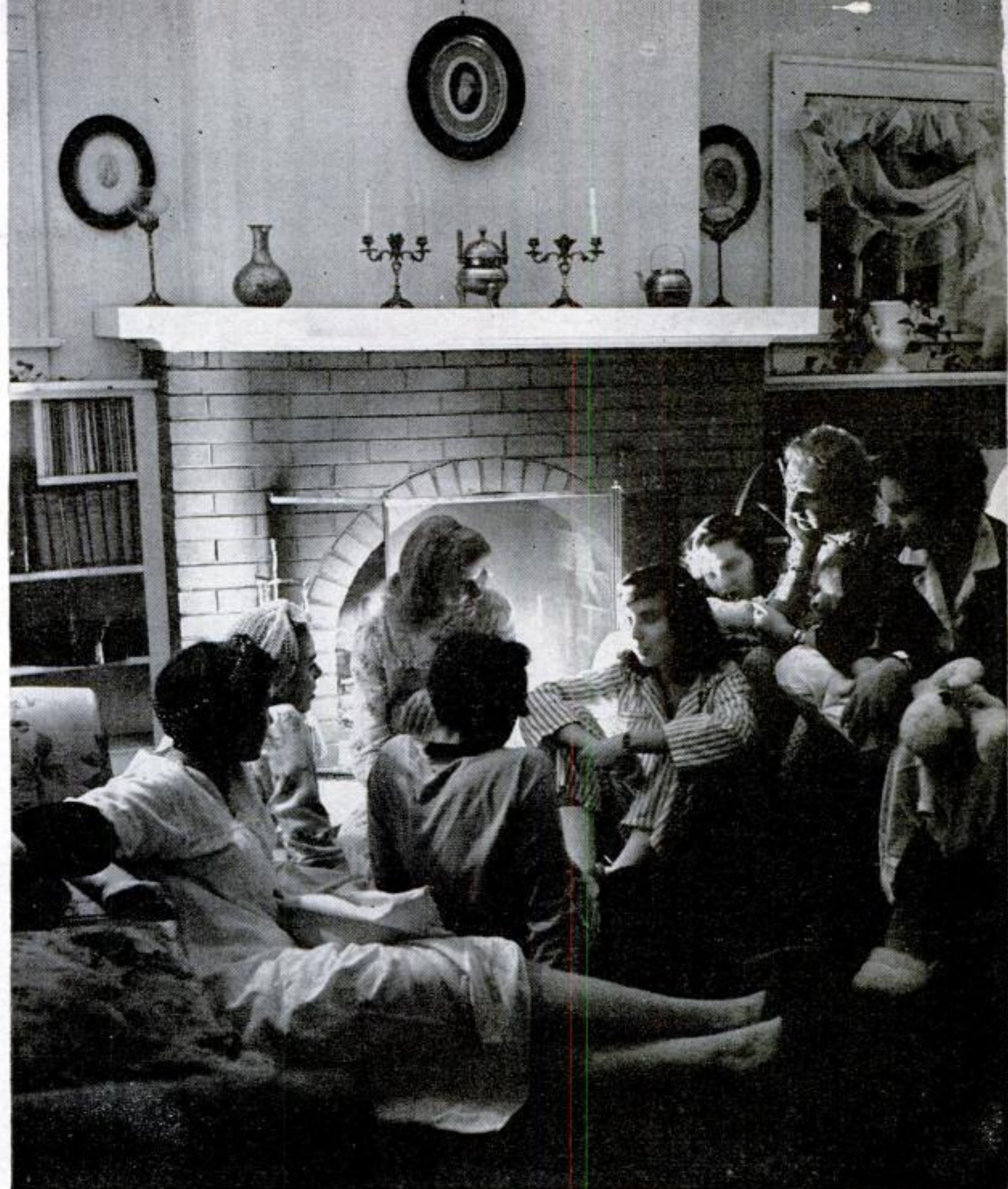
In Indianapolis there are more than 25 high-school clubs to keep this interesting custom alive. They bear such names as K.W.A.K., Hi-Jinx, A.L.A.S., T.A.B.U.,

Patty Rice takes aim on bended knee as she defends herself against frontal attack. She is club president and daughter of Shortridge High's vice-principal. Spotted pajamas belong to Phyllis Hobbs.





Raiding the icebox is a necessary preliminary to retiring at any slumber party. Hostess Barbara Larson, club secretary, generously brings forth a new bottle of milk for Jean Kirby of the striped pajamas.



Fireside chat, subdeb style, is informal and concerns nothing more serious than such topics as future parties and current beaux. All the girls date; only one "goes steady."

V.A.M.P.S., B.A.B.E.S. and Eu-Re-Ka, and enjoy, in addition to purely feminine nocturnal gatherings, pitch-in suppers, hayrides, moonlight wiener roasts and barn dances. Average age of members is 15 to 18, and their activities are faithfully reported in the *Sunday Star* under the heading of *Subdebs and Squires*.

Members of the D.A.M.S.E.L. club, whose doings

are documented on this page, are sophomores at the Shortridge High School. They went through grade school together, wore their first long dresses, had their first dates and went to their first parties, all simultaneously.

Occasion for this Friday-night gathering was a club welcome for Doris Hosmer, its new member. Hostess

to the eight D.A.M.S.E.L.s, who foregather regularly on Thursday afternoons, was Barbara Larson, club secretary. The party started with a pitch-in (cooperative) supper, ended rambunctiously in a pillow fight. Following typical initiation Doris may wear the gold shield which is the club's emblem. Admitted purpose of the group is to have fun. Here you see them having it.

Julie comes through with a smashing offense (*at right*) as Patty attempts to disarm her. Note the accepted dress for slumber parties includes flannel nightgowns, plain and flowered, and silk pajamas.



Showers of feathers bring the pillow fight to a suitable finish. The hour is 3 o'clock. Necessary repairs to face and hair are made, and a final gesture toward going to bed. But—





A well-placed kick from Bedmate Hobbs sends Julie Gerlach flying off the rim. When there are four in a bed, outside girl is very likely to be out of luck. Adding insult —



In disorderly comfort four of the D.A.M.S.E.L.s fall gently asleep. School doesn't keep tomorrow, and there will be plenty of time to assemble scattered feathers after

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you're actually in it, yourself
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Every scene is REAL!
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LEATHERNECK!



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ARE THE
MARINES**

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THE MARCH OF TIME
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A pillow lands squarely on her head as Julie here floats gracefully to the floor. She may have anticipated this when she wrapped up her hair. But it's all good clean fun.



hostess' mother has regaled club members with a late breakfast. Gordon Coster, who took these pictures, is probably the first man ever to attend a subdeb slumber party.

SPREADS ENCHANTING BEAUTY FILM OVER FACE AND NECK

within 60 seconds!



Marvelous to Cover Tiny Blemishes, Wrinkles and Freckles

Here's one of the most amazing beauty values in the cosmetic world! You can now get a full $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce of the thrilling new ANGELUS Make-Up for only 49¢—the same glorifying type make-up which so many fashionable women of the stage and screen use.

ANGELUS takes only a jiffy to apply. Notice how *evenly* it goes on *without streaking*—spreading a radiant smooth beauty film over your skin, which stays put for hours. Waterproof, too.

And what a little gem to cover small blemishes, wrinkles, freckles and those dark shadows under the eyes

which often tattle-tale "late hours". One of the greatest aids to beauty ever discovered. It will be hard to realize this gal with the exciting new skin tone—the fresh glowing complexion is YOU!

GIVES LIPS SEDUCTIVE YOUTHFUL APPEAL!



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Angelus
LIPSTICK
also thriftily
priced at only 49¢
plus Federal tax
LATEST FASHION SHADES

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POWDER—CREMES

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



BARREL HEAD

Sirs:

Here, my friends, is the portrait of a cow that liked apples much too well. She found it easy to get into the barrel but hard to get out. Her horns went right through the thin wood. Next morning her owner found her

wandering in circles half a mile away from home, *moos* reverberating oddly inside her strange hood.

Bossy can at least be thankful that they weren't *green* apples.

FLORENCE H. J. WARD

Waterloo, Iowa

MYSTO'S CROSS

Sirs:

Mysto the Cat doesn't know why it should have happened to him, but right where his whiskers are he has a small black toothbrush mustache just like Hitler's. (Turn the page sidewise and you will see!) This makes poor

Mysto feel ashamed and so he tries to hide it.

Luckily there's a happy ending. Friends cheer Mysto up by giving him pennies, which he invests in war bonds. One shows, with his own name on it.

HOWARD CAMPBELL

Houston, Texas



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A SUPERB AMERICAN
WHISKEY MATURED TO
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"IT'S TOASTED"

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw

